

CLASSICAL LITERATURE FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Vos exemplaria Græca

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

OF THE GREEK COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 161.)

THE *Clouds* which has so unfortunate a fame, derives its celebrity from no other circumstance, than the effect which it produced, although an interval of twenty-five years elapsed between the representation of it and the process against Socrates; yet there is no doubt that it prepared the way for the arrest of

the best man in Greece, since the accusations of Anytus are precisely those which the poet had broached against the philosopher.

Strepsiades, a citizen of Athens, ruined by a libertine and spendthrift son, revolves the means of extricating himself from his pecuniary embarrassments. He determines to consult his neighbour, Socrates the philosopher, one of those men who contend that *the world is an oven, and that men are the coals*, and prove that day is night and night is day. Do we not here find the philosopher exactly depicted? But he does not appear thus in the pages of Plato. The servant of Socrates starts many objections against receiving Strepsiades, who desires to be initiated into the mysteries of philosophy. "They are great secrets," says the valet. "Socrates is constantly asking his disciple Cherephon how far a flea can skip." Strepsiades, astonished, calls for Socrates, whom we behold, hoisted up in the air, in a basket. Strepsiades conjures him by the gods. "Softly, by what gods do you swear. For, in my school we do not admit the gods of the country. Strepsiades demands what are the gods of Socrates. He answers, *the clouds*, whence the piece takes its title. He invokes them, and the *clouds* fill the theatre, dressed in costume. Socrates informs his new disciple, that the clouds are the deities by whom sophists, priests, doctors and poets, are nourished. He laughs at Jupiter, whose supremacy he treats as a chimera. "There is no Jupiter," he cries, "and what proves it, is, that it is not from Jupiter but the clouds that rain descends. He concludes by desiring Strepsiades to renounce his gods and to acknowledge the clouds only. The good citizen agrees to every thing, provided he will teach him how to avoid the payment of his debts, to evade the law, and to borrow without being compelled to return. Socrates teaches him the strength of cunning subtleties. He departs very well contented, and recommends to his son, Phidippides, to go and take lessons under Socrates—who, while the spectators are intently looking at the figures which he is drawing in the sand, contrives to steal a cloak from one of them. Here we see that Socrates possesses more dexterity than a juggler; for it is more difficult to purloin a cloak than to play

a trick at cards. Strepsiades presents his son to the philosopher, and intreats him to teach him the important distinction between the *just* and the *unjust*. *Justice* and *Injustice* are then personified and introduced upon the stage. An argument takes place between them, in which each urges his pretensions. It is terminated by Injustice in the following manner: "Shall I demonstrate incontrovertibly which of us should yield to the other? What sort of men are our orators?—Wicked men.—Very well. Our writers of tragedies?—The same.—And our magistrates? Rogues.—Count the number of spectators. Which preponderates, the good or the bad?—I confess the latter are more numerous.—Well, are you convinced?—Yes: I acknowledge my error. Here, take the prize. I am coming over to your side. You are more powerful than I am."

Phidippides profits so well by these lessons, that he beats his creditors, and finally thrashes his own father, and proves to him philosophically that he has a right to do so. The philosophers of our day are no better: but no one can say that this was the philosophy of Socrates.

It is impossible to peruse the works of Aristophanes with any attention, without asking how it is possible to tolerate a species of amusement which was not known to any other nation, and which ended by being entirely abolished in Athens. We also inquire how a people, so rigid in religious matters, could permit their gods to be ridiculed on the stages; and how they could accommodate such gross ribaldry to their refined taste. I shall endeavour to answer these questions, not by a formal treatise, but by seizing, at first view, upon those reasons which may appear to afford a probable and lucid solution.

We may lay it down as a principle, that dramatic representation, from its very nature, depends much on government and on the character and manners of mankind. It ought then to vary, to a certain extent, according to the different countries in which it is established, and even according to different epochs in the same nation; which was the case at Athens. When they were relieved from tyranny, by the expulsion of the Pisistratidæ, they passed to the extreme of liberty, and rioted in the licentiousness of democracy. This spirit was corrected by the ardour of

patriotism which animated all Greece on the invasions of Darius and Xerxes. But as danger gave rise to noble virtues and magnanimous exertions, so the fruits of victory and prosperity were pride and corruption. The people of Athens became suddenly intoxicated with power and fortune. They held the reins of government in their own hands, and they gave laws to all Greece. The heroes, whose valour and wisdom had produced this state of things, experienced that ingratitude which some would conceal under the mask of independence, but which arises from the jealousy inherent in republicanism,—a spirit that cherishes suspicion of its friends when it no longer dreads its enemies. In short, the Athenian republic was the most powerful, opulent, vain and corrupted in Greece, at the period when Pericles flourished, with whom Aristophanes was cotemporary. Pericles himself, who deserved so well of his country, and whose greatest talent consisted in his knowledge of men, perceived the necessity of flattering their passions in order to preserve the power which he had acquired: and he is to be reproached with having increased that democratical spirit, which he ought rather to have endeavoured to restrain. He did not venture to check the licentiousness of Aristophanes, because he saw that it pleased the multitude, who regarded that freedom as one of the privileges of liberty. This huge word is so deceitful and imposing, that many, at the present day, while they condemn Aristophanes, are of opinion that a writer with his powers would be of service to a republic. This could not be disputed if we could find such a censor, who would be the incorruptible organ of justice and truth. But a little reflection will teach us, that even if we should meet with one who is worthy of so important an office, from his ability to discharge his duty according to the terms which we have prescribed, he would commence with a violation of them: because if an accusation is permitted to be made, without the necessity of proof or the fear of an answer, it is base and calumnious. I grant that in every republic one citizen should be allowed to accuse another; but it should be done lawfully,—before the courts of justice,—in such a manner that the accused should be able to defend himself. When a man addresses a multitude, and wishes

to amuse them at the expense of one whom he would destroy, is it necessary for him to adhere to truth, in order to place his enemy in an odious or ridiculous light? On the contrary, is not that the very soil where a lie would take root? Is not this principle, self-evident in itself, confirmed by facts? The most of those whom Aristophanes attacked with so much fury, were men in the highest estimation in their day. Let us hear Cicero, whose testimony will not be questioned, and who was also as much of a republican as any man. How does he speak of the ancient comedy of Greece, and particularly of that which we are now discussing. "What has she spared? What was sacred from her licentious tongue? If she had attacked only bad citizens, a Cleon, a Hyperbolus, a Cleophon, there would be no ground for complaint. But when a man like Pericles, after so many years devoted to the good of his country, in peace and in war, is insulted on the stage, and lampooned in verses:—it is as shocking as if Nævius or Cecilius, at Rome, should dare to defame Cato the censor, or Scipio Africanus."

I do not wish to deprive the stage of its influence upon the public mind—a power which is dreaded under a despotism, and consequently to be cherished in free countries. On the contrary, I would render it more potential and more useful, by banishing personal defamation, which strikes equally at virtue and vice, and moreover is within the reach of the meanest writer. In its place should be introduced a dramatic censure, which would require more morality and ability in the author, and produce a much greater effect. I would say to the poet, describe in general characters the friends or enemies of public measures: if your lines be faithful, the individuals can see themselves: they will resemble portraits stuck in picture frames, under which the spectators can inscribe the names. For there is a public conscience which is no more deceiving than the private mentor: and when men are faithfully described, this voice speaks so loudly that nothing can impose silence upon it—no, not even the soldiers of Nero.

It is necessary that this semblance should be generally perceived; since towards the time of Alexander, and when Athens, with less power, still preserved her liberty, all the vices of

the ancient stage were entirely prohibited by law, which permitted nothing in comedy but fictitious names and subjects. It was this which was imitated by the Romans; for it is to be remarked, of that government, that while it permitted the satires of Lucilius to pass unnoticed, in which the most eminent citizens were attacked, this liberty was regarded as infinitely the most dangerous on the stage. They never permitted any personal satire, and would not admit in their public exhibitions, any other comedies than those of pure invention, such as were then composed in Greece. It does not appear that the Roman severity was congenial with the insolent facetiousness of Aristophanes; nor that the censors were willing to suffer a buffoon to usurp their most important privilege, that of reprehending vicious characters.

Another species of freedom, common to both countries, consisted in making the gods the subject of their keenest raillery and most bitter sarcasms. The reader may see, in the *Amphytrion* of Plautus, how Mercury addresses Jupiter himself. In Euripides the gods are sufficiently ridiculed; but they are treated much worse by Aristophanes; and whatever may be said to explain this excessive toleration among the Athenians, where the tribunals exercised a terrible severity in matters of religion, it is not less true, that the inconsistency between this indifference on the one hand and rigour on the other, is one of the greatest difficulties that we meet with in our examination of ancient manners. Alcibiades was called from his command in Sicily to purge himself from an accusation of impiety to the very gods, that were exhibited on the stage for the amusement of the people. It is not sufficient to show a distinction between the gods of religion and those of fable; between the gods of the priests and those of the poets. We cannot deny that this distinction would be good to a certain extent: but who will tell us in what it consisted? Who shall mark the interval between that which commands our respect and that which we *may* despise. It is this measure which we want, and without it we can do nothing. We can readily conceive that all the traditions of poets need not be regarded as articles of faith; but the gods of mythology, to a certain extent, are the gods of history. In the

temples and public festivals, Bacchus had the same attributes which are given to him by Aristophanes, when he ridicules him in the *Frogs*. Neither he, nor Euripides, nor Plautus, say one word from which we may infer that there were some gods to be respected, and others that might be ridiculed.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE.

Conversation with a young Traveller.

EVERY one has remarked the mixed, and often ill-assorted company which meets in a public packet or stage-coach. The conversation, with all its variety, is commonly insipid, frequently disgusting, and sometimes insufferable. There are exceptions. An opportunity now and then occurs of spending an hour in a manner not unworthy of rational beings; and the incidents of a stage-coach produce or promote salutary impressions.

A few years ago, one of the stages which ply between our two principal cities, was filled with a groupe which could never have been drawn together by mutual choice. In the company was a young man of social temper, affable manners, and considerable information. His accent was barely sufficient to show that the English was not his native tongue, and a very slight peculiarity in the pronounciation of the *th* ascertained him to be a Hollander. He had early entered into military life; had borne both a Dutch and a French commission; had seen real service, had travelled, was master of the English language; and evinced, by his deportment, that he was no stranger to the society of gentlemen. He had, however, in a very high degree, a fault too common among military men, and too absurd to find an advocate among men of sense—He swore profanely and incessantly.

While the horses were changing, a gentleman who sat on the same seat with him took him by

the arm, and requested the favour of his company in a short walk. When they were so far retired as not to be overheard, the former observed, "Although I have not the honour of your acquaintance, I perceive, sir, that your habits and feelings are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company." He started, and replied, "Most certainly, sir! I hope I have committed no offence of that sort."

"You will pardon me," replied the other, "for pointing out an instance in which you have not altogether avoided it."

"Sir," said he, "I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act: for, upon my honour, I cannot conjecture in what I have transgressed."

"If you, sir," continued the former, "had a very dear friend to whom you were under unspeakable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even by hearing his name introduced and used with a frequency of repetition and a levity of air incompatible with the regard due to his character?"

"Undoubtedly, and I should not permit it! but I know not that I am chargeable with indecorum to any of your friends."

"Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under infinite obligations. I think you must recollect that you have very frequently, since we commenced our journey, taken his name in vain. *This* has given to me and to others of the company excruciating pain."

"Sir," answered he, with very ingenuous emphasis, "I *have* done wrong. I confess the impropriety. I am ashamed of a practice which I am sensible has no excuse: but I have imperceptibly

fallen into it, and I really swear without being conscious that I do so. I will endeavour to abstain from it in future ; and as you are next me on the seat, I shall thank you to touch my elbow as often as I trespass." This was agreed upon : the horn sounded, and the travellers resumed their places.

In the space of four or five miles the officer's elbow was jogged every few seconds. He always coloured, but bowed, and received the hint without the least symptom of displeasure : and in a few miles more so mastered his propensity to swearing, that not an oath was heard from his lips for the rest, which was the greater part of the journey.

He was evidently more grave ; and having ruminated some time, after surveying first one and then another of the company, turned to his admonisher, and addressed him thus :

" You are a clergyman, I presume, sir."

" I am considered as such." He paused : and then, with a smile, indicated his disbelief in divine revelation, in a way which invited conversation on that subject.

" I have never been able to convince myself of the truth of revelation."

" Possibly not. But what is your difficulty ?"

" I dislike the nature of its proofs. They are so subtle, so distant ; so wrapt in mystery ; so metaphysical, that I get lost, and can arrive at no certain conclusion."

" I cannot admit the fact to be as you represent it. My impressions are altogether different. Nothing seems to me more plain and popular ; more level to every common understanding ; more remote from all cloudy speculation, or teasing subtleties, than some of the principal proofs of divine revelation. They are drawn from great and incon-

testible facts ; they are accumulating every hour : They have grown into such a mass of evidence, that the supposition of its falsehood is infinitely more incredible than any one mystery in the volumes of revelation, or even than all their mysteries put together. Your inquiries, sir, appear to have been unhappily directed—But what *sort* of proof do you desire, and what would satisfy you ?”

“ Such proofs as accompany physical science. This I have always loved ; for I never find it deceive me. I rest upon it with entire conviction. There is no mistake, and can be no dispute in mathematics. And if a revelation comes from God, why have we not such evidence for it as mathematical demonstration ?”

“ Sir, you are too good a philosopher not to know, that the nature of evidence must be adapted to the nature of its object ; that if you break in upon this adaptation, you will have no evidence at all ; seeing that evidence is no more interchangeable than objects. If you ask for mathematical evidence, you must confine yourself to mathematical disquisitions. Your subject must be *quantity*. If you wish to pursue a moral investigation, you must quit your mathematics, and confine yourself to moral evidence. Your subject must be the *relations which subsist between intelligent beings*. It would be quite as wise to apply a rule in ethics to the calculation of an eclipse, as to call for Euclid when we want to know our duty, or to submit the question, “ whether God has spoken,” to the test of a problem in the conic sections. How would you prove mathematically that bread nourishes men, and that fevers kill them ? Yet you and I both are as firmly convinced of the truth of these propositions, as of any mathematical demonstration

whatever : and should I call them in question, my neighbours would either pity me as an idiot, or shut me up as a madman. It is, therefore, a great mistake to suppose that there is no satisfactory nor certain evidence but what is reducible to mathematics.”

This train of reflection appeared new to him. For, however obvious it is, we must remember that nothing is more superficial than freethinking philosophy, and nothing more credulous than its unbelief. Dogmatical positions asserted with confidence, set off with small ridicule, and favourable to native depravity, have a prodigious effect upon the volatile youth ; and persuade him that they have enlightened his understanding, when they have only flattered his vanity, or corrupted his heart.

The officer, though staggered, made an effort to maintain his ground, and lamented that the “ objections to other modes of reasoning are numerous and perplexing, while the mathematical conclusion puts all scepticism at defiance.”

“ Sir,” rejoined the clergyman, “ objections against a thing fairly proved, are of no weight. The proof rests upon our knowledge, and the objections upon our ignorance. It is true, that moral demonstrations and religious doctrines may be attacked in a very ingenious and plausible manner, because they involve questions on which our ignorance is greater than our knowledge ; but still our knowledge is knowledge ; or, in other words, our certainty is certainty. In mathematical reasoning our knowledge is greater than our ignorance. When you have proved that *the three angles of every triangle are equal to two right angles*, there is an end of doubt ; because there are no materials

for ignorance to work up into phantoms ; but your knowledge is really no more certain than your knowledge on any other subject.

“ There is also a deception in this matter. The defect complained of is supposed to exist in the *nature of the proof* ; whereas it exists, for the most part, in the *mind of the inquirer*. It is impossible to tell how far the influence of human depravity obscures the light of human reason.”

At the mention of “ depravity,” the officer smiled, and seemed inclined to jest ; probably suspecting, as is common with men of that class, that his antagonist was going to retreat into his creed, and intrench himself behind a technical term, instead of an argument. The triumph was premature.

“ You do not imagine, sir,” said he, continuing his discourse to the officer, “ you do not imagine that a man who has been long addicted to stealing feels the force of reasoning against theft as strongly as a man of tried honesty. If you hesitate, proceed a step further. You do not imagine that an habitual thief feels as much abhorrence of his own trade and character, as a man who never committed an act of theft in his whole life. And you will not deny that the practice of *any* crime gradually weakens, and frequently destroys, the sense of its turpitude. This is a strong *fact*, which, as a philosopher, you are bound to explain. To me it is clear as the day, that his vice has debauched his intellect : for it is indisputable, that the considerations which *once* filled him with horror, produce *now* no more impression upon him than they would produce upon a horse. Why ? Has the vice changed ? Have the considerations changed ? No. The vice is as pernicious, and the considerations are as strong, as ever. But his power of perceiving truth is dimi-

nished ; and diminished by his vice : for had he not fallen into it, the considerations would have retained, and, should he be saved from it, they will resume their original force upon his mind. Permit yourself, for one moment, to reflect how hard it is to persuade men of the virtues of others against whom they are prejudiced ! You shall bring no proof of the virtues which the prejudice shall not resist or evade. Remove the prejudice, and the proof appears invincible. Why ? Have the virtues changed ? has the proof been strengthened ? No. But the power of perceiving truth is increased : or, which is the same thing, the impediment to perceiving it, is taken away. If, then, there are bad passions among men ; and if the object of divine revelation is to control and rectify them ; it follows, that a man to whom the revelation is proposed, will be blind to its evidence in exact proportion to the perverting influence of those passions. And were the human mind free from corruption, there is no reason whatever to think that a moral argument would not be as conclusive as a mathematical argument is now ; and that the principles of moral and religious science would not command an assent as instantaneous and peremptory as that which is commanded by mathematical axioms.”

After a short pause, in which no reply was made by the officer, and the looks of the company revealed their sentiments, the clergyman proceeded :

“ But what will you say, sir, should I endeavour to turn the tables upon you, by showing that the evidence of your physical science is not without its difficulties ; and that objections can be urged against mathematical demonstration more puzzling and unanswerable than any objections against moral evidence ? ”

“ I shall yield the cause ; but I am sure that the condition is impossible.”

“ Let us try,” said the other.

“ I begin with a common case. The Newtonian system of the world is so perfectly settled, that no scholar presumes to question it. Go, then, to a peasant who never heard of Newton, nor Copernicus, nor the solar system ; and tell him that the earth moves round its axis, and round the sun. He will stare at you, to see whether you be not jeering him ; and when he sees you are in earnest, he will laugh at you for a fool. Ply him, now, with your mathematical and astronomical reasoning. He will answer you that he believes his own eye-sight more than your learning ; and his eye-sight tells him the sun moves round the earth. And as for the earth’s turning round upon her axis, he will say, that “ he has often hung a kettle over the kitchen fire at night ; and when he came back in the morning, it was hanging there still ; but had the earth turned round, the kettle would have been turned over, and the mash spilled over the floor.” You are amused with the peasant’s simplicity, but you cannot convince him. His objection is, in his own eyes, insurmountable ; he will tell the affair to his neighbours as a good story ; and they will agree that he fairly shut the philosopher’s mouth. You may reply, that ‘ the peasant was introduced into the middle of a matured science, and that not having learned its elements, he was unsupplied with the principles of correct judgment.’ True : but your solution has overthrown yourself. A freethinker, when he hears some great doctrine of Christianity, lets off a small objection, and runs away laughing at the folly, or railing at the imposture, of all who venture to defend a divine revela-

tion ; he gathers his brother unbelievers, and they unite with him in wondering at the weakness or the impudence of Christians. He is in the very situation of the peasant. He bolts into the heart of a grand religious system ; he has never adverted to its first principles, and then he complains that the evidence is bad. But the fault, in neither case, lies in the evidence. It lies in the ignorance or obstinacy of the objector. The peasant's ground is as firm as the infidel's. The proof of the Newtonian system is to the former as distant, subtle, and cloudy, as the proof of revelation can be to the latter : and the objection of the one as good as the objection of the other. If the depravity of men had as much interest in persuading them that the earth is not globular, and does not move round the sun, as it has in persuading them that the bible is not true, a mathematical demonstration would fail of converting them, although the demonstrator were an angel of God !

“ But with respect to the second point, *viz.* that there are objections to mathematical evidence more puzzling and unanswerable than can be alleged against moral reasoning, take the two following instances : .

“ It is mathematically demonstrated that matter is *infinitely divisible* : that is, has an *infinite number of parts* : a line, then, of half an inch long has an infinite number of parts. Who does not see the absurdity of an *infinite half-inch* ? Try the difficulty another way. It requires *some* portion of time to pass a particle of matter. Then as your half-inch has an infinite number of parts, it requires an infinite number of portions of time for a moving point to pass by the infinite number of parts : but an infinite number of portions of time.

is an eternity ! Consequently it requires an eternity, or something like it, to move *half an inch* ”—

“ But, sir,” interposed the officer, “ you do not deny the accuracy of the demonstration, that matter is infinitely divisible !” “ Not in the least, sir ; I perceive no flaw in the chain of demonstration, and yet I perceive the result to be infinitely absurd.

“ Again : It is mathematically demonstrated, that a straight line, called the *asymptote* of the hyperbola, may *eternally approach* the curve of the hyperbola, and yet can never *meet it*. Now, as all demonstrations are built upon axioms, an axiom must always be plainer than a demonstration ; and to my judgment it is as plain, that if two lines continually approach, they shall meet, as that the whole is greater than its part. Here, therefore, I am fixed. I have a demonstration directly in the teeth of an axiom, and am equally incapable of denying either side of the contradiction.”

“ Sir,” exclaimed the officer, clapping his hands together, “ I own I am beat, completely beat : I have nothing more to say.”

A silence of some minutes succeeded ; when the young military traveller said to his theological friend, “ I have studied *all* religions, and have not been able to satisfy myself.”

“ No, sir,” answered he, “ there is *one* religion which you have not yet studied.”

“ Pray, sir,” cried the officer, roused and eager, “ what is *that* ?”

“ The religion,” replied the other, “ of salvation through the redemption of the Son of God : the religion which will sweeten your pleasures, and soften your sorrows : which will give peace to your conscience, and joy to your heart : which will bear

you up under the pressure of evils here, and shed the light of immortality on the gloom of the grave. *This* religion, I believe, sir, you have yet to study.”

The officer put his hands upon his face; then languidly clasping them, let them fall down: forced a smile, and said, with a sigh, “We must all follow what we think best.” His behaviour afterwards was perfectly decorous. Nothing further is known of him.

THE GREEKS.

We recollect to have seen, sometime ago, in some of the newspapers, high eulogiums on the Turks, as a very just, honest and amiable people; and one reason assigned, certainly with most singular infelicity, why they were so much more to be trusted than many others, was that they had never been corrupted by the horrid doctrines, which go under the name of Calvinism! We should like much to know what these advocates would say now, when a tale of horror is resounding through the world, echoing every where the groans of murdered men and violated females. True, the Greeks are in a state of insurrection, but it is against the most ironhearted oppressors that ever disgraced humanity; against a race of fierce and lawless fanatics, whose ancestors conquered and enslaved the degenerate descendants of illustrious fathers. And now that the spirit of ancient Greece seems to be reviving, and a generous attempt is making to recover liberty and independence, in every instance where the Turks prove successful they visit the defeated Greeks with all the miseries which unmitigated revenge can inflict. Nay they appear to be bent on exterminating the most inoffensive of all who bear the Greek name.

Scio or Chios is a beautiful Island in the Grecian Archipelago. In no country in Turkey is the land better cultivated, commerce more active, or industry greater. The inhabitants were not long ago reckoned at upwards of 100,000, of whom not more than 4000 were Turks. The Greeks had a flourishing school, a very valuable public library, and were reckoned among the most intelligent and accomplished of their race. They had taken no part in the insurrection of their countrymen; but were guilty of being *Greeks* and *Christians*. Under a pretext no better than that of the wolf in the fable, that murdered the Lamb for muddying the water below where he was drinking, the Turks have invaded Scio, and the following letter presents a part of the horrible scene which ensued.

Extract of a private letter from a Young Greek.

"My Dear Brother,—Prepare yourself on reading this letter to summon to your aid the strength of your character; the blow that has struck us is so terrible that all my reason is required not to succumb under it. This opening alarms you—estimate at once the extent of our misfortunes—we have to weep for our country, the beautiful Scio, in the power of our barbarous enemies—we have to deplore the loss of our numerous family.

"Of all our relations my youngest sister alone escaped by a miracle, owing to the protection of a generous Frenchman; she has been restored to my embraces. How can I speak to you of our father! Alas! this venerable old man now implores the Supreme Being for his country, and for the unfortunate children who have survived him. The following are the details of his dreadful assassination. You know that he and our two brothers,

Theodore and Constantine, and your father-in-law were amongst the hostages, shut up in the castle on the 8th inst.; they went out with the Archbishop, and it appears that, notwithstanding the promises of the barbarians, they had been all the time confined in dungeons; they were placed in two lines and were either hung or put to death with prolonged torments.

"Our father and his companions witnessed with tranquility the preparations for their execution, and these martyrs to their fidelity did not lose their presence of mind for a single instant. Our sister Henrietta is a slave, and I have not yet succeeded in discovering to what country of Asia the infamous ravishers have carried her. Nor have I yet been able to obtain the least information respecting the fate of our dear mother, and three other sisters; the destiny of your wife, and her family has also escaped my search. In short, our misfortunes are so great that I can scarcely credit them.

"On the 11th inst. I quitted Scio—saved by a miracle from the dangers of the most sanguinary catastrophe, of which any one can form an idea. But I do not feel that joy which one might experience on being delivered from the dreadful perils to which I have been exposed. Hatred and indignation against our executioners, are the only sentiments which can henceforth dwell in my heart. Thanks to the European costume which I have adopted, the captain of an English vessel agreed to take me on board; but my dreadful situation interested neither Turks nor Englishmen. The captain of the vessel would not allow me to embark till I had reckoned out to him 3000 piastres, and it was not till he had examined them one by one, that I received from him permission to set my foot on board the vessel; whatever was my danger in remaining longer onboard the chaloupe. I have left the island in ashes. The Turks, after pillaging all the houses set them on fire, and joining sword to fire, to demolish them the more readily, they demolished them to the last stone, in the hope of finding concealed treasure.

"Throughout the opulent Scio only fifteen houses are standing, containing our mothers, our sisters and our daughters, reduced to the most dreadful slavery. There the monsters profane every thing to gratify their rage and their passions; and often the virgins whom they have sullied with their embraces, receive from themselves the death which they wish for. All the chateaus which rendered our island the most agreeable in the Mediterranean, our academy, the library, the superb edifices of Saint Anaigros, Saint Victor, the Apostles, 86 Churches, and upwards of 40 villages, have been consumed by the flames.

"The ferocious incendiaries then scoured the mountains and the forests, and they are now at the 24th village of Mastic. These tigers, a thousand times more cruel than those of the forest, have vented their hatred upon the dead, which they bear to the living. They opened the tombs, and threw into the streets the bones of our fathers, and the corpses of their own victims were dragged by the feet through the brooks.

"Every day women of the first families in the island are exposed to sale in the public markets; articles of great value, such as the sacred vases of the Greek and Catholic churches, and the habiliments of the Priests, are by these wretches sold at a vile price. Through the intervention of the Charge d'Affairs of the French Consulate, I have succeeded in purchasing thirty-five women, whose names I send you, and who are now in safety at the Consulate.

"Since my arrival here, the same scenes have been renewed every day; there are sales of diamonds, rich pelisses, jewellery, chalices, fine stuffs, in short all kinds of valuable articles, which are in the streets, and are given away for nothing. How should it be otherwise, when all the inhabitants of Asia, from children of 15, to old men of 80, embark every day for Scio, from whence they return laden with our spoils?

"We can only return our thanks to the Europeans who reside at Smyrna; they have done all they could to purchase our women: to purchase all the treasures which the country of Homer possessed before its disasters, no wealth could suffice. Among the ravishers of them, there are some with souls so atrocious, that they will not listen to any species of arrangement.

"One of these monsters refused 10,000 piastres for the ransom of the wife of Gaba, and replied that he would not restore her for 200,000. I have

contributed to the ransom of Theodore Halle, purchased for 5000 piastres. M. Petrochochico, on hearing of the death of his brother, precipitated himself from a window; his sister Julia, threw herself into a ditch; the other made a slave, was brought here, where she was immediately purchased. Our good friend, Jean d'Andre, was killed in his house in the presence of his wife, while hastening to save his two sons, who shared the fate of their father, also, in the presence of their mother; the latter has been conveyed in slavery to Algiers.

"My hand refuses to trace at greater length the atrocious scenes which I have witnessed, and others a thousand times more dreadful might be added to those I have cited. In one word, the sanguinary catastrophe of Scio, has produced the death, or misery of 40,000 individuals, for to that amount may be estimated the number of our countrymen and women put to death, or reduced to slavery.—Just God, when will the day of vengeance come, and what vengeance can ever inflict upon our odious assassins all the chastisement which they deserve?"

A more horrid scene was never pictured in romance. Surely the public feeling of Europe will not allow the heads of the "Holy Alliance," with their heartless and cold-blooded politics to negotiate longer with savages, who thus deny the attributes of humanity, and cut themselves off from all its rights, and all claim to its kindness. The Christians of this country can do nothing but sympathise with these sufferers, and invoke the visitations of Divine justice on these tigers in the shape of men. Surely prayers ought to be made in all temples consecrated to Christian service on behalf of all who are exposed to suffer such horrible cruelties.—Here we see what Mahomet's religion is. The fanatical Turks buy Christians for the purpose of securing a place in paradise. They buy girls, violate their persons, and then kill them for the honor of the prophet

[Family Visitor.

"Greece in 1844: or a Greek's Return to his Native Land."

CHAP. XII.

EDITED BY THEODORE DWIGHT, JR.

Visit to Samos.—Departure from Athens.—Syra.—Smyrna.—Meet an old friend.—A Caravan.—Turkish Travelling.—Ephesus.—A Khan.

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for me to part from my friends, if I would have leisure to revisit the place of my birth and the scenes of my childhood. With great reluctance, therefore, I took leave of my family, and pursued my way, with many sad reflections, back to the harbor of Pyræus, and entered the steamboat, which soon started for the Island of Syra. Our passage was short; and I hoped to embark without much delay on board the boat which was to touch there on her way to Smyrna. We entered the bay, and found its shores almost covered with the numerous houses of the new town, while the old one, crowning a conical hill that rises close at hand, makes a striking appearance, and overlooks the whole island. The latter is almost wholly occupied by Roman Catholics, many of them of different nations, not Greeks by extraction, though nominally known as such. The lower town has been chiefly built within a few years, since the breaking out of the war, by emigrants from Greece. The inhabitants of the two towns were opposed to each other during the revolution: the Roman Catholics here, as in Greece generally at that time, being opposed to the war; but as they were soon greatly outnumbered, it was not in their power to give up the island to the Turks, nor to do much harm in any way. A strong antipathy still exists between the two towns; and quarrels occasionally occur between some of the people.

Unfortunately I was detained at Syra three days, by the delay of the steamboat, which I regretted that I had not been able to foresee, as I should gladly have prolonged my stay with my friends. I occupied the time in walking about the towns, through their narrow streets, but found nothing particularly interesting, the houses losing all their fine appearance on a close inspection. Great activity prevailed in the harbor and along the shore, as many small vessels were loading and unloading, arriving and departing. The view from the hill, where the old town

is built, is remarkably extensive, embracing every part of the island, which is very small compared with the importance given it by its position and the convenience of the harbor.

The bazaar of Smyrna in the place where most of the shops of the city were collected, and where, of course, the stranger finds a busy and an amusing scene. A great variety of merchandize is displayed, consisting of almost every article that can be named, from Europe, Asia, and even America; while the passing crowds present the complexions and costumes, of every neighboring nation and some distant ones also. While mingling with this motley crowd, a cloud rose unperceived, and a sudden shower drove me to seek the nearest shelter. I entered the door of one of the shops, and stood waiting for the sudden and violent rain to subside. A young man, the clerk, being near me, we fell into conversation. "How far have you to go?" was one of his questions.

"To the mule driver's," said I, "I have left my clothes there, to be ready to join the caravan for Samos."

"Eisth Sapios," "are you a Samian?" inquired he eagerly.

"Nai, Yes."

"From what place?" "Vatty."

"Indeed! So am I. What is your name, pray?"

He instantly recollected my family, but for a good reason, he remembered nothing of myself, as he must have been a little child when I left Samos. He expressed great joy at the discovery that we were townsmen, and soon acquainted me with his family, which was well known to me. His father was living, he told me, and he sent an affectionate message to him and other members of the family, requesting that I would certainly not fail to visit them on my arrival. "But," said he, "what is the matter? You do not speak like a Samiot. How is it that you are a native, and yet talk in a way that we do not? You speak Greek, but, I do not know how it is, you do not seem like one of our people."

I soon accounted for my peculiarity by informing him, that I had spent sixteen years in America, and had seldom spoken a word of our language till within a short time.

The hour had at length almost arrived for the departure of the caravan; and as I was on the spot in good season, I witnessed the

arrival of my destined companions, and the preparations for the journey. About twenty horses were provided for an equal number of travellers, who were partly Turks and partly Greeks, in their appropriate dresses; and we were soon on the way, proceeding out of the city, and on the road to Ephesus. Unfortunately the day was very unfavorable, and we had a constant rain, which brought my umbrella into use, but soon penetrated that and every other article in my possession, so that it seemed almost in vain to hold it over my head.

I have never performed a day's ride under more disagreeable circumstances. The badness of the muddy road, added to the unintermitted rain made it necessary to make several stops to relieve and refresh our horses; and then, as no shelter was provided for travellers, we had to stand exposed to the weather, without a dry spot for our feet. On remounting, we found our saddles like every thing else, completely soaked with water, so that while our animals gained something by the stop, we on the contrary found our new plight rendered more comfortless than it was before.

At length we arrived at Old Ephesus, which still remains, as it has long been, quite deserted. We passed close by the remains of the ancient temple or church, which has been so often described, with its two tall columns of white marble, each composed of huge twisted serpents. Passing on for some distance among the ruins of buildings so far dilapidated as to leave undistinguishable their design and dimensions, we had a considerable distance to go before we arrived at the present town, which is small and uninviting.— There we were glad to find a resting place and a shelter in a khan, as it is commonly spelled in English. The pronunciation of this Turkish word is more like hahn, with a strong aspirate on the first h. It presents to view externally, only a wall of moderate height, perhaps twelve feet, in a square form, enclosing a large space. The entrance is through a gate, which we all passed, and found a row of small rooms extending on all the four sides, with doors opening inwards and an inner wall, a few feet from these openings, to afford a convenient passage.— The remaining space was appropriated to the animals, and partly occupied with stables.

Our party were soon separated. Those

who had friends in the place, withdrew, and the rest entered the shelter of such of the rooms as were offered to them. I was glad to find myself once more housed, though in a place which had no furniture to accommodate me, except a divan, or a low stuffed bench, extending round against the walls. Two of my fellow travellers shared the room with me, one a young Greek and the other a Turk, from Armenia, with whom I was not able to exchange a single word, for the want of any common language. To my mortification, I found that none of the persons connected with the caravan was going further towards Samos, but I at length joined a party bound that way.

Our caravan was a small one and partook but in a limited degree of the character of those travelling parties which commonly bear that name in the region where we were. They all rode on horses, as none of us had any large quantity of goods to transport. We met with many others in the course of the day which better deserved the name. They consisted of long lines of camels, heavily laden with articles of different kinds, going to Smyrna. The men accompanying them were chiefly Turks of the lowest classes, miserably clad, and more dirty even than common in consequence of the bad travelling. They had nothing in their appearance but what was disgusting. Indeed most of my companions, though of rather a superior order to them, were the most disagreeable persons I ever fell in company with, with respect to their habits.

In the course of this day we traversed a varied but not attractive region. A few villages appeared at intervals, and we observed some habitations which appeared to be the residences of rich men, with some of the conveniences of life about them. But in none of the villages did we find an inn or khau; so that it would have been impossible to hope for even a shelter if we should stop for the night. No one could have the least hope of being admitted into one of the houses unless he had some acquaintance with its owner. Such being the state of things, we had no resource but to content ourselves with the only shelter provided for travellers within a considerable distance, a small solitary house, at the foot of a high hill, at the door of which we at length found ourselves, after

the prolonged inconveniencies and trials of the day.

But what a scene was presented to our view! Poor comfort, indeed, after our fatigue and exposure! A wretched building, about fifteen feet by ten, (for it seemed to me to be not that size,) with no furniture in it, and no floor but the bare earth; and this the only place offered for the accommodation of sixteen men! It is true there was a loft above, to which a rude staircase invited us; but the aspect of things in that direction was so much worse than what we saw around us, that no one seemed to think even of exploring it with any expectation of finding it a place to be endured. At least no one interfered with the owners of the house, the two Turks who played the part of hosts to our company.

One of the first things to be sought for was fire; and, having procured a little charcoal, several parties were soon seen collected round small heaps which they had kindled on the floor, here and there. The smoke rose on all sides, and escaped as it could, annoying me not a little however, as there was no chimney for its escape. Two or three of us had ordered a couple of fowls on our first arrival, and they were boiled in an iron pot with a quantity of rice, to form the well known Turkish dish called Pilaf: but where and how to eat it when prepared was the question. A square board was placed on low supporters within four inches of the floor, on which we were obliged to seat ourselves to get near enough to the table to eat. The pot was brought straight from the fire, covered with soot as it was, and set unceremoniously in the midst of us, with the expectation that we should help ourselves with our fingers, and trouble our hosts no farther. But we found the stew so hot that such a thing was not to be thought of; and we should have had to endure a prolonged disappointment like that of Pantalus, had not one of our mess thought of an expeditious method of cooling, which was soon tried with pretty good success. The contents of the pot were poured out upon the wooden table, and we soon found pieces which we could handle and eat. We were but very indifferently furnished with utensils; and to my lot fell an antique wooden spoon, with a long handle, to which were attached several little round bells. How many mouths had been served by it before was a natural

subject of consideration: for its appearance indicated long use: but I tried to dismiss such thoughts, though the jingling of the bells, which I was obliged to hear at every motion, called my attention to that singular object whenever I took a mouthful.

We would gladly have betaken ourselves to repose with little delay: but there was neither bed, bedstead, ottoman, nor straw to be seen or hoped for; and as I saw my companions begin to prepare for lying down, by spreading different articles upon the ground, I followed their example, and at length stretched myself, or more truly speaking, seated myself, for there was not room for half our number to lie down. Then began a night of trouble such as I never had experienced before. On each side of me lay one of my fellow-travellers, another where I wanted to lay my head, and a fourth in the very place where I would have stretched myself if I could. Of course I had to adapt myself to the very limited and insufficient space, without a word of complaint. I had not even the satisfaction of complaining, if satisfaction there might have been in it: for I well knew that they had not encroached at all; as they were equally contracted and compelled to draw themselves within similar limits. Every change of position I tried, turning this way and that, but all in vain. Sleep was out of the question, and even rest was impossible: for, beside the inconvenience of remaining in such a small place, I was soon assailed by enemies of the most vexatious and loathsome description. Vermin, such as most countries and nations in the world are happily free from, commenced their attacks upon me, and persevered with such malice and in such numbers, that I was driven to a kind of despair. It seemed as if a building could not have been prepared with more annoyances for unfortunate travellers, if ingenuity had had taken upon herself the task. Where the disgusting insects came from, I could not see: but the appearance of the house and that of some of my fellow-travellers led me to divide the responsibility between them. One could hardly have claimed exemption from suspicion, on any visible ground; and there seemed to be too large a supply to proceed from one source alone.

There I remained, as hour after hour passed away, and the rain continued to pour upon the roof and the ground, warning me that it

would be hopeless to attempt to improve my situation by leaving the miserable spot where I was. As for seeking for any other place in the house, that was wholly out of the question. Every inch of the ground floor was occupied. Hour after hour passed slowly away. When, at length, daylight appeared, movements were made to prepare for our journey, and we were soon all upon our feet and ready to start. But the rain continued; and we sallied forth with pure air to breathe, and room to stretch ourselves, it is true, but without such preparation by repose and a good breakfast, as travellers naturally desire at the commencement of a laborious day's journey.

GREECE IN THE SPRING OF 1825, BY GIUSEPPE PECCHIO.*

———most of all,
Albion! to thee: the ocean queen should not
Abandon ocean's children.—BYRON.

EVERY thing promised success to Greece when I left England at the beginning of March. The recognition of the independence of the South American republics induced an expectation, not without foundation in justice, that a similar act was at hand in regard to Greece. A second loan, contracted by the Greek government at the same period, placed that government in a condition to commence a vigorous campaign. The dissolution of the English Levant Company was, besides, one obstacle less that the cause would have to encounter in the interests of a privileged body of merchants. A French committee, composed of many distinguished persons, established in Paris to favour the instruction of the Greek youth, appeared to reanimate the sympathy of the French nation in favour of the cause. And lastly, the government had triumphed over its internal enemies. I departed, therefore, full of confidence that I should become a spectator of the ultimate triumph of a people, who for four years past have been combating, with various success, for their liberties. But my presentiment was illusory. The fortune of Greece changed all at once; and, on my arrival there, I found a prospective very different from what I had imagined, as will be seen in the sequel.—My hopes were changed to fears.

* The author introduces his subject by the following remarks.

“L' Iliade non ha forse avuto tanti commentatori quanti ne ha già la guerra presente della Grecia. L' affluenza dei libri è un buon augurio; è una prova dell' interesse che l' argomento inspira. Come la bellezza dell' Iliade suscitò gli ammiratori, così la giustizia della causa Greca aumenta ogni giorno il numero de' suoi fautori.

Sotto questi auspicj dell' attenzione pubblica oso anch' io dare alla luce una rapida relazione di ciò che ho veduto nel soggiorno che feci in Grecia dai 20 Aprile agli 11 Giugno di quest' anno.

Questa mia relazione differirà forse in alcuni punti da ciò che hanno scritto i viaggiatori che mi hanno preceduto. Questa diversità non è colpa forse di alcuno di noi. La scena di una rivoluzione è una scena mobile, varia, incostante. Il moto, le passioni che agitano un popolo che combatte per la sua indipendenza, le vicende della fortuna or prospera or avversa, alterano sovente il suo aspetto e il suo carattere. Il ritratto adunque di un tal popolo, simile a quello di un gladiatore durante gli accidenti della pugna, riescirà diverso secondo il momento in cui è fatto.

Questa mia osservazione è dettata dal desiderio che nutro di conservare la buon' armonia co' miei predecessori, che considero e apprezzo in questo argomento come miei buoni e potenti alleati.

Ansi non voglio tralasciare di fare menzione onorevole di due libri sulla Grecia che lessi con mio infinito piacere e vantaggio—*A Visit to Greece in 1823 and 1824 by George Waddington, Esq.—An Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution.*

Le notizie sulla Grecia contenute nel libro del Sigr. Waddington sono molte esatte. L' autore ha percorso la Grecia con attenzione, diligenza, imparzialità. Molte volte calcai le sue pedate in Grecia, e riscontrai esatti i suoi dati. Alcuni Greci che lo conobbero mi dissero ch' era sembrato loro un uomo un po' freddo, ed io risposi loro: “perchè non voleva ingannare nè essere ingannato.”

Quanto all' *Outline*, amerei di conoscere il nome dell' autore per fargli le mie sincere congratulazioni. E' una storia rapida, ma fidele, e frammista di giudiziose osservazioni. Io ne portai meco alcuni esemplari in Grecia, e ne feci a quel governo un presente. Se i Greci fossero disposti a seguire i savj consigli, non potrebbero scegliere un miglior Mentore di questo libro.

“Londra, 1825.

G. P.

After a fifty days' voyage we finally cast anchor before Napoli di Romania. This city, seated at the foot of a gigantic and abrupt rock ; the Palamidi Castles, which, in appearance impregnable, rest on its summit ; a palm-tree, which rises its head above the turreted walls like the banner of the climate ; Argos, and the beautiful plain of Argos in front of the gulf ; the snowy summit of the frowning Taygetus on the left ; all the scenery around renders the view of Napoli di Romania one of the most picturesque in the world. But as soon as the stranger puts his foot on shore, his enthusiasm ceases, the enchantment disappears. The narrow streets, the houses meanly built, the air, heavy and impregnated with fetid smells, strike him with disgust. The nuisances, in short, are such, that it would be the labour of Hercules to remove them.—This is one of the causes of an epidemic and almost exterminating fever, which raged during the last year. When I disembarked, the fever had but just ceased : and we still met in the roads the livid countenances of those who had been infected. Possibly, this epidemic will reappear with the heat, as the government has taken no precaution to eradicate it. The Greeks have in some measure inherited the fatalism of the Turks. The latter are accustomed to the plague, and the former are becoming so to the epidemia.

Napoli di Romania is surnamed, from its situation and its aspect, the Gibraltar of the Archipelago. In appearance it merits this epithet ; but with respect to its strength, I fear that it would be the Gibraltar when in the hands of the Spaniards. Some officers who visited it with the eye of experience, told me that it was in a miserable state of defence. It is destitute of provisions, artillery, and artillery-men ; the few cannon which are mounted have not carriages capable of resisting a dozen discharges. It possesses no one advantage but the commander of the Palamidi, General Fotomara, a Suliot, who has grown grey alike in arms and in sentiments of honour. The diversions of this capital consist of some ill-furnished coffee-houses and cracked billiards ; an evening promenade in a small square, overshadowed in the midst by a friendly and majestic plane-tree ; and in the indulgence of an eager curiosity, constantly excited by news and anecdotes. Woman, that compensation for every calamity and privation, is invisible, as the men do not allow her to be seen. For more than five and twenty centuries the fair sex in Greece have been condemned, under various pretexts, to domestic confinement. The ancient Greeks, that they might preserve their manners pure, kept them almost from the contact of the air ; and imprisoned them in the gynæceum ; subsequently the Turks shut them up in harems ; and the modern Greeks, through jealousy, keep them secluded from society.

The population of this city is fluctuating, as it depends on contingencies. It may, however, amount to 15,000. There can be no doubt that, according to its scale, it is the most populous capital in the world ; for the houses are so small, and the people so confined, that in every room are found three or four inhabitants.

I was desirous of paying a visit to the members of the government. Without any introduction, without any ceremony, my desire was soon accomplished. They are accessible to all, and at all hours of the day. They are not lodged in a palace. The Government House belongs to

none of the known orders of architecture—but when, and where has Liberty had its cradle of gold!—It is a wild-flower that blooms among thorns and precipices. At the head of a clumsy wooden staircase I found them seated, or rather squatting, on cushions, which formed around the room a sort of sofa. The costume, the reclined position, the serious immobility of countenance of every member, made me at first believe myself before a divan. The vice-president, Signor Botazi, of Spezzia, with his legs crossed, was counting the beads of an oriental rosary. The rest of the members, clad in a costume between Grecian and Turkish, were either smoking or running over a similar trinket. At Paris and at London it is insisted that the Greeks are no longer Turkish; and that, wishing to enter into the great European family, they ought to divest themselves of their ancient practices, and adopt the habits and customs of the new family, which is anxious to embrace them as brothers. Such a sentiment is reasonable enough, but it is premature. To change the habits and dress of a whole people, is not so easy as are the theatrical transformations of Paris and London. What labour did not Peter the Great encounter in cutting the beards of his Muscovites, and in casing them in a Prussian uniform? The fact is, that the Greeks sit *à la Turque*, (and will continue to do so for a long time to come.) They eat pilaw *à la Turque*; they smoke with long pipes; they write to the left; they walk out accompanied by a troop of armed people; they salute; they sleep; and they loiter about, *à la Turque*. Thus, instead of abandoning the habits of their oppressors, they appear, since the revolution, to have followed them more closely. They make a display of wearing the turban trimmed with white, the red *papauchi*, and, in short, (*horribile dictu!*) of throwing around them the green *cafetan*,—three terrible prohibitions in the time of Turkish despotism. They therefore, from the pleasure of revenge, and as a sign of triumph, love to do all that their tyrants once interdicted, that the slave might not resemble his master. Besides this, the Greek people are accustomed to venerate only vestments loaded with gold and silver and pearls, which the Pachas cause to be respected (with the executioner always at their side); but under our European dress the people distinguish nothing but ambulating doctors. The women, who are always captivated by the brilliant and the magnificent, cannot bear the sight of our simplicity, so mean in comparison of eastern pomp. This preference of the fair sex will doubtless long be a great obstacle to any change of the national dress.

The government is composed of five individuals, and of a secretary of state. The president and secretary of state were absent on my arrival: they were at the camp of Navarino. I shall give an account of them hereafter. Botazi, who holds the post of vice-president, is a rich merchant of Spezzia,—perhaps the richest man there. He is a fresh-looking old man; he speaks only Greek. Had he been practised in public affairs, he would be an excellent magistrate, having the reputation of a sound patriot. Mauromicali, a Spartan, and one of the members of the family of Petro Bey, who has made the most painful sacrifices for the liberty of his country, is also unacquainted with any foreign language. He may be versed in the arts of diplomacy, but he has the stamp on his countenance of a nobleness of cha-

racter which he has never belied. I have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with Spigliotachi, another of the members of the government, and a native of the Peloponnesus. Of him I have heard neither good nor ill. Lastly, Coletti is the head of a party, who, to great natural intelligence, unites an European information. He is a native of Epirus, and was from his youth esteemed by Ali Pacha, who maintained him at his studies at the university of Pavia; he afterwards became physician to Mouktar, the son of Ali Pacha. He speaks and writes Italian well—he affects a style of dress rather Turkish than Grecian. Under an imperturbable gravity altogether Turkish, may be discerned in his countenance the Greek vivacity and cunning. From his lofty deportment every one perceives that he has been educated in the seraglio of an Eastern despot.

It would be useless to make mention of the seven existing ministers, as they exercise no authority. The government leaves them nothing but the name. It assumes every duty itself; it does not yet recognize the utility of a division of labour.

The legislative body is very ill lodged. In a short time, however, its sittings will be transferred to a mosque which has been converted into a senatorial chamber. The number of the legislators exceeds eighty; but there are only fifty present, the rest being employed on extraordinary services. Many of them are habited in the European style. The president, Notara, is generally venerated, not so much for the ancient nobility of his family, which is perhaps the most illustrious in the Morea, as for the candour of his disposition. Tricupi of Missolonghi is the most eloquent of their orators. Although there are many warm parties in the assembly, the dissensions have hitherto been carried on with great decorum. Three days after I had arrived in Napoli, the 24th of April, the news arrived that the Greek camp at Cremidi had sustained a defeat from the Egyptians, with a loss of 140 men; amongst whom were generals Zafiropulo, Xidi, and colonels Eleuteri and Cormoriti.

It is here necessary, in order to render clear my account of the events which I witnessed, to refer to some of the transactions which occurred a few months before my arrival, and which almost totally changed the situation of Greece.

During the last autumn, the chiefs of the Morea, Zaimi, Londo, Diliiani, and Sessini, desirous of participating in the government, intimated, with arms in their hands, that, according to the convention, the two bodies, the executive and the legislative, should be renewed, the year of their legal duration having expired. Colocotroni, with other generals, joined them, and consented to become their instrument—with the intention of seizing afterwards for himself the whole power. The government, threatened at that moment on many points by the enemy, did not think such a change either prudent or practicable. It armed itself, therefore, with great vigour, to repel a request which had all the appearance of rebellion rather than of a simple claim. It spared neither money nor flattery to draw over the principal commanders of the Roumeliots, and to induce their entrance into the Morea. Coletti was entrusted with this expedition; and, by an unexpected celerity and artful expedients, he conquered, dispersed, and disarmed the insurgents, and compelled the chief of them to surrender to the government, with

the exception of Zaimi and Londo, who found refuge beyond the Morea. The government, after this success, desiring to profit by the troops assembled in the Morea, amounting to seven or eight thousand men, determined seriously to lay siege to Patras, and to compel at once its surrender. The success against the insurgents, and the ascendancy which Coletti exercised over the Roumeliot Capitani, seemed to have pointed him out as the commander best adapted for this enterprise ; but his rivals, who feared his increase of power and reputation, envied him, and sought to snatch from him such an opportunity. In the mean time, Ibrahim Pacha, to whom were known these civil discords amongst the Greeks, did not hesitate to take advantage of the occasion to disembark in the Morea, and surprise Navarino (Filo Castro). In fact, about the middle of February, he landed at Modon, with 14,000 regular troops ; and a few days after invested that city. Coletti, who might have been able, with his tried promptitude, to oppose the Egyptians, was recalled to the bosom of the government ; and the president, who had never been accustomed to arms, undertook to become himself general-in-chief. To his inexperience was joined great delicacy of health ; he lost several days in Tripolizza, labouring under a fever. He afterwards established his head-quarters at Scala, *four hours* distant from the Greek camp ; a distance too great to admit of his easily directing its operations. It was therefore necessary to delegate his power to some other general. Whether to avoid the rivalry which existed amongst the Roumeliot Capitani, who all aspired to the supreme command, or from partiality towards a countryman of his own, the president chose for general-in-chief, a Hydriot captain, Scurti, who had no experience in land-service. This unhappy choice was followed by an issue still more unhappy. On the morning of the 19th of April, the Greeks were unexpectedly attacked by the Egyptians. Many of the Roumeliot Capitani fought on that day with the greatest valour : some of them, transported with too much ardour (Giavella was amongst the number), imprudently descended into the plain. The enemy, superior in cavalry, in arms, and in discipline, repelled the Greeks at different points, and killed 140 men, and amongst them four commanders.

When this distressing news reached Napoli, it filled all ranks with consternation. Since the battle of Peta in 1822, in which the Greeks lost about 200 men, they had not sustained so heavy a disaster. In all the other battles, they had been accustomed to lose no more than ten, fifteen, or twenty soldiers. When Marco Botzari fell, only eleven combatants fell with him. A soldier of Wagram or Waterloo may perhaps smile at the description of these battles, as we smile on reading the war of the frogs and the mice in Homer ; but the destiny of nations does not always depend on great slaughter. At Marathon, the Athenians saved their country with the sole loss of 192 heroes ! Sometimes the death of a few men drew along with it the ruin of the Italian republics of the middle ages. What are the battles of Bolivar but skirmishes, compared with those of Napoleon ? Yet their result will be more lasting and more glorious.

This discomfiture of the Greeks was the more humiliating and distressing, as it was sustained by the most distinguished troops of Greece, as are the Suliots and the Roumeliots. Amongst a people

who are not numerous, the combatants excite a much more lively interest than in an extensive nation. Every one knows the topography of the country ; every one knows, almost by name, the combatants ; every one is informed of the acts of his neighbour, his friend, and his relative. I was most highly interested at hearing the descriptions of individual prowess, on approaching the different groups of persons whom I met scattered in the streets. The Greeks have lost none of their ancient loquacity ; and I experienced extreme delight in seeing revive before my eyes those scenes described by Demosthenes, and that unoccupied, curious, and garrulous multitude running in search of news about Philip. I was most anxious to fulfil the engagements I had made of delivering some letters to the president in person ; and at the same time wished to view with my own eyes the theatre of war. I took advantage, therefore, of the company of General Roche, who was charged with a complimentary mission to the president. General Roche was sent to Greece by the committee at Paris, to whom the choice does honour. General Roche is an old soldier, of a martial aspect, sensible, frank, amiable—as usually are most of the French *à vieilles moustaches*. I thanked Fortune for procuring me a fellow-traveller so useful and so agreeable.

Surrounded by ten Palicari, who escorted us on the road, mounted upon lean horses, followed by six asses and mules that carried our baggage and servants, our little caravan entered Argos about dark. 'This capital of the ancient monarchy of "the far-reigning Agamemnon," is at present a city containing at most 10,000 inhabitants. Its streets are wide and regular ; its houses principally of wood, with projecting wooden porticoes, light and elegant. In this revolution, first the Turks, and afterwards the Greeks, eagerly contributed to its destruction. It is now rising again from its ruins. The eparch, or prefect, with his counsellors, and the other chiefs of the city, whilst our supper was preparing, took us to view the site chosen for the new university. Signor Warvachi, a rich Greek merchant, left at his death a fund for this purpose, consisting of the interest of above one hundred thousand francs. The city has bought, to be built upon for this purpose, the large square space of a Turkish bazaar, of which there only remain the surrounding walls, with a fountain in the centre. But what was my pleasure, when I beheld a School for mutual instruction, built expressly by the government for this object, and opened only last December ! The school is built upon the plan of the English schools ; but it is too confined for the two hundred children who frequent it. Attached to it is a dwelling for the master, who acquired the method at Bucharest, from Signor Cleobulo ; the latter having been taught, as I apprehend, at the schools in Paris. The establishment is attended by both boys and girls, who are kept separate from each other. A lady of Scio, to remove the inconvenience of having them together, and to obtain at the same time an adequate education for the girls, proposes to build for them a school adjacent ; and already the means of effecting it are under consideration. I mention expressly this circumstance, to bring to notice those beneficent ladies of Edinburgh, who, as I have read in the journals, have adopted the generous intention of promoting the education of the Greek girls. We saw, besides, the rising walls of a Greek church, which is building with the ruins of

a mosque, that had once been constructed from the wreck of a former Greek church ; while the latter, perhaps, owed its origin to the remains of an ancient temple. Thus rolls the wheel of fortune ; and the world is but destruction and reproduction from the same materials.

On returning home a young damsel poured water upon all our hands.

“The golden ewer a maid obsequious brings,
Replenish'd from the cool, translucent springs ;
With copious water the bright vase supplies,
A silver laver of capacious size :
They wash.”*

After this ablution we sat down, cross-legged, upon carpets, around a table covered with kid, lamb, pilaw, and coagulated milk, which is eaten mixed with the pilaw, new goat's cheese and oranges. From time to time

———“Observant round

Gay stripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.”*

A young Palicari handed round a silver cup filled with wine. Having drunk to the independence of Greece, and washed our hands again, we arose, and the same damsel spread upon the carpets, skins and coverings that served for our bed :

Meantime Achilles' *maidst* prepared a bed
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread :
There, till the sacred morn restored the day,
In slumbers sweet the reverend Phoenix lay.
(*Iliad*, book ix.)

I cite Homer, not from an ostentation of knowledge, but to show the reader how many of the most ancient customs of Greece are preserved after so many ages, invasions, conquests, calamities, and vicissitudes.

Early the following morning we set out for Tripolizza. I hailed the castle of Argos, which is placed on the summit of an isolated mountain, commanding the city. I hailed it the more cordially, for having, in 1822, stopped the march of Raschid Pacha's army. The Greek government, forgetful of its services, neglects and allows it to go to ruin. It is decaying, like Aristides of old, in misery.

After an unpleasant ride of nine hours we arrived at Tripolizza, which lies at the bottom of the beautiful plain that bears its name. We were surprised at seeing outside the gate a multitude of people, and a long file of Palicari ; and were still more so on observing a turbaned horseman, who, richly clothed, was coming on a Turkish horse full gallop towards us. He had the aspect of one of the Abencerrages, described in the wars of Grenada. All this ceremony constituted the honours of hospitality, with which the inhabitants of Tripolizza were desirous of receiving General Roche. The cavalier who came to meet us was Colonel Xidi, the commandant of the place, and brother of the general who fell in the battle of the 19th of April. As he drew near us, he discharged his two pistols, and then performed the Greek salutation, by placing his right hand upon his heart. The general testified much grief for the loss of his brother. The elegant colonel replied, “Happy should we Greeks be, to fall by a death like his.” We entered the city in the midst of a crowd of people, and were lodged at the house of the minister of the interior, which is one of

* Odyssey.

† Pope has “*slaves*.”

the few Turkish houses in Tripolizza remaining uninjured by the rage and vengeance of the Greeks. Looking around I beheld here and there heaps of ruins. The seraglio, or palace, of the Pacha who resided there before the revolution in this former capital of the Morea, is razed to its foundations, together with the harem, baths, and mosques which it enclosed in its ample circumference. The Turkish cemeteries, however, remained safe from Greek vengeance. Tripolizza is beginning to be repeopled, and to revive from the wretchedness into which the sack of the Greeks in 1822 had plunged it. This city, while it was yet the capital of the Morea, and the residence of the Pacha, contained about thirty-five or forty thousand inhabitants. Amongst these were only 3000 Greeks ; the rest of the population consisted of Turks, and the descendants of renegade Greeks. At present the inhabitants amount to 15,000, owing to the influx of people from all quarters hastening to seek a refuge. For a thousand dollars may be bought at Tripolizza a house and garden, in a delicious climate, a healthy air, and in a delightful situation. The city stands at the end of a vast plain, surrounded by mountains, between the ancient Tegea, Mantinea, and Pallanteum. Perhaps it arose from the ruins of these three cities, as its name implies. It is not strong, or capable of sustaining a siege. It is surrounded by a wall with barbicans, and flanked with towers, which the Turks erected as a defence against the incursions of the *klephti* (robbers) who dwell in the neighbouring mountains. Colocotroni, before the revolution, entered it sometimes by surprise, in spite of its walls. The city sustained a siege in 1822, when there were 9000 Turks shut up in it, and 3000 Albanians ; the Greeks, to assault it, had nothing but a mob of peasantry armed with implements of agriculture, sticks, a few thousand muskets, and a very few pieces of cannon.

The Greeks have learnt from the Turks the art of loitering away their time. In Greece visiting begins at seven o'clock in the morning. Every one who believes himself a gentleman, thinks it a duty and a right to pay his visits to a foreigner of distinction. At seven o'clock the following morning our Turkish chamber (decorated with coloured glass and covered with verses from the Koran, its walls painted in arabesque, and the ceiling with green varnish resembling emerald) was filled with serious, grave, and silent forms, who, after having touched their hearts with the right hand, squatted down in a circle ; next, for a few minutes sipped a cup of coffee, and then smoked the pipe which the host infallibly offers them. The levee of a European court is perhaps less absurd, and less solemn, than these visits of ceremony in the Levant.

A few hours after, we proceeded to return the visits of those who had honoured us with their grave and silent presence, according to the custom of the country. Colonel Xidi was at dinner with some of his fellow soldiers, in a room hung with the most elegant Turkish arms, with bridles, embroidered saddles, and other implements of war, There hung from the wall a Turkish scimitar with a silver-gilt sheath, which had belonged to general Xidi. This scimitar was worth 100*l.* sterling. The splendour of the arms amongst both Turks and Greeks amounts to a passion ; as with us, that of Etruscan vases, pictures, and medals. There hung, besides, from the walls a large silver-gilt reliquary surrounded with coral and gold fringe, which the Greek captains suspend from their neck the moment of entering battle. St. Demetrius. St.

Constantine, St. Helena now grant that protection in war, which Mars, Apollo, and Venus extended to the ancient Greeks. The banner of the deceased general was folded in token of grief. On the point were engraved these words, "God, Country, Hope, Charity." The banner is a spear with a long heart, which springs from a ball, under which are the arms of the cross

" All bedeck'd with gold so gay,
And in its top is a holy cross,
That shines as bright as the day." *

We were shewn, in a group of Roumeliot soldiers who were standing intently looking at us, the brave man who in the battle saved this banner, by running for several hours, pursued by the enemy's cavalry. We were shewn, besides, a youth of the age of fourteen, who would not quit the general when he fell mortally wounded. The general ordered him to save himself, but he, concealed in a hollow, slew an Egyptian who was passing, and took his musquet which he was carrying with him, into Roumelia as a trophy. A few paces from the apartments a wounded soldier was extended on the ground, who had in vain exerted all his courage to bear away in safety his general. The colonel augmented his grief by sorrowful recollections, and on bidding us farewell, said, "that he lived only to avenge his brother." Amongst those from whom we received politeness in Tripolizza, I must not forget prince Demetrius Ipsilanti, who was as courteous to us as he is to all the travellers who visit him. He is bald, short in stature, and of a slight form; but if nature has not gifted him with a military presence, I was assured that he had always shown himself intrepid in war. He adopts the European habits—he speaks French well. He once served in Russia in the rank of a major, and still speaks of Russia with some sympathy. After having fought, in the first years of the revolution, for the liberty of his country, for the last two years he has been living remote from public affairs at Tripolizza. Whatever may be his reasons for discontent, Solon would not have pardoned him such a neutrality. On quitting the table, which was covered with Turkish viands, some one whispered to me, "The prince has a Turkish palate, a Russian head, and a Greek heart."

The following day it was announced that the Roumeliots and Suliots, who formed part of the camp at Cremidi, had abandoned the army, and were encamped near Tripolizza. In fact, the chiefs of these troops, offended at the preference shewn by the president, in giving the command to the Hydriot, Scurti, who had conducted them to slaughter and to the shame of discomfiture, and instigated by the faction opposed to the president and Mavrocordato, would no longer fight under the orders of the president, and resolved to return into Western Greece to defend their fire-sides.

Having read in the excellent collection of Greek songs of Mr. Fau-riel the almost fabulous prowess of this warlike race, I burned with curiosity to become acquainted with these hardy mountaineers, who, rather than dwell with Turks, prefer *to live with wild beasts in their solitudes, and in the heart of the mountains.*†

The first person whom I visited with General Roche, was General

* Ancient Ballad

† Canzone dello Sterghios.

Georgio Caraiscachi, a native of Arta. He resided in a mean dwelling, beyond the Argos gate. He was sitting upon a carpet, gorgeously dressed in embroidered gold and silver. Near the wall was hanging his musquet, covered with arabesque in silver. The room was crowded with soldiers, a troop of whom never quit their chief, but follow him every where. Caraiscachi was a klepht by profession before the revolution; he is of a middle stature, of a dry aspect, an astute countenance, and very prompt in his replies. General Roche, by means of an interpreter, commenced a discussion upon various political subjects. Our host with an ironical air, and with much address, sported on the most delicate points. Being asked by the general, whether he thought it advantageous that the national assembly of the ensuing October should extend the duration of the government to five years instead of one—he replied, “Soldiers ought not to occupy themselves with such enquiries—it is their business to obey.” “As you have seen,” added the general, “by the last battle the superiority of the European discipline over mere courage, are you not of opinion that it would be advantageous to Greece to employ a corps of regular American troops to oppose the regulars of Ibrahim Pacha?” “I believe it might,” replied the artful klepht, “but I fear that Greece is not in a condition to receive, and treat them as they are treated in Europe.” The general continued: “Do you not think it advisable, that the government should pardon Colocotroni, and replace him at the head of the army at this important crisis?” To this question an old warrior, who was standing at my side, replied: “Unhappy is that nation whose fortune depends upon a single man—better to perish than depend on one man.” He who uttered this opinion worthy of ancient times, was Pioia Pano of Suli, a lieutenant-colonel; he had served a long time in one of the Albanian regiments, which many years ago were in the pay of England, and was in Gaeta on its siege by Massena. General Roche, hearing this circumstance, offered him his hand, saying, “Let us join hands, and from enemies, as we then were, let us now become friends. I was in the army besieging Gaeta at that time.” This unexpected advance drew a smile of complacency from the austere countenances that were observing us. The grenadier height of the general, and his frank manners, pleased these wild soldiers.

The next we visited was Giavella. Chiccio Giavella of Suli is the son of Foto Giavella, who was one of the most valiant and sincere patriots among the Saliots. When these desired to treat with Ali Pacha, Foto Giavella set fire to his house, choosing rather to see it in ashes than profaned by some satellite of Ali. This man at fourteen years of age remained as hostage for his father in the hands of Ali Pacha. When Veli, the son of Ali, communicated to him that he was waiting immediate orders from the Pacha to burn him alive—as his father had not fulfilled his promise of confirming a capitulation disgraceful to his countrymen, he replied, “My father will then slay your Albanians, and may perhaps seize you and your father, and will burn you in return.” His son is a young man of thirty, of a middle stature, with lively sparkling eyes, and of impetuous courage. In the battle of the 19th, he narrowly escaped being cut to pieces, through his temerity, by the enemy’s cavalry. His dress and his arms were refulgent with gold and silver, his *Pesgli* (vest) was of green velvet bordered with red and embroidered in

silver. The arms and dress of a *capitano* often cost more than 10,000 francs. The general also asked *him* if he believed a corps of regular troops necessary in Greece. He replied that he was more than ever convinced of it, especially after the fatal experience of the last battle. The general intimated that he had suggested to the minister of war (Adam Ducas) to organize in Greece a national guard, distributed into a stationary, and an active corps—as is done in several states of Europe. Giavella replied, that he considered it a useful institution, and that he would recommend it to the minister.

A painter might have made a picture of Constantine Botzari, when we went to visit *him* in his bivouac. He was standing under a large poplar, his warriors made a circle around him—all standing. Neither gold nor silver glittered on his person. His dress was simple and modest like his character. Over a *pesgli* of light blue cloth, he wore a white capote of long goat's hair, the usual capote of the Suliots. Accustomed to distinguish the commander of these troops by the richness of their dress and their arms, we were making a survey around whilst we were already before him. A carpet spread upon the grass, for his convenience, was his only distinction. A profound silence reigned in this assembly of immovable warriors. Botzari was quietly smoking; he received us coldly, and yet kindly. He is from Suli, and the brother of Marco Botzari, the Leonidas of the Greek revolution. He is thick-limbed and robust, though of the middle stature, and is said to resemble his brother. His is the name dearest to the Suliots, of all the surviving names of that martial colony. His soldiers are almost all Suliots; and amongst them are many of his own relatives, who follow him in his wars, and, more from love than from right, always fight at his side. General Roche announced to Botzari that the French committee had selected the son of Marco Botzari to be educated in France. Botzari replied, that he was grateful to the committee; and that he wished his nephew to become well-informed.—The *Gen.* “Are you versed in the history of the ancient Greeks and their deeds?”—*Botz.* “We have not read their history, but we have heard it.”—*Gen.* “The career you pursue will procure you honour amongst your contemporaries, and immortality with posterity.”—*Botz.* “The aim of our actions is solely the good of our country.”—*Gen.* “The death of your brother will always redound to the glory of the Greeks.”—*Botz.* “The Greeks only desire a death like his.” *Gen.* “Is there amongst the Suliots, any one who bears the name of some illustrious ancient?” At this question, a cousin of Botzari, who was standing behind him, in a resolute tone answered: “The heart, and not the name, makes the hero.”—*Gen.* “Should you like to have a King in Greece?”—*Botz.* “I think that a king would be desirable for the good of Greece in its present circumstances.”

The general had purposely proposed this question to many other chiefs; and the answer of them all agreed with that of Botzari. I know not, to speak plainly, if confidence is to be placed in the sincerity of these answers; as the *Capitani* appeared too condescending, either from politeness or from dissimulation.

Constantine Botzari, as I have already observed, is the idol of his companions in arms. In the last affair of the 19th of April, they saved him at the price of their blood. He was dismounted from his horse by

an Egyptian officer, who was on the point of taking him prisoner. His soldiers and relatives, ashamed of losing their captain, resolved to save him at all hazards. They made a hedge around him with their bodies, they fight retreating, they thrust him along, they carry him nearly a mile; when the enemy presses forward, they make head against him; they fight, they fall, and replace each other, and in this manner, leaving seventeen of their dead on the field, they bear him off in safety; and they not only recover his horse, but they take from their enemies whom they had slain, twelve of their's. In this conflict, which renews the battles of the Iliad, six brothers, relatives of Botzari, fell, to preserve his life and the honour of the Suliots.

On taking leave, Constantine Botzari kissed us on the mouth. This is the most tender kiss of friendship that can be given in Greece. I have always thought that the Italian painters, in representing the deeds of Roman story, exaggerated the colouring and the form they give to the Roman soldiers. Those stern countenances, those athletic limbs, that dusky flesh, appeared to me caricatured. However, after having seen the Roumeliots and the Suliots, I am convinced there is nothing in those pictures out of nature. The Roumeliots and the Suliots are the finest and most robust race of men I have hitherto beheld. Their skin, always exposed to the sun, is literally the colour of bronze. Their breast is ample as a cuirass. Nature, besides, has gifted them with a rich head of hair, which they leave thick and flowing, and which would be much more beautiful if they had not adopted the practice of shaving it off the temples. The Greeks have always had a great affection for an abundant head of hair. Homer, amongst the many epithets with which he qualifies his countrymen, uses that of "fair-haired Greeks." The greater part of them are born and die soldiers. From childhood they wear at their sides pistols and a sabre, which they never put aside. Like the other soldiers in Greece, they are obliged to provide themselves with clothing and arms. Their pay is a ration of bread, and twelve paras a day for their provisions, and twenty-five piastres a month for their other expenses. They have neither tents nor beds, nor shelter. The bed is the capote—a stone their pillow—their canopy a sky always serene. During the whole time of a campaign they never undress, or change their shirts. They are therefore horribly filthy; but, on the other hand, their arms are always clean and shining. When they wake, their first thought is to polish and put them in exact order. They are extravagantly fond of handsome and rich arms, which, glittering with gold and silver, make a strange contrast with their blackened shirts. They have not besides either knapsack, or bag to contain any thing. Well made in all respects, they are strong as lions, and active as goats. I saw the noble grenadiers of Napoleon, and I know the superb English guards; but the Suliots appear to me to surpass both. Their carriage, their bearing, are quite theatrical. They always fight scattered, every one chooses his post. They are not accustomed to combat with their bodies exposed. Like the ancients who covered themselves with their shields, they lie flat behind a stone, which protects them, and provided they have a piece of rock they are invulnerable—so well do they know how to lie close behind it, and to load and discharge their pieces. To deceive their enemies at a distance, they usually place in sight a thin red cap, some way from the place where they

are concealed. They are not accustomed to make intrenchments; when they wish to fight together and to fortify themselves, they form themselves into a *drum*, for thus they call a space inclosed with a little parapet of stones placed around it; from behind this parapet they keep up a fire upon the enemy, for the most part very destructive, as they generally aim well at their mark. General Caratazzo, on the 17th of April, posted in one of these drums, made many hundreds of the Egyptians who attempted to force his position, bite the dust. It is said, that the Suliots never make more than three discharges of their musquets, and these at very close quarters, and that they then throw down their pieces and capotes, and with their drawn sabres fall upon the enemy. For they use the sabre instead of the *atagan*, which is the weapon adopted by the soldiers of the Morea. If, in this attack, they are unsuccessful, they lose their guns and their capotes. The Roumeliots, and still more the Suliots, think it a great misfortune to lose their captain, no matter in what way,—so that in the battle they will not sometimes permit him to expose himself much, and they guard him when at a distance from danger. They follow and abandon their leaders at their pleasure. There is no penalty, no dishonour for this desertion; because it is not really deserting, as they quit one standard only to enrol themselves under another. Whosoever should compare these bands of soldiers to the companies of the ancient Italian *Condottieri* or to the Spanish *Guerillas*, would not obtain a very exact idea of them. The resemblance is more conformable between them and the old Scottish clans; the robust limbs of these warriors, and their costume, resembling that of the Scotch, render this comparison much more perfect. In Roumelia, the command commonly resides in particular families, who have merited it by their bravery; and is generally transmitted from father to son. The Suliots have sworn eternal war against the Turks, and have adhered more faithfully to their oath than the knights of Malta. More than 150 of these brave men fell in the battle of the 19th of April. This was precious blood that was spilt, because since the Suliots have lost their country, there remains but about 1000 of them scattered throughout Greece and the Ionian islands. Their corps, however, are always numerous, as many Roumeliots, attracted by their warlike fame, love to make war in conjunction with them, and in their school become excellent soldiers. Like the ancient Spartans, they are always followed to war by a great number of Greeks, who fight under their orders.

Whilst we were separated from them, I called the attention of General Roche to the disobedience of these troops to the head of the government, observing, that it was a scandal, fatal in time of war, and that the defection of 2000 of these good soldiers from the Greek camp could not fail to hasten the fall of Navarino. I therefore advised the general to have a private conference with Constantine Botzari, who seemed the most influential and sincere of their chiefs; and to offer his mediation with the president to promote a reconciliation honourable to both parties, and of so much importance to their common country. The general, already persuaded of the importance of inducing these chiefs to abandon their resolution, invited Constantine Botzari to a private conference the following day at our residence. Botzari came alone, and the general's servant acted as interpreter in the following conversation:—

G. "As you know, being a soldier, the necessity of subordination, will you have the kindness to tell me if you have quitted the camp with the consent of the president?"

B. "The president, in truth, wished us to remain in the camp, but we were obliged to quit it when we understood that the enemy threatened to attack Missolonghi, and to invade Western Greece."

G. "You have, however, disobeyed the head of the government,—this is a fatal example. Will you remain at Tripolizza? I, who love your cause, and am convinced that union alone can conduce to a happy result, am ready to offer myself as an impartial mediator. If you, Botzari, will suspend your departure, I am certain the others also will change their resolution."

B. "We have left the camp, it is true, to the displeasure of the president; but we are still friends with him. We cannot suspend our departure,—our country is threatened,—our soldiers see their houses, their families in danger,—they themselves would abandon us if we should remain long in the Morea: and if the soldiers should go off, what service could I alone be to the president? I should be useless both to the Morea and to Western Greece."

G. "Since you are immovable in your design, give me at least your word that you will always be friends with the president, and obedient to the government."

B. "I assure you that I entertain no rancour towards the president; and I promise you that I will always be his friend."

Notwithstanding the specious reasons that Botzari gave for their resolution, the fact proved too well in the sequel, that the departure of these troops was one of the chief causes of the surrender of Navarino.

Funeral honours were rendered at Tripolizza to the memory of General Xidi. The bier, upon which the supposed body lay, was scattered over with flowers. I do not know whether the Greeks owe this practice of adorning the coffin with flowers to the Turks or the ancient Athenians, who also followed a similar custom. This excepted, all the ceremonies were like those observed at the funerals of Catholics. It does not occur to me to make any other observations than that the priests, poor and filthy in the extreme, sang psalms with a nasal voice, still more displeasing than that of the Capuchins in Italy. The people in their songs imitate this style, and catch as much enthusiasm of pleasure from these sounds as their progenitors did from those of Linus and Orpheus.

At Tripolizza is a grammar-school, in which is taught the ancient Greek, with the reading of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon.

On the 8th of May a school of mutual instruction was opened in a mosque fitted up for that purpose, and capable of containing 400 pupils. Adjoining is a small garden, and before the vestibule a copious fountain. The master is George Constantine, of Cyprus, who studied the method at the great school, Borough Road, London. Many gentlemen of Tripolizza superintend the school, and prince Ispilanti takes a special concern in it. Having had an opportunity of knowing an inspector (Epaurus) of public instruction, (Signor Gregorio Constantas,) I begged him to favour me with a succinct account of the condition of public instruction in Greece. This venerable and

learned ecclesiastic was so kind as to send me the letter placed in the appendix, (A.) for those who take particular interest in matters of this kind. There died not long since, in Tripolizza, one Cava di Dimitzana, surnamed the Sabanaco, who, deformed by nature with two humps, was, however, gifted with the talent of improvisation. Without knowing how to read or write, he sang in verse the history of the Greek revolution. I could only collect about two thirds of his extempore effusions. They have here and there some happy strokes, much rhapsody, but, in short, like most of the poetry of the Italian Improvisatori, are not worthy of a calm reading. This is, however, a proof that the modern Greek, and the modern Greeks, have the same aptitude for improvisation, as the Greek and the Grecians of antiquity.

After the departure of the Roumeliot troops, the president removed from Sala to Calamata; from thence he wrote to General Roche, that he should be grieved to occasion him a very unpleasant journey, and begged him to remain at Tripolizza. The general thought fit to conform to the wish of the president. With the greatest regret I separated myself from a person whom I esteemed more and more every hour; and at noon the following day, 30th April, took the road to Calamata.

The first day I proceeded only five leagues, and stopped in the evening at a house one mile from Leondari, in a most delightful valley, which does not in the least fall short of any of those described by the divine Ariosto. Limpid and perennial streams, cool air, the singing of birds, olive-groves always verdant, are the delights which the weary traveller finds there, after the heat of the day, and the fatigue of a miserably bad mule or horse. The nightingales peopled the groves, and the owl united its shrill infantine cries with their melodious notes.

No sooner were we arrived, than the two steady Palicari who escorted us, even more active and indefatigable than Spanish soldiers, set about getting our supper ready. A lamb is the dainty victim for these sacrifices. In a moment it was killed, skinned, drawn, and rubbed inside with pepper and salt. It was, afterwards, put on a stake for want of a spit, and set down to roast before a strong fire.

Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze.—&c.

POPE'S *Homer's Iliad*.—Book ix.

During the supper, I observed, that one of the Palicari was watching, with the same attention with which the ancients examined the viscera of lambs offered in sacrifice, a bone of the lamb, (the shoulder-blade). I asked what was the subject of his attention. One of them, who spoke Italian, told me, that he was reading in it the future. He then added, between jest and earnest, that by the signs of that bone the future might be presaged; and that one of them, the night before the battle of the 19th of April, predicted the fatal issue of that day. This bone is, therefore, now called, in Greece, the "Gazette of the Palicari." I smiled at first at this superstitious credulity; but afterwards it excited the sorrowful reflection, that superstition is an incurable disorder amongst all nations, and that even the most uncivilized are not exempt from it; and to the shame of this species

of horoscope, I believe that the modern Greeks are not as superstitious as the contemporaries of Socrates, who had their oracles, temples, divinations, and sibyls, every where. The modern Greeks, notwithstanding, however tenacious of their religion, are not so much inclined to give their possessions and their money to their priests, as the ancient ; who, besides the gifts with which they enriched their temples, used to deposit their money in charge of their priests. The Greeks of the present day prefer carrying their money in their girdles, and burying it, rather than confide it to the priesthood. The people in Greece are poor, but so also are the clergy ; and their churches are still more so. It is not as in Japan, where the people are poor, but the monks and cathedrals abound in gold and silver. In Tripolizza there are not even bells to call the people to church. After four years of liberty in that city, a piece of iron attached to the gates is still used for the purpose (Turkish despotism did not permit bells) ; upon this they strike with a stone, and at the sound the Christians congregate like bees in the neighbouring church.

Another delightful spot, which has left an agreeable remembrance, is the source of the Pamisus, where we stopped to take a frugal repast of olives, fresh garlic, and goat's cheese. That I might gain a better acquaintance with the habits of a country, I have never hesitated to follow them. This spot was esteemed even by the ancients for the salubrity of the air, which they believed to be particularly beneficial in the disorders of children. A brook, formed by a spring, which wound round a grassy meadow, shaded by several majestic plane-trees, awakened the recollection of the fine ode of Petrarch,

“ Chiare fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei che sola a me par donna,” &c —

In Greece the traveller usually spreads his table with his companion, near some charming scene.

The brooks are numerous, and the fountains, which are respected even by the wildest soldiery, occasion a most delicious coolness in a climate where the sun is for several months too prodigal of his rays. How many streamlets, valleys, and trees could I point out, where the genius of desolation has been reigning during four centuries. Here are no palaces, no parks, no villas. Turkish tyranny has left nothing uninjured save the sun and the soil.

The province of Calamata, which is part of the ancient Messenia, is well cultivated, fertile in figs, wine, silk, and every species of fruit : perhaps as much so as anciently ; but it has always had inconvenient neighbours. For four centuries the Spartans laid waste the country, and left its inhabitants but the choice between war and exile—between death and slavery ; and now the Mainotes (the successors, if not the descendants of the Spartans,) often disturb the province by their incursions ; from time to time descending from their mountains, and plundering these charming plains, interspersed with hills and rivulets.

I entered Calamata towards evening, and proceeded to dismount at the house of the president. There was a crowd of people there, resembling the press at a theatre opened gratis. I went onwards with the stream, in which I overtook Prince Mavrocordato, who saluted

me in the politest way. His countenance appeared to me much handsomer and more animated than the pictures of him in London. He dresses *à la Française*. When I saw him the first time at Calamata, his dress was in holes, or rather torn, which proceeded, in my opinion, more from affectation than necessity. He speaks French with facility and elegance—his conversation is lively, agreeable, and full of wit. He is very ready in his answers. One day General Roche remarked, "It is really a singular thing, that more is said at Paris about the affairs of Greece than in Greece itself." Mavrocordato replied, "That is, because it is easier to talk than to act." The general then replied, "I believe it rather proceeds from our always speaking like lovers of those we love." Mavrocordato rejoined, "Pity, that hitherto your love has been only Platonic." He has all the talents requisite in a secretary of state; understands and expedites business with readiness. On this point his enemies, unable to deny his ability, say, that he handles the pen better than the sword. He does not possess such influence over his countrymen as his talents and patriotism authorise; the reason is, that being born at Fanari, without connexions in Greece, without wealth, he is obliged to struggle singly against factions and cabals. For this reason also he is frequently obliged to make use of the arms of his enemies, and will find it difficult to reach the supreme authority in Greece. He is versed in the labyrinth of European politics, and his primary object is to preserve Greece independent; but, if ever she should be compelled to choose a protector, I am of opinion that Mavrocordato would give the preference to the most powerful and disinterested state—to Great Britain.

Mavrocordato introduced me to the president, well known by name, Conduriotti. Neatly habited in the custome of his island, he was sitting upon a sofa *à la Turque*, counting the beads of a *columbojo*. As he speaks no foreign language, our conversations, whenever we met, were short and unimportant. The Conduriotti family is certainly the richest in Hydra;—its property is said to amount to a million.

At the commencement of the revolution, this family contributed very important sums of money for the support of the navy; and this sacrifice, with the reputation of being an excellent citizen, raised Conduriotti to the first rank in the government. But from that time his fame has been on the decline. He was formerly esteemed a man of firmness, but experience has proved him obstinate rather than firm. His integrity is without blemish, but he is accused of partiality towards his own friends and the Hydriots, his countrymen. The fatal termination of the expedition that he undertook against the Egyptians has greatly diminished his credit. However, though his administration may be censured, he will, at least, have given a useful example in all revolutions, that the wealthy, instead of declining public employment, and standing on the shore watching the tempest, should plunge at once into the danger, and perish, if necessary, with their country.

The Greek camp, instead of receiving reinforcements, was daily growing weaker, from the departure of many soldiers, who in Greece quit their standards according to their caprice. In vain had the president endeavoured to arm the hardy and warlike population of Arcadia. At first, some thousands flocked to the support of Navarino,

but by degrees they soon left the camp. The other inhabitants of the Peloponnesus, irritated at the extortions and vexations of the Roumeliots in the Morea, refused to take up arms, unless Colocotroni was reappointed to his command, under whom they had before triumphed twice over the Turks. In the mean time Navarino, without the hope of being succoured by land, had no other free communication than by sea ; in consequence of which the president had returned to Calamata, to open a treaty with the Mainotes, and march them to the support of the besieged place.

It was the intention of the president to proceed by sea to Old Navarino, to animate the courage of the garrison of Neo-Castro, and direct from thence the operations of the campaign. With this intention, we embarked at Armiros, in the territory of Sparta, ready to set sail : but, whilst we were waiting a change of the wind, the news arrived that the Egyptian fleet was before Modon.

I passed three days on the coast of the ancient Lacedemonian territory ; and though not very enthusiastic on the subject of antiquities, yet I confess that I trod the shore with a mixture of high admiration and respect. At this time General Murzina, one of the three ministers at war, and one of the most powerful chiefs of the Mainotes, disembarked at Armiros with about one hundred and sixty soldiers, in order to confer with the president. The Mainotes, as is well known, have never submitted to the Turks ; secured by their inaccessible mountains, and not less by their extreme poverty, they have always preserved their independence.

“ Il concavo di balze incoronato,
Lacedemone suol.” *Iliad*, Book ii.

Their countenance is less handsome, but more stern and thoughtful than that of the other Greeks, from whom they are distinguished by a greater luxuriance of hair flowing over their shoulders, and by wide breeches, folded in plaits round their thighs.

General Murzina stood remarkable among his soldiers, not so much for his glittering arms as for his robust make and fulness of form, and for a pair of immense mustachios, from beneath the huge shadow of which no smile could shew itself. He sate himself by the side of the president, on the sea-shore, where the conference was held. There lay before them a proclamation, to be published in the province of Maina, with a view to excite the people to take up arms. It was read in the presence of the accompanying soldiers, but without producing (as appeared to me) any emotion ; nor did it make any greater impression when it was published in their mountains. The Mainotes do not give their blood for words ; to whom may be applied the motto “ *Point d'argent, point de Mainotes.*” Thus vanished this hope of succour for Navarino.

Having completed the object of my journey, I took leave of the president, and returned to Napoli di Romania. No accident occurred on the road, although I took no escort with me—perceiving that the traveller is, perhaps, in as much security in the Peloponnesus, as in Italy, Spain, or Portugal.

All the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus are armed with a musquet

and pistols, and an *atagan* ; which, under the Turkish government, was prohibited. They now ostentatiously display the arms they have wrested from their oppressors. A levy *en masse* in the Morea might possibly produce fifty thousand fighting men. The people are handsome and sturdy. During the visits I made at Tripolizza and Calamata, I was at length able to gain a glimpse of the fair sex. They are some of them certainly worthy of the praises that the poets have bestowed, and continue to bestow upon them.

I have seen four *επαρχιαι* (or prefectures); but it must not be imagined that they in one respect resemble any thing of the kind in Europe. Hitherto there exists no municipal administration, and no courts of justice are yet organized. The eparch, therefore, discharges in his own person many duties which ought to be distinct from his office. The eparchia consists of a secretary, who generally sleeps, eats, and gives audience in the same chamber. There is no post for letters throughout the Morea: the government corresponds by means of expresses, and individuals are obliged to send their letters by a messenger. The gazettes of Hydra, Athens, and Missolonghi are not yet in circulation amongst the people, but they are read with eagerness by the educated classes: that of Missolonghi is supported by the sale it has in the Ionian Islands. The Hydriot gazette has but two hundred subscribers, and the Athenian still fewer.

The national domains have been let for twice as much this year as the last, which augmentation is owing to the cessation of the monopoly exercised by the primates in letting them, and to the increase of cultivation, which keeps pace with the increasing confidence of the people.

These are a few of the observations I have made while travelling over the tract of the Morea extending from Napoli di Romania to Calamata. What, it will be asked, have the Greeks been doing the last four years? Little,—very little. But what could be effected by a people who, after having repelled two invasions of the Turks, had a few months ago to extinguish a civil war? And what can a people effect who are just emerging from a brutalizing slavery of four centuries? Tyranny preys on the vitals of a nation; the effects of its deadly poison continue even after the cause has ceased.

It is easy to conceive that at Napoli di Romania the chief subject of discourse was Navarino. As long as the communication with Neo-Castro remained open, we entertained a well-founded hope that the place would hold out a long time; but what was our surprise, on learning that the Island of Sphacteria, which lies between the Old and the New Navarino, was taken by the Egyptians! In fact, the Egyptian fleet, after a fruitless attack on the 7th May, made an attempt at noon on the 8th upon the island at different points, and carried the place without much loss. The Greeks, who had neglected to fortify it sufficiently, did not make so brave a defence as the importance of the post required. Mavrocordato, who was on the island, escaped with difficulty: the brave Captain Psamado of Hydra fell, and five hundred Greeks were either killed or made prisoners. In the appendix will be found an account of this event, transmitted by an eye-witness, and which I was unwilling to suppress, although some of the praises it contains appear to me dictated by the warmth of friendship and gratitude. (B.)

This event occasioned me the severest affliction. Count Santa Rosa,

my intimate friend, fell in the battle. A few months before, he had come to Greece with Major Collegno to offer his services to the government, and being but coolly received, he clothed himself in the Albanian costume, and, with the enthusiasm of a Crusader, entered amongst the Greek troops as a simple volunteer, and both in the camp and the battle endeavoured to infuse his own enthusiasm into the soldiers. The day of the attack on the island, he disdained to escape, as he might have done, with the other fugitives, on board a Greek brig, and preferred awaiting the enemy. The few Greeks who imitated his example met, like him, a glorious, but a useless death. The Piedmontese army will cherish with affection the memory of its two most distinguished officers, the Count Santa Rosa, and Lieutenant-colonel Tarella, who in this country, the ancient sister of Italy, have by their death raised a trophy of Italian valour. Tarella fell in 1822, at the battle of Peta; and thus both these brave men died in a foreign land, without any other tomb than the hearts of their friends.

This new disaster induced the legislative body to retract their negative to the formation of a corps of regular troops. The executive, at the beginning of the campaign, convinced of the impossibility of making head against the Egyptians, had proposed to levy a corps of foreign regular troops, in order to gain more time. The legislative body, either from its distrust of foreigners, or from too much deference to the Greek chiefs, (who cannot bear the idea of a regular force) rejected the proposal. Now, however, afflicted and overwhelmed by these reiterated failures, they unanimously determined to take into their pay four thousand foreigners, and to organize six thousand national regular soldiers.

Soon after the capture of the island, the garrison of Old Navarino, about one thousand strong, being unable to remain, for want of water, in a city not naturally strong, attempted, under cover of the night, to force a passage through the enemy's camp; but they were surprised on the road, and obliged to surrender themselves prisoners, with the exception of one hundred and forty Roumeliots, who opened themselves a road, sword in hand. Ibrahim Pacha detained as prisoners, only Captain Hadgi Cristo and the Bishop of Modon, who were the two principal commanders. He set at liberty the other soldiers, after having despoiled them of their arms and money.

Whilst the prisoners were filing off before Soliman Bey, the French Commodore Seve, the Lieutenant of Ibrahim, turned to those around, saying, "Observe these unhappy sons of liberty: what have they done during the last four years? They have not built a single ship of war, they have not organized a regiment, they have only thought of making war amongst themselves, and destroying one another." This was an insolent speech; but the Greeks might take a lesson from it.

The Greeks, easily dejected, had need of some prosperous event to rouse their courage; and fortune, for an instant, smiled upon them. The 15th of May the news was spread, that Admiral Miaulis had burnt the Egyptian fleet in the harbour of Modon. A traveller asserted that he had perceived at Calamata a great shock towards night. Another reported that he had seen from the summit of the mountains of Arcadia, a conflagration in the harbour of Modon, which lasted several hours. In the midst of joy, and doubt, and hope, a letter at

length came from the eparch of Calamata, stating that the squadron of Miaulis had burnt upwards of twenty vessels of the enemy; and that the city of Modon itself had sustained some damage by the explosion—

“Much has been done—but more remains to do;
Their gallies blaze—why not their city too?” *

Report had exaggerated this event. The majority of the Egyptian fleet was in the harbour of Navarino; the ships burnt at Modon formed only a small part of it: nevertheless the people, who always credit what they wish, yielded to an excess of joy, believing that the whole fleet had been destroyed, together with the magazines of the army. The government was unwilling to dissipate this pleasing illusion. Solemn thanks were returned to the God of battles; and the eloquent Signor Tricupi delivered a discourse suited to the occasion. The battalion which had been training at Napoli di Romania for several months, marched out of the Argos gate to display itself. The precipices of the Palamidi castles were covered with different-coloured groups of Greeks; while the military band, striking up in the midst of this animated scene the fine hunting-song of the Freischutz, rendered this afternoon more delightful than a morning in Hyde Park.

At this period of alternate joy and grief, there arose a debate of a delicate and interesting nature. Colocotroni, with several of the chiefs of the Morea, as already related, had been several months state-prisoners in a convent at Hydra; and ever since his imprisonment the fortune of Greece had been declining. Some of the provinces of the Morea had demanded his release; he himself had twice besought the government to allow him to engage the enemy, and offered his two sons as hostages. The inhabitants of the Morea persisted in continuing idle spectators of the war, unless Colocotroni assumed the command of the army. The government, which perceived the fall of Navarino impending, without means to succour it, without an army, abandoned by the people—what other step remained than that of committing every thing to him who had once before saved the Peninsula? Two members of the government were in favour of his release, and two against it. The decision was therefore suspended till the arrival of the president, whose opinion was to be adopted. It was not long before he arrived at Napoli di Romania, as every expedient to collect an army had failed. His arrival was the signal for a general cabal: Coletti, who had for several months back contended against Colocotroni, opposed his release; and the president, indignant against Coletti, as he considered him the suborner of the Roumeliot troops who had abandoned the camp at Cremidi, wished him to be expelled from the government. Colocotroni's party, who wished to exalt their chief, imputed all the misfortunes of the campaign to the president's want of skill, and earnestly desired the expulsion of Mavrocordato, his most faithful counsellor.

The lovers of concord judged the expulsion of either of these two personages equally unjust and imprudent, at a crisis when Greece had the greatest need of the union of all parties for its salvation. The

* Corsair.

President and Mavrocordato shewed themselves disposed to yield on the point of the dismissal ; but the former, soon perceiving that he should require support in his government against his principal enemy Colocotroni, gave up all thoughts of dismissing Coletti, and left it to the wisdom of the legislative body to decide on Colocotroni's fate.

This specimen of opposing interests and passions will be sufficient to prove that the Modern Greeks have preserved the same restlessness, the same rivalry and political passions, as their ancestors in Greece, in Asia Minor, in Magna Grecia, in Sicily, and wheresoever they established themselves.

During this debate the season was approaching when the Turks of Negropont are in the habit of invading Attica. Desiring to see Athens before the commencement of their incursions, I lost no time, but set out for Hydra the very morning on which the discussion was to be opened in the legislative council on the release of Colocotroni.

In the Archipelago the usual mode of sailing from island to island is in vessels with triangular sails, called *caïques*. The Greeks are very skilful in the management of these vessels ; and the inhabitants of Cranidi are reputed the most expert amongst them at this sort of navigation. The sea was rough, but the wind favourable ; and the *caïque* glided on swiftly, while the sailors sang the songs of their revolution. They dined upon a few olives and garlic, as it was one of the numerous days of abstinence which the Greeks are bound annually to observe. Including the four Lents, which their religion prescribes, they have two hundred and thirty-six fast-days in the year. Of the superior classes I cannot speak, but by the lower orders I can aver that these fasts are rigidly kept. I was myself frequently involved in their penitence, and several days deprived of the light and delicious milk of the country. In four hours we arrived at Spezzia. I went on shore, most eager to obtain news of the burning of Modon. The inhabitants, who were still exulting at this event, conducted me to the secretary of the senate of Spezzia. He is a priest of the Ionian Islands, of a majestic aspect, and with a long and hoary beard. He confirmed the news of the burning, and pointed out some of the fire-ships that had been lost in the attack. This priest seeming a well-informed person, I asked him how it happened that the Spezzians, composing a population of only ten thousand inhabitants, in an island accessible at different points, did not fear a fate similar to that of the Ipsarians. He made me observe that the enemy, with a small force, would never dare to attempt, by surprise, a similar disembarkation : and if they should bring a large force, they might be seen afar off, and preparations be made to receive them with fire-ships. Besides this, in the event of danger, they could bring to their defence three or four thousand men from the neighbouring continent. This answer did not altogether relieve my fears ; but, not to discourage my hosts, I appeared satisfied, and merely suggested that the best defence of the Greeks consisted in unanimity amongst themselves. With the tranquil and solemn air of an ancient Pontifex the priest then replied : “ It is not wonderful if amongst the Greeks there exists some disagreements. Divisions are inevitable in a nascent state. The people, during a revolution, are in a sort of paroxysm, and do not return to reason till the delirium is past. The Roman empire itself began with fratricide, although in Greece there has not hitherto been

committed a crime of so deep a dye. In the moral, as in the physical world, all things at the beginning are imperfect, shapeless, and of a displeasing aspect." Whilst the venerable secretary was making this apology for his country, I noticed amongst the by-standers four noble and handsome Spezziots, lightly dressed, whom I conjectured to be the brothers of the celebrated Bobolina, from the resemblance they bore to another of the brothers, with whom I had travelled in the Morea. In this belief, I placed my hand upon my heart, and they, having returned the salutation, invited me to visit their sister, which I did with the greatest willingness. This modern Amazon, the object both of satire and of praise amongst the Greeks, her complexion bronzed, her eyes sparkling, and full of fire in all her movements, came to meet me with pleasure and openness of manner, and received me with the greatest cordiality. To tell her something agreeable, I announced the probable release of General Colocotroni. "If it is so," replied she, I will return to the camp with him, and make war against the Turks." Unhappy woman! her vow was not accomplished. She was killed a fortnight afterwards, in her own house, by a shot discharged by the relations of a girl whom her son had carried off.

Not to lose the benefit of the wind, we re-embarked, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at the harbour of Hydra. This, in a summer's evening, by moonlight, is one of the most magnificent scenes imaginable. The city, composed of houses excessively white, hanging in the form of an amphitheatre upon a steep mountain, appears in the night like a mass of snow; and the lights, which at a distance sparkle from the open windows, appear like stars of gold on a silver ground. I believe that this comparison has already been made by others; and I repeat it, because it is just. When we entered the port, it resounded with the strokes of hammers, and the cries of the sailors raising the anchor. This noise proceeded from three fire-ships, which were preparing with all haste for the squadron of Miaulis. Early the following morning, I went on board to visit these infernal machines: they are most simple, consisting of a vessel the inside of which is rendered like a mine, by means of barrels of powder, pitch, and other substances. A train of powder placed around serves to communicate with the barrels and the exterior through two great holes at the poop. When the fire-ship, either under cover of night, or in the daytime protected by a brig of war, has grappled an enemy's ship, the sailors get into a skiff, and the last applies the fire to two holes in the poop. The skiff immediately escapes to avoid the explosion. Every sailor has an extraordinary reward of one hundred dollars. Miaulis gave two hundred to each of those who exposed their lives in the harbour of Modon. Every fire-ship costs the government between three and four thousand dollars, according to its size. The Hydriot sailors were preparing the vessels (which may prove their grave) with the same alacrity as if adorning a ball-room. The Hydriots are robust and somewhat taciturn, preserving the seriousness of the Albanian nation, from which they are descended. They despise the mirth and loquacity of the Moreots: few of them can read or write, but many speak two or three languages—Italian, French, and Turkish.

Hydra and Spezzia have not eparchias. They are governed by a synod, or senate, composed of some of the heads of the island: I went

to pay my visit to the senate according to the custom of travellers, and begged permission of Signor Lazzaro Conduriotti, the president, to see General Colocotroni.

“*Ispida e folta la gran barba scende.*” TASSO.

When I beheld Colocotroni sitting amidst ten of his companions, prisoners of state, and treated with respect by his guards, I called to mind the picture that Tasso draws of Satan in the council of the devils. His neglected grey hairs fell upon his broad shoulders and mingled with his rough beard, which, since his imprisonment, he had allowed to grow, as a mark of grief and revenge. His form is rugged and vigorous, his eyes full of fire, and his martial and savage figure resembled one of the sharp grey rocks which are scattered throughout the Archipelago. I presented him the compliments of Bobolina, and announced to him that in a few days he would be free. He thanked me by the interpreter, and asked what was the news. I told him that the Egyptians were on the point of gaining possession of Navarino; and that they were formidable, not only for their personal valour, but for their tactical skill, and the cavalry in their army. He observed, that to conquer the Egyptians, it was sufficient merely to levy men, and then (suiting the action to the word) to fire. “I know,” added he, “the positions in which their tactics and cavalry would be useless. Do you know what has given the victory to the Egyptians?—Unity of command; whilst the Greeks are ruined by the mania that every one has for command without experience.” Whilst he raised his arm in speaking, I noticed upon it a sabre wound, and asked him where he had acquired that honourable decoration. “It is not the only one that I bear on my person,” he replied; and thus saying, he showed me another mark of a shot, on his left arm, another on the right side of his breast, and a fourth, on his thigh.

Whilst speaking, he hastily ran over the beads of a rosary, and, instead of the Turkish gravity which the Greeks have contracted, he rolled his eyes rapidly and fiercely, arose and sat down, agitated as if still a klepht in fear of the ambushes and attacks of the enemy. General Colocotroni is certainly not a man of the common stamp. A few days afterwards, he was set at liberty, and received by the government in Napoli di Romania with all due dignity and honour. On the act of reconciliation with the government, he replied without premeditation to the speech which one of the legislators addressed to him. In his unpolished reply is a remarkable passage, in which he said, “In coming hither from Hydra I have cast all rancour into the sea; do you do so likewise—bury in that gulf all your hatreds and dissensions; *that* shall be the treasure which you will gain.” He was speaking in the square of Napoli, where the inhabitants had been for several days excavating the earth, in the hope (common in Greece) of finding a hidden treasure.

Hydra was not inhabited by the ancients. It is an island consisting of barren mountains, excepting a few spots of ground, which at a great expense and labour are cultivated as gardens by the owners of some of the houses. The buildings are handsome, constructed of stone, with solid walls; some of them are noble and towering above the rest, particularly those of the President Conduriotti, Miaulis, and the brothers

Tombazi. The nobles of Hydra are like the ancient Genoese, who were frugal in their living, but splendid in their habitations, to impose upon the people, and acquire dominion over them. This island owes its prosperity to the love of liberty. Before the revolution, the Greeks, who wished to withdraw from the oppression of the Turks, abandoned the more fertile islands, which excited the avidity of their tyrants, and sought upon this arid and rocky soil the most grateful hospitality—that of liberty. Thus rose Venice; thus emerged from its marshes the republic of Holland; and thus in the wilds of America has liberty been nursed. For the last twenty years the population of this city has been on the increase, and it is said that it now exceeds 30,000 inhabitants. Hydra could send to sea 6000 sailors; but for want of vessels and money, it employs no more than 2000. This year the Grecian fleet comprises 94 brigs, divided into three squadrons. Hydra furnishes 50, Spezzia 30, and Ipsara 12. At the beginning of the campaign the fleet possessed 20 fire-ships, which are always replaced as they are destroyed. This island has hitherto produced the most skillful commanders, Miaulis, Sactari, Psamadò, Tombazi, &c. The Hydriots are expecting with impatience the arrival of the frigates, purchased by the government in America. They are by no means boasters, and confess that they are not always in a condition to face the enemy with their small ships, and are therefore obliged to carry on a war of stratagem and surprise.

I experienced much hospitality from the nobles of the island. The sons of some of the chiefs had the courtesy to conduct me themselves to view the batteries of the harbour, and the other fortifications of the island. The former are well constructed, and kept up with great care. Before the revolution Hydra possessed but three cannon. The port alone is now defended by more than thirty of brass. The young men took me by sea to Vlicos, about a mile from the city, where the senate keeps an advance post of Stratioti (*common soldiers*): and as Vlicos is a place of disembarkation, the senate has had erected a stone parapet of great strength, with barbicans, behind which the musqueteers may drive the enemy from the shore. Every year, whilst the Turkish fleet is at sea, the senate maintains a garrison of 3000 men; the island therefore has three modes of defence: first, its squadron, secondly, its situation on a narrow canal, which facilitates the manœuvring of the fire-ships; thirdly, a garrison generally of Roumeliot soldiers. Vlicos is an agreeable promenade at sunset. A torrent opens its passage to the sea; here and there between the rocks are seen Indian figs, fig-trees, and olives; and higher up are scattered the country-houses belonging to the sea-captains, who raise, in small gardens, flowers and orange and other fruit trees. At Vlicos are two miniature churches, in which two small lamps are always burning; here the mothers and sisters of the sailors are accustomed to offer up their prayers and vows when the Hydriot fleet sets sail to attack the Turks; whilst the squadron, in passing before these chapels, wafts its last farewell to the suppliants.

The description given by Homer of the character of the people of Phæacia will apply to the common people of Hydra:

“A race of rugged mariners are these,
Unpolish'd men, and boisterous as their seas.

The native islanders alone their care,
And hateful he who breathes a foreign air,—
These did the ruler of the deep ordain
To build proud navies, and command the main ;
On canvass wings to cut the watery way—
No bird so light, no thought so swift as they.

Odyssey, Book vii.

The people of Hydra are accused of being profligate and ferocious. I cannot defend them, having myself witnessed a standing monument of their private revenge. Two or three years since, an inhabitant of Hydra treacherously slew another. What was his punishment? the friends of the dead man utterly destroyed two windmills belonging to the assassin, and dismantled his house. These ruins, the result of the punishment of one crime by another, are still visible. The islanders are, however, watchful and courageous; of which the following event affords a proof:—In the afternoon of the 25th of May, at the time when even in Greece the siesta is permitted, the sound of cannon was heard afar off; every one inquired the reason; the vidette on the island announced that an Austrian frigate had appeared before Spezzia to claim an Austrian prize, which had been taken into that port. The frigate accompanied the demand with some discharges of cannon. Hydra was all in alarm,—it was also feared that the vessel came to demand the release of two imperial ships, captured a few days before. The gunners were at their post. The sailors got ready a vessel—all the youth burnt with desire to salute with cannon-shot this ally of the Turk. The Austrian frigate, however, was satisfied with committing some piracies, and did not proceed any farther.* Whatsoever indignation this attempt of the Austrian vessel had excited, an equal joy was produced by the arrival of the English frigate, the *Cambrian*. She cast anchor three miles distance from the island. All the youth were anxious to pay their respects to Captain Hamilton, the kind and generous friend of their Admiral, Miaulis. I passed a whole day on board the frigate with many of these young men, who shook hands with the English sailors with a fraternal confidence. I quitted Hydra with regret—that nest of dauntless mariners, over whom the fate of Ipsara and Scio impends, inspired me with with a melancholy sympathy.

The love of independence is that which, like Plato's love, animates the universe; it animates every desert, every mountain, every grotto. At the summit of a high rock opposite the island of Hydra is a small chapel, over which a solitary olive-tree casts a partial shade. A monk, the guardian of the spot, was sitting at the foot of the tree: our pilot hailed him, and begged his prayers for the safety of our voyage. The good hermit answered, "I will pray for you and for our country." Between the island of Modi and Porro, we met an Ipsariot privateer, which was slowly approaching, towing after it two Austrian vessels, captured by it at the entrance of the Dardanelles. No sooner had our sailors seen it, than they shouted aloud to it from the distance, to sail after the Austrian frigate which had appeared before Spezzia, and then added the intelligence of Miaulis's victory. The privateer returned thanks, and informed us, that the Turkish fleet was on the point of sailing from the straits. In the mean time the sun set, the wind fell, and the sea was as tranquil and smooth as a mirror.

* I reckon thirty imperial ships sailing in the Archipelago in the service of the Turks!

It is a proverb with the sailors, "to eat with the light of the day." Each of us drew forth his provisions, and, with that hospitality which is common in the Archipelago, contributed his supplies to the common stock, and commenced without any distinction of rank. Night coming on, we slept under the open sky, stretched at the bottom of the vessel, and lulled by the gentle sound of the oars. At sun-rise we were before Egina. The shaft of an old column, which is seen projecting from afar off; the beautiful plain reaching to the shore, covered with olive-trees, rich pastures, and corn-fields; irregular mountains rising towards the south of the island, and bounding this beautiful view, made me wish that some accident might suspend our voyage. It became perfectly calm, and my wish was gratified. We went on shore to await the rising of the wind. I hastened to visit the solitary column (a fragment, possibly, of some temple); and thence, by the ruins of the ancient port of Egina, which are still visible in the sea—to Egina, which has arisen within these few years. The inhabitants had lived in a city built by the Venetians upon a mountain in the interior of the island; but the love of commerce induced them to prefer the sea-shore, and they accordingly chose the site of the ancient Egina. The emigrations caused by the present revolution had assembled here a mixture of wandering Greeks from various parts; from Scio, Natolia, Zaituni, Livadia, &c.; the various dresses of the women presenting to the traveller a continued masquerade. The population now amounts to about 10,000 souls; amongst whom there are about 1000 Ipsariots, who, after the catastrophe in their own country, have sought an asylum here. The costume of the Ipsariot women is striking from its various colours, resembling that of some of the Swiss peasantry. Now, however, a great part of them are dressed in mourning for their husbands and relatives, slain last year by the Turks. They wear on their heads a large turban, from which descends a corner of the handkerchief, which covers all their face except the eyes, and a band of hair which crosses their forehead. I cannot affirm whether this practice of covering the face is an imitation of the Turkish costume, or the continuance of that of the ancient Athenian women. The Ipsariot women are beautiful, courageous, and capable of the most heroic acts. Almost all of them can swim. The aunt of Captain Canaris, a strong woman of sixty years of age, saved her life at the taking of Ipsara by swimming three miles. The wealthiest families of Ipsara have taken refuge at Egina, and continue to follow maritime employments. Ipsara is an arid sterile rock. Egina, on the contrary, is fruitful, sunny, and under a delightful sky; nevertheless, the Ipsariots always sigh for their barren Ipsara. The government has offered them the Piræus, as a compensation for the loss of their island; but the Ipsariots desire to suppress the illustrious name of the Piræus, and to substitute that of New Ipsara. The mere name of country is an illusion dear to him who has lost the reality.

I inquired for the habitation of Captain Constantine Canaris, desirous of becoming acquainted with that intrepid leader of the fire-ships. I found him by the side of his wife, playing with his son Miltiades, a child of three years of age. He received me with frankness and courtesy, and made his elder son Nicholas present me with a half-blown rose, a mark of affection in the Levant. Canaris is a

young man about thirty-two, frank and gay, and at the same time extremely modest. I could never induce him to relate any of his deeds; he is loved by all his countrymen, but envied by the Hydriots, through whom he has been left this year without the command of a fire-ship. His gun was hanging against the wall. His arms and his courage are all the riches of this intrepid man, after having burnt four of the enemy's ships of war. Last year, having avenged the burning of his country by that of an enemy's ship, he presented himself at Napoli di Romania, poor and in want of every thing. Whilst each inhabitant was eagerly making him some present, he said before the legislative body, "I would much rather than all these gifts, receive another fire-ship to burn in the service of my country." Whilst we were speaking, his wife, with matronly dignity, suckled an infant three months old, named Lycurgus. She is an Ipsariot, of great beauty, grave and modest—a Minerva. Having paid this tribute of respect to the most courageous of the Greeks, I proceeded to the port; a favourable wind having sprung up, I found many of the principal people of the island here, who shewed me great politeness. The inhabitants of these islands still observe a liberal hospitality, the ancient precept of Jupiter. They made me promise to return to Egina, to visit the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius; and I gave Runso my promise to become his guest.

Anacharsis compares the islands of the Archipelago to the scattered stars of Heaven. Byron calls them, "the gems of the sea." I shall make a comparison more prosaic. I have travelled to the lakes of Scotland; to those of Switzerland; and to those of Upper Italy, which are most beautiful; but I have never experienced so much pleasure as when sailing in the Archipelago. It is a more varied and extensive scene. These islands, rising and disappearing every moment, are like pleasing thoughts which succeed one another. Scarcely does the traveller lose sight of one, and perceive it dissolving into vapour, when another afar off, appearing like a cloud, becomes visible, assuming a reddish hue, interspersed here and there with obscure spots, which are masses of verdure always green, or with some white points, which by degrees grow larger to the view, becoming cities and villages. It is like an illusion which becomes a reality.

We arrived at Colouris late at night. The caiques in the harbour were full of families coming from Western Greece to escape the Turks; who, to the number of ten thousand, had entered Salona. The shore and the squares were full of people, proceeding from Athens from fear of the Turks of Negropont. Colouris and Bellachi are two great villages in the Island of Salamis, which every year at the opening of the campaign give refuge to all the old men, women, and children of Eastern and Western Greece. This island, which has several times saved the ancient Athenians, gave an asylum in 1821 to full one hundred thousand Greeks. At the beginning of the winter, when the Turks usually retire, the families return to their fire-sides, if the fury of the Turks has not destroyed them. It was rumoured that the Turks had made an incursion. To ascertain this point, I resolved to wait a day in the island. These wandering families live crowded in houses, or in cottages covered with leaves: it is a most moving spectacle. If every people knew how much independence has cost their

ancestors, they would spill the last drop of their blood in its defence! In the midst of this picture of confusion and misery, I had the good fortune to make acquaintance with Emanuel Tombazi, who is one of the most experienced sailors of Hydra, and commanded for a long time the Greek squadron, in the war of Candia. He built the finest corvette in the Greek fleet, and was then constructing a fire-ship of his own invention. It is of a much lighter form than the others; and possesses the advantage of having the steersman under the bridge. He told me that he hoped to obtain from the government the command of it for Canaris, and, in fact, he fulfilled his promise. On my return from Greece, I met this fire-ship near Cerigo, with the squadron of Miaulis; by this time it has probably effected some glorious explosion. Tombazi extended his kindness so far as to procure me the company, as far as Athens, of Petrarchi, an amiable and well-informed young physician. Having learnt that the news of the disembarkation of the Turks in the fields of Marathon was unfounded, I pursued my voyage, and in the evening we set sail from the harbour of Bellachi, to the Piræus. On crossing this gulf—

“Thy glorious gulf, unconquer’d Salamis!”*

it is impossible not to be affected with a thousand and a thousand thoughts. I saw on my left the ancient mysterious Eleusis; I beheld in front the hill from which it is said Xerxes witnessed the discomfiture of his fleet. In the mean time the darkness of night involved every object; and, inspired with these recollections, I repeated to my fellow-travellers those fine verses of Foscolo, “*Suoi sepolchri*,” in which he supposes that the sailor, along the coast of Eubœa, beholds the forms of the combatants of Marathon:—

“——il navigante,
 Che veleggiò quel mar sotto l’ Eubea,
 Vedea per l’ampia oscurità scintille,
 Balenar d’elmi, e di cozzanti brandi,
 Fumar le pire, igneo vapor, corrusche,
 D’ armi ferree vedea larve guerriere
 Cercar la pugna; e all’ orror de’ notturni
 Silenzi si spandea lungo ne’ campi
 Di falangi un tumulto, e un suon di tube,
 E un incalzar di cavali accorrenti,
 Scalpitanti su gli elmi a’ moribondi,
 E pianto, ed inni, e delle parche il canto.”

I awoke in the morning under the salubrious sky of Attica, and eagerly sought with my eyes the Piræus, the ancient, the famous Piræus, and with grief beheld only an insecure harbour, and a few ruins here and there near the sea; but I turned round and beheld the Parthenon, towering above the Acropolis of Athens—a magnificent recompense for all the fatigues of the voyage. The road from the Piræus to Athens was full of women and children coming from that city. It was the time of barley-harvest, a grain which thrives best in Attica, and is used for mixing with the bread of the peasantry. These were busily engaged in getting in their produce, and securing it in the city before the Turks, like locusts, should plunder the country. After a

* The Corsair, c. iii.

two hours' walk, amidst olive-trees and vineyards, I entered Athens. The streets were full of Palicari; but the houses were empty, the families and furniture being withdrawn. The population in the winter comprises about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants—in the summer, however, only three thousand men remain for its defence. The fortress of the Acropolis requires only a garrison of five hundred men. It is abundantly provided with water and provisions of every kind. General Goura, the commander in Eastern Greece, has placed it in a condition to sustain a two years' siege. The city is only defended by a wall, behind which are placed, as occasion requires, two or three thousand fusileers. This would be but a poor defence against regular European troops; but to arrest a Turkish army, a mere wall is sufficient; a ditch alone, in 1822, sufficed to preserve Missolonghi from twenty thousand Turks. The Venetians when they possessed the Morea, had planted it with towers and small castles on heights to supply the want of numerous armies. The Athenians have adopted a better system of defence by removing every hope of booty. With this view General Goura gave early orders for the women and children to evacuate the city: if the Turks therefore should wish to gain possession of Athens by force, they would purchase with their blood only heaps of stones; excepting a few houses, all the rest of the city is a ruinous wilderness. If the Greeks are disposed to make an obstinate resistance, they may fight from house to house, and at last retire into that part of the city which is at the foot of the Acropolis, and under its protection.

On the 30th May, whilst I was present at a sitting of the chiefs, which was held in an old mosque, the news was brought by a Palicari from Napoli di Romania, that Navarino had capitulated. Notwithstanding the Mahometan imperturbability evinced by all the chiefs of the Continent of Greece, this news discomposed their gravity, and made them lay down their pipes. The surrender of Navarino is an event that may be attended with fatal effects. As a fortress, it is not of much importance, but it is of great value as a sea-port: the harbour is spacious and secure, and may serve as a winter station for the enemy's fleet, which may thence threaten every point of the Morea: The Lacedemonians also in the Peloponnesian war committed the error of neglecting this point, and the Athenians having made themselves masters of it, fortified the harbour, and rendered it a most annoying position to their enemies. The following are the particulars of the siege of Navarino, which were communicated to me in person by Major Collegno, who contributed by his valour and his counsel to the defence of the place.

[We are sorry to break off this interesting narrative of M. Pecchio thus abruptly for want of further space, having allotted it too little,—the conclusion shall be given in our next number.]

lem power in Europe, if not in the whole world.

Since our last publication, we have taken some pains to read and compare several articles respecting the recent military operations in the Morea, and the result is a more favourable opinion than the first glance enabled us to form. A private letter from Zante, which wears a more candid and authentic complexion than most of the flying rumors, furnishes some very flattering advices, and confirms what had been previously stated, that Colocotroni, by a military stratagem, succeeded in driving Ibrahim Pacha, with most of his Arabs, into a position called Lacka, near the forest *O Koula tou honkos*, where he surrounded them, and thus placed them in a predicament, from which, it is said, they will not extricate themselves. If this be true, as it is positively asserted, it will be a fatal blow to Turkey, Egypt being now the only power that Greece has to dread. The letter adds, that Goura had surrounded a body of 7000 Turks, who surrendered for want of provisions. The troops besieging Missolonghi are also in want of provisions, and Patras is blockaded by the Greeks, who succeeded in taking thirty Austrian ships, with the provisions and munitions of war destined for that fortress. "I conclude," adds the writer, "with giving you the positive intelligence that reached Zante, last night, of the total defeat of the Turkish fleet from Constantinople.—This very important victory destroys completely the prospects of the enemy, since the army in Romelia and Patras relied on the same for succor. Its destruction gives to the Grecian navy the power of acting against the rest of the Egyptian fleet, as well as against Patras and Previsa; so that this campaign, which it was thought would have proved fatal to the Greeks, is considered generally as the epoch of her superior glory, and that which

From the N. Y. Spectator.

GREECE.

We give below an interesting letter from our countryman, Jonathan. P. Miller, who was sent out to Greece by the Committee of Boston nearly two years ago. It is not so late, by upwards of two months, as our other advices, and is therefore of no value to the simple news-monger. We attach great importance to it, however, in another point of view, which is the information it contains touching the state of society and morals in Greece—the means of improvement which they possess—their desire to improve—the sincerity with which they espoused the cause of freedom—the claims they have upon the sympathies and support of the christian world—and the prospect they have of ultimate success, and in that success, the sure and inevitable overthrow of the Mos-

guarantees her permanent independence."

"NAUPOLE DE ROMANIA,"
March 17, 1825. }

"*Rev. and dear Sir,*—It is, I hope, with gratitude to God, that I avail myself of an opportunity of writing to you from this place, where I have been providentially detained several weeks, waiting for the payment of the troops. Gen. Jarvis, an American, a young man of 28, who has been in Greece over three years, is the General whom I am with, in the capacity of Aid de-Camp. Jarvis is a man of principle, and as brave as a lion. We have been under marching orders for attacking the Castle of the Lepant, nearly three weeks; but the delay of the payment of the troops has detained us, till I have the satisfaction to see an American ship anchor in the harbour, the *Romp*, of Boston, Capt. Smith.

"To you, of whose friendship I have had the most ample proof, I am bound in duty to give some account of the state of Greece, and the prospect there is of doing good in this country. I arrived in Greece the 8th of December, and the same day fell in with Col. (now Gen.) Jarvis. Thus did the Lord direct my steps, for such was my ignorance of the Greek character, together with their language, that to all human appearance I must have been a lost man, if I had not found in Jarvis a countryman and friend. He speaks French, Italian, German and Greek, and has witnessed all the transactions of foreigners in Greece for three years. He left New-York at ten years of age, and his father now resides in Germany. I entered the army immediately as a volunteer under his command, and have now served in it more than three months. I have travelled over 300 miles in *Romelia* and the *Morea*, and by the help of Jarvis, and an English Missionary, whom I escorted through the *Morea*,

have been able to converse with many people in regard to the religious and political concerns of the country.—They are all eager for instruction, and are transported at the sight of a tract, or a bible. The peasantry are virtuous and modest, the merchants cunning, deceitful and intriguing, the soldiers brave, patient and strongly attached to liberty. I have given away several thousands of tracts, which I received of Mr. Temple, at Malta, to citizens, officers and soldiers. They are much pleased with reading these *feathers*, as they call them, and I have frequently passed through the camp, and seen one of the soldiers reading a tract, with ten or twelve others listening to hear him.

"Superstition is losing ground in Greece. Many of the priests are beginning to preach on the Sabbath, and many of the people to eat meat in Lent. The priests, as I have been able to learn, are generally moral, but devoted to the dogmas of their Church.

"The Greek women are modest, handsome, and virtuous. The astonishing examples exhibited here of morals by those Franks, who have come from France, Italy and Germany, have led the Greek females to shun a foreigner, while in his Frank costume, almost as much as a Turk. Schools are beginning to be established in all the principal towns and villages. A Mr. Edward Masson, a gentleman from Scotland, whose classical and religious character is of the highest cast, has devoted himself to the service of Greece. He is accompanied by a Greek, who has been two years in England, learning the Lancasterian system of education, and who, by the grace of God, has become experimentally acquainted with the truths of the Gospel: Masson does wonders; he already talks with the priests, and will soon, if providence permit, establish a school for the study of ancient Greek and Philosophy at Tripoliza. Dr.

Howe, from Boston, does honor to his country, family and friends. His standard of morality is high. We all love him dearly. He has done much to relieve the sufferings of the wounded already.

"The civil dissensions have been put down in the Morea. Ulysses is the only chief who is now with the Turks. and he, I think, will soon be subdued. The misery of the country is beyond all description. Women and children are flying, almost naked and starved, from the fury of the merciless savages—the men with their noses and ears cut off. If there was ever a country, which demanded the charities of the Christian world, that country is Greece. Yet it is my real opinion that she will again take her place among the nations of the earth as a free and enlightened republic. My reasons for thus thinking, may be seen in my letters to the Greek committee.

"As to my own fare you may call it what you please. I have taken the Albion dress. I have travelled three hundred miles on foot, and carried my gun, dirk and pistols. Five nights I have slept on the ground, without any covering but my carpet, and during three of them it rained incessantly.—In short, I have waded through rivers, climbed mountains amid the snows, with my feet to the ground; been exposed to the Turks, and was once very nigh being cut up by those monsters, whose tender mercies are cruelty. I have fared like a Greek, and with the Greeks I am willing to suffer for the cause of religion and freedom. Call me in America a Crusader, or what you like, my life is devoted to the overturning of the Turkish empire: and, if it be the will of God, I hope to see the downfall of the false prophet. God is on the side of the Greeks.—200,000 Turks have already lost their lives in this sanguinary contest. The campaign is again opening. Let the Greeks, and your unworthy friend,

have an interest in your prayers. hope to see you again, but the will of the Lord be done. Farewell.

"Yours affectionately,

"J. P. MILLER.

"P. S. I have been over the Olympic game ground, waded through the Alpheus, been quartered in Argos, seen the tombs of Agamemnon, and famous Corinth; but, without bread or accommodations, the classic fame of these places is not exactly so exhilarating as in the College Halls of America. But, should I live, I will hereafter give you an account of them all."

ly recovering from a dangerous illness. I therefore returned to the Government house, and lay down upon a couch, after the fashion of the country. I had been here but a few minutes, when I saw a soldier enter the door hastily. He asked me if I was an American; I answered in the affirmative. He grasped my hand in ecstasy, exclaiming at the same time, that he also had the honor to belong to that country; that his name was George Jarvis; that he was a native of the state of New York, and being at Bordeaux in 1822, thence, by the approbation of his father, came via Marseilles to Hydra, and engaged in the Greek navy, in their glorious struggle with the Turks. He made thirteen voyages with the Hydriots, and since that time he has been employed in the army, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He has been in a number of engagements, and has distinguished himself as a brave officer. From him I have learned much of the state of Greece. Their success against the Turks, and the sacrifices which they have made this year for their liberty, are greater than any recorded of Greece in her ancient glory. But what must be the feelings of a man, who looks with a philanthropic eye on the scenes of misfortune, to see soldiers who have been fighting the enemy all summer, now coming to their commander to beg bread to keep them alive. But such is the sight to which my eyes are every hour witness, as I have taken lodgings with Col. Jarvis.—The Europeans who have come to Greece have all of them come with sounding titles. Most of them, I am informed, instead of assisting the Greeks, have lived upon them, until reduced by poverty, sickness and death; and there now remain but few of them in Greece.—An officer here cannot expect any thing from the Government of Greece, for it has nothing to pay, even the soldiers of the army; no, not enough even to provide them with bread. Yesterday I had an audience with Mavrocordatos. I was accompanied to the Palace by Col. Jarvis. The Prince received me with much politeness, and expressed his satisfaction at the conduct of our government, in regard to the interest it takes in the sufferings of Greece. He asked many questions, in reference to the views which were entertained by the Americans of the character of the Greeks. To all his questions I endeavoured to give as correct answers as possible. I told him that all the exertions, which the different committees were making in America, were for the liberty of Greece; and that it was my opinion that nothing further would be done by the Americans, if the Greeks should consent to accept of a foreign King. He replied that nothing but a foreign force would ever place them under a King. I told him that I was willing to bear arms in Greece as long as there was a prospect of her being free, but no longer. With this reply he appeared to be well pleased; told me to make myself acquainted with the language as soon as possible; and that I should have a station of some importance in the army. While we were consulting, a Courier arrived with the news of the recent victory, gained by sea over the Turks. There were two engagements.—The first took place about the 9th of November, between the Islands of Samos and Nicaria; the second in the channel of Candia, between Candia and the Island of Caso. The fleet of the Pacha of Egypt has been entirely defeated and dispersed. Seven ships of war were burnt or sunk, and twelve transports taken; most of which were under European colours. On board these transports were twelve hundred Egyptian soldiers, all of whom fell into the hands of the Greeks. This is the fifth decided engagement, which has terminated in favour of the Greeks, this year, by sea. The Turks have retired to their fortresses at Lepanto and Arta. Lepanto is about twenty and Arta about fifty, from Missolonghi. I have proposed to Col. Jarvis the storming of the fortress at Lepanto; in which expedition, if it is undertaken, I shall act as a volunteer. But I fear the want of bread will render the plan abortive. Col. Jarvis enjoins it upon me to say to the various Committees, that no young man should be sent out or that none ought to come at their own charge, whose income is not, at least, equal to \$200 per year, as this is the least they can live and clothe themselves upon. He further observes, that he has never received from the Greek Government a single para, and that he has expended nearly \$4000, which he has received from Europe in the cause of Greece. If any young men should come from America, let them come well armed: but as for clothes, they must have the Greek costume; and tactics are all out of the question here.

GREECE

The following letters and the prefatory remarks appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser of Saturday last. As every thing relating to Greece is interesting to our readers, we conclude to publish them in full.

In the month of July last, Mr. J. P. Miller, of Vermont, communicated to the Greek Committee of Boston, his desire to repair to Greece and engage in the military service of that country. Mr. Miller had been a non-commissioned officer, in the U. States' army, during the late war and after its close. He had afterwards been a member of Burlington College. Being very highly recommended from various quarters to the committee, and personally known to one of them, they determined to appropriate a portion of their fund toward fitting him out for Greece; supposing that, in this way, a sum of money too small to be remitted to that country, might be made to render essential service to the cause. This was accordingly done; and in the month of August last, Mr. Miller sailed for the Mediterranean, with testimonials from the Greek Committee, and a letter of introduction to Prince Mavrocordatos.—A letter has recently been received from him, containing an account of his reception in Greece, together with a letter from Prince Mavrocordatos. These letters, are now published, in the belief that they may prove interesting to the friends of Greece and the community at large. Mr. Miller's views in repairing to Greece were modest and reasonable, and looked to no other support, than such as he should there be able to earn by his services. In consideration of the disadvantages, under which, as a stranger, he will labour on his first arrival, and the exhausted state of public treasure in Greece, as represented in Mr. Miller's letter, his friends, persuaded that he is fully entitled to confidence, and will do service to Greece and honour to America, propose to make him immediately a remittance of two hundred dollars. Any contribution towards this object will be gladly received by Nathaniel P. Russell Esq. Treasurer of the Greek Committee,

MISSOLOGHI, DEC. 11, 1824.

To the Greek Committee in Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN—After being detained at Malta for nearly two months, I have at length, by the blessing of God, arrived safe at this place. I arrived at Zante, after a passage of eight days from Malta, and remained there one day. From Zante to Missolonghi, I had a passage of two days in a fishing boat. On my arrival, I was conducted to the seat of the provincial government of Missolonghi, which is held in the same house where Lord Byron died. I had learned Greek enough at Malta, to let them know who I was; and the officers of Government sent for a Greek who could speak a little English. The officers, through this man, expressed to me the high sense of honour they entertained for the American character, and bade me welcome to Greece. At 3 o'clock dinner was announced, which to me was very welcome, as I had eaten but little for two days. We had dinner at the palace of Prince Mavrocordatos.—The palace is equal in style to our best log houses. The dinner was good, and served up in European style. The Governor (Mavrocordatos) being ill, it was thought best not to disturb him, as his health is quite feeble, being slow-

Thus, gentlemen, I have endeavoured to give you all the information which I have been able to gather. As to my own wants, I shall only add, that I had sixty dollars on my arrival here. I shall use all possible economy, and leave the gentlemen of the committee, from whom I have already received so many favours, to act their pleasure concerning me. My health is good. I am in the hands of God; and by his blessing I hope to do yet much for Greece. But should it be otherwise, I wish to be content.

May you, gentlemen, and my beloved country continue to receive the smiles of heaven. Let my friends in Ver. know that I am well; and exhort the friends of liberty in America, to remember Greece.

With respect, I subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

J. P. MILLER.

Mr. Edward Everett, Secretary to the Greek Society,

Sir. I have just received the letter, which you did me the honour to write me, under the date of August 1st, 1824, to recommend your young countryman, Mr. J. P. Miller, and I hasten to answer it, in order to manifest how much I am pleased with this circumstance, which places me in correspondence with you.

You know Greece; but you know it as oppressed by the Turkish yoke. Every thing now is changed. We too, in imitation of the Americans, have resolved to recover our liberty and assume a place among civilized nations. God grant that we may be as fortunate as you in the result. The success which the Greeks have obtained, both on land and sea, in the campaign just closed, inspires us with confident hopes; and there is now no one as formerly, who will pretend to question our independence.

As to Mr. Miller, you must feel no concern.—Your recommendation will not be without effect, and be assured I shall not forget it. I doubt not that he who has already fought against the enemies of his own country, will be useful to our cause.

Please to express to the Greek Committee of Boston my thanks for employing themselves on the subject of the Greeks and making an interest in their success, and accept the assurance of the esteem and high consideration, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

A. MAVROCORDATOS.

Missolonghi,—11 Dec. 1824.

GREEK MISSION.

No very recent intelligence has been received from the Missionaries. The following interesting extracts are from a letter from Athens in the *Missionary Record*, date not mentioned.

"We were constantly devising plans for becoming useful, and found among the objects of our care those who were born in various stations of life, all reduced to one common level by the calamities of their country. We wished to teach them to read and sew well; to qualify some as servants, others as seamstresses, that they might earn a livelihood. At the same time, we urged on them, 'to be able to read the Gospel' was the greatest blessing we could confer on them. Many of the families had once been in opulent circumstances—in Oriental opulence. We listened to the tales of fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers murdered, interrupted by tears of agony at the recital of their sufferings. We hoped that the education these children would receive from us, might enable them to support their bereaved parents, and the miserable ruin which now scarcely sheltered them from the heats of summer and the cold blasts of winter, might be made to smile with happiness through the industrious exertions of an affectionate daughter. After teaching every thing *really necessary*, we thought we might venture to teach some of them such branches of ornamental needlework as is used in adorning the garments of the rich in eastern countries. Some of the articles thus wrought might be disposed of to strangers and opulent citizens, when this place shall be the metropolis of the country, which event is expected to take place. In this view, I felt glad that I had written for those trifles, determining, by a judicious use of them, in some way to benefit those whom we must pity, and whom it will be most difficult to relieve. They might thus do something for their own support, without engaging in menial offices, for which their appearance indicated them to be unfit. We did not suppose that relief thus afforded to a heart-broken parent would be less acceptable to Him, who has wisely ordained different estates of man, because it was drawn from the superfluities of *those who have*, to provide bread for those *who have not*. Neither did we think that the command, 'honour thy father and mother' would be less effectual, if we enabled them to show by their acts, that our lessons have not been taught in vain. Teaching fine needlework, as an inducement to draw pupils to our school, is an expedient that we should disdain to make use of. Those who have applied to us for *this alone* have been at once refused. A very rich lady (of Constantinople) one day visited our school, and having examined some very neat specimens of plain sewing, asked whether I could work lace and muslin. Being answered yes, she inquired whether her daughter, 16 years old, could be instructed. I asked if she could read, and was answered no, and that she was too old to think of learning her letters. I replied that I considered the ability to read the Gospel, the greatest advantage a woman can possess, and that none were received into the school, but such as were willing to be taught this first. The motto of our school, which is written in conspicuous characters, is, 'Prefer the useful to the ornamental.' It was also desirous to win our pupils from the sin of idleness (for time is shamefully wasted by all classes in these countries;) and the way to do this would be to convince each one of the value of constant employment. * * *

"While some things of this kind have been attended to, that part of duty which appertains to the preaching of the Gospel, has not been neglected. First by actions. We have visited the fatherless and widow in their affliction. We have endeavoured (so far as our private means would allow) to clothe the naked and to feed the hungry. The blessings of the sick, the *bereaved*, and the helpless, have been poured upon us. We have heard them say, 'truly they are Christians like ourselves, for they feel for our sorrows.'

"The preaching of the Gospel *literally* we find indeed more difficult, for our instructions must be conveyed in Greek, you will recollect, and cannot be in English. This difficulty constantly diminishes. We read and explain the Gospel daily to our servants, &c. They are assembled at 8 o'clock every evening, and sit round our table in the little apartment which I call my parlour, each with a copy of the Greek Testament, and read in course two verses. Mr. H. explains as we go on. Questions are mutually asked, and an animating and interesting conversation ensues, in which each bears a part as among friends, on a common footing. Oh! how many interesting truths are thus brought even to our own minds: and it is impossible to give you an idea of the eager interest which these poor ignorant souls take in these *practical evening lessons*. We have under our roof at present, seven persons, ourselves included, one only of whom is, strictly speaking, a servant.

"At our schools, the minds of our pupils are daily led to Him who made Heaven and earth; and the details previously given will show how far religious instruction is interwoven with all our school duties. In all our journeyings, we have endeavoured to bring before our companions the precepts and promises of the Gospel. We distribute tracts, and read them to our fellow travellers; distribute and read, and explain the Testament. It has been read and explained to many a group of attentive seamen, in the voyages which the brethren have been compelled to make. In fine, taking its great Author for our witness, I think I can say that it is the Alpha and the Omega of our thoughts, the beginning and ending of all our actions."

under penalty of forfeiting her legacy. Had his Lordship been permitted to preserve his senses at the fatal hour of his decease, he might have altered this provision, as he seems to have pronounced her name, when too ill to explain his ulterior views with respect to her destiny. The Italian child of Lord Byron must be an object of affection and interest whatever may be her fate ;
" I suoi pensieri dormir non ponno,"
and her innocent and desolate youth, will be ennobled by her high descent from the imperial mind of the age, and by her classic situation, as bequeathed to Greece, by its fallen poet and champion.
The ardent interest with which the Greeks look to America, as it is displayed in these papers, ought to lead us to reflect if we have done all for a brave and oppressed nation, from whom we derive our best accomplishments and habits, that is in our power to do. They quote with gratitude, in these papers, the donations of New-York, New-Orleans, &c. but it is with pain I observe, that no intelligence has reached them from our native city. Boston has no place in their catalogue of benefactors, for it has done nothing for a christian nation, which a barbarian and infidel foe has deliberately determined to exterminate. We have no such apathy in other subjects. The public is taxed with dreadful severity to educate ' for the ministry,' a set of young men who are too dull or indolent to ' educate themselves' for any thing else, and whom in fact it is morally impossible to educate at all. Jews are converted in direct contradiction to the Scripture prophecy, which places their conversion among the events of the ' latter days,' Bibles are distributed at vast expense to those who cannot read but can hypothesize, there are societies to suppress every thing wrong and encourage every thing right, but when a small contribution is asked for a Christian nation, which without it, will be trodden into slavery and blood, the citizens of Boston refuse to give their proportion. They forget the time when we besought with the most earnest humility, a loan from Holland and Spain and a fleet from France. Had it been told to a Bostonian in 1777 and 8 that fifty years after, he would refuse to contribute a cent to a brave nation, oppressed and a thousand times worse than he was then, at the period of his greatest wealth and prosperity, would he have believed that he could so soon forget the days of darkness, when foreign assistance, even if merely nominal, the simple expression of sympathy was hailed as the interference of Providence. I do not envy our rich Boston merchants their feelings when they read the words " Scio" and " Isara." EL EMPECINADO.

" GREEK PAPERS."
" Αδεται λόγος ότι η θυγάτηρ του αιδήμου Λαβό Ευζανος, υψ-
χεται ως Ελληνίδα, κατά την διαθήκην του πατρός της."
MR. LORRION,
This sentence we copy from a file of papers deposited at the Athenæum, issued at Hydra. Any one interested in the affairs of Modern Greece, and who happens to be able to read Romatic, will be delighted by running over this little collection. The meetings in favour of the Greeks in this country are fully and carefully copied into the Hydriots journal. The meeting at New-Orleans particularly is recorded, and it is quite amusing to see the appearance of so many of our honest Yankee names, in the costume of Greece. ' Ρουζιγιά' represents ' Rouffignac,' and ' Βερπλάρι' the well known name of Verplanck. The description, too, of the city officers under Grecian designations, sounds strange at the first hearing.
We presume the sentence we quoted regards the Italian daughter of Lord Byron, who is mentioned in his will, and therein forbidden to marry any Englishman

GREEK WOMEN.

Extracts from the letters of a traveller in Greece, dated Tripoliza, May 1823.

My visits have not been confined to Colocotroni and his brave companions: the Greek revolution has also produced its heroines.— You have, no doubt, heard of *Bobolina*, the Spezziote matron, who furnished a squadron of ships, and assumed the command herself, when the cry of liberty first resounded through the Confederation. This extraordinary woman was present in more than one engagement, and displayed the greatest firmness.— She is now at Napoli di Romania, having lately contracted a matrimonial alliance with Colocotroni, the hero of Caritina, one of whose sons has married the eldest daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen. Amongst the recent visitors to the seat of Government, I ought to lose no time in making you acquainted with Madalena Mavrogeni, the heroine of Mycono, whose zeal and enthusiasm in the cause of the country merit the very highest praise. Niece to Prince Mavrojeni, one of those early Greek patriots who fell a victim to 'Turkish' oppression, Madalena has been most actively occupied in contributing to the defence of her native island ever since the commencement of the insurrection. Having devoted the whole of her dowry to this sacred purpose, the object of her coming here is to complete the organization of a corps to be employed at her own expense in the ensuing campaign. 'Tho' not in the flower of life, she is still extremely handsome; her physiognomy is perfectly Grecian, and must have been uncommonly beautiful ere the toils and anxieties of her present pursuits began. She speaks French and Italian with great fluency, converses with eloquence, and seems particularly well versed in every subject relating to the political condition of her country. I heard, previously to my being presented to the heroine, that so far from participating in this patriotic ardour, her

family have done all they could to dissuade her from persevering in a career so little suited to the delicacy of her sex. Having, in my second interview, also ventured, though as delicately as possible, to persuade her that she had already made sufficient sacrifice in the cause, and ought now to think of restoring a constitution evidently affected by such continued cares and anxieties, she replied in the mildest manner, that the impulse which first induced her to abandon the society of her own sex, family and friends in order to espouse the cause of freedom, was altogether irresistible; and that having in the last effort disposed of her remaining jewels, the only regret she felt was the impossibility of leading her legion to the field, and being present at one of these combats in which she might witness the valour displayed by her countrymen when opposed to their oppressors! Madalena is accompanied by her uncle & two female attendants. I need hardly add, that the virtuous and exalted sentiments which have led to such sacrifices on the part of this interesting woman, did not originate in personal vanity, or that love of adventure which have characterised many females in other places. I can therefore readily believe, that even the most fastidious will not coundound her with those whose ambition is directed to pursuits which more often excite pity than admiration.

“Having alluded to the most interesting of the Greek Heroines, it would be unjust to omit the name of another, who has carried her enthusiasm still further, Constante Zari, of Mistras, (Sparta) is the daughter of a Greek Chief, who was long the terror of the Moslem tyrants of the Morea, and from what I am told, might have furnished a fit model for Lord Byron's Corsair. Taught from infancy to detest the persecutors of Greece, no sooner had the tocsin of war roused the dormant spirit of her country, than Constante fled from her home, assuming the Albanese costume of manhood, collected a band of fifty warriors, whom she armed and led to the dervanachi or passes through which the enemy had to make his way. A person who is minutely acquainted with the history of this modern Amazon, assures me that her followers performed wonders, and were invariably headed by their female leader. When no longer enabled to support the expense of maintaining so many armed men, the heroine of Mistras dissolved the band and joined an Epirote Chief, whose corps was attached to the little army collected by Mauvrocordato last year in Albania. Severely wounded at the battle of Peta, Constante was among the few who escaped the slaughter of that unfortunate day, and having accompanied the Prince to Missolonghi, was present during its admirable defence. She is now at Gastouni, where my informant had an interview with

her three days ago. When I add that Constante Zari is only twenty-two, and a perfect beauty, both as to shape and feature, it will be for you to say, whether the poets and painters of England, who want to illustrate the war of freedom and independence here, can be any longer at a loss for a heroine? I forgot to mention, when speaking of Madalena Mavrojeni, that she put on a dress of deep mourning when her countrymen flew to arms, and has determined not to relinquish it until the independence of Greece is firmly established. The person who has furnished the details relative to Constante, represents her as being equally resolved to retain her male costume during the continuance of the war.

GREEKS FROM THE ANCIENT MACEDONIA.

*Extract of a letter from the Rev. J.
PATTERSON, dated St. Petersburg,
June 24, 1815.*

WE have had our second Annual General Meeting, and I can assure you, that it was a very interesting one. Mr. Pinkerton has already informed you of what is most material; but that which most attracted my attention, was, the motley company, from many different nations, and some of them in their national costumes. I was particularly pleased with a company of Greeks from the ancient Macedonia, Prince Ypsilanti, and his suite. O, how much I wished to send the

word of life to a people, who were the first in Europe, who said to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, *Come over and help us*; and, through whom, the gospel of the grace of God entered our quarter of the globe! They are all fine, lively looking men, and seemed worthy to be the descendants of the Church of Philippi. Our Committee and Society felt as I did, and the Prince was chosen one of our Vice-Presidents, that he might help us in our endeavours to assist his countrymen. He, and all his suite, with an eagerness and liberality which reminded me of the beautiful description, (Phil. iv. 10—18.) put down their names as subscribers to our Society. Paul's promise, in regard to them, (verse 19.) will, I hope, soon be fulfilled in all its extent. They are in need of the word of life; and, by the help of God, they soon shall have it. Although, including the Tartar, (which we have now resolved to print at the Scottish Missionary Press, in the South of Russia,) and the Greek, (for which we expect soon to receive stereotype plates from London,) the Russian Bible Society is printing, at present, in fifteen different languages. This will not stop our ear to the call from the South, especially from Moldavia and Wallachia. The removal of a part of the Scottish Mission to Astrachan, with their printing-press, is an important step for our Society. This place is the Calcutta of Russia, and we mean to make it the Serampore of the South. We are arranging matters with Government for the establishment of their printing-office there, and you will soon hear of the waters of life flowing out from this city, to water all the surrounding regions, and render them fruitful as the garden of the Lord. Another division of this Mission is on its way for Arensburg, in the Island of Oesel, a place of equal importance for us, and which opens to us a most extensive field.

HOLLAND'S TRAVELS IN GREECE.

Dr. Henry Holland has lately published an account of his "Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, &c. during the years 1812 and 1813," from which we have made some extracts. That country has recently been explored by the poets and philosophers of France and England, and the literary world is under great obligations to Messrs. Chateaubriand and Clarke, in particular, for the information which they have collected. But the subject is inexhaustible, as all will confess who peruse the pages of Dr. Holland. They are calculated to enrich the merchant, to enlighten the statesman, and impart a new zest to the fine frenzy of the poet. The admirers of lord Byron will find an interesting sketch of the singular court of Ali-Pacha, the vizier of Albany, the outlines of which are drawn in the stanzas of Childe Harold. This shall appear in our next: in the mean while we content ourselves with the following extracts.

STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.

The scenery of the straits of Gibraltar has scarcely had sufficient justice done it in description. Europe and Africa vie with each other in the magnificence of the boundary they give to this extraordinary passage from an ocean to inland seas. The effect of natural grandeur is aided by various impressions which accom-

pany the voyager in his progress between their shores. They are viewed as the entrance to the scene of ancient empire, and as a barrier, at the same time, which stopped the progress of ancient power. The changes of men and nations are suggested in rapid succession to the mind, as vessels are seen urging their way through this channel, which come from the people of a new world; from islands and continents scarcely known even to the imagination of antiquity. Every point on the surrounding shores gives the note of some event which is consecrated to history.

SARDINIA.

It had been my design, when leaving England, to spend some time in this island, hitherto almost a *terra incognita* to the rest of Europe; but I was prevented from executing this plan by various circumstances, which it would be needless to detail. To the mineralogist Sardinia offers many objects of much interest; many also to the lovers of nature, in the great mountain scenery which is spread over its surface. It is a fact not generally known, that the southern portion of the island is in part a volcanic region, and that obsidian, pumice, and compact lava, exist in great abundance in the district of the Capo de Sassari. The specimens in the museum at Cagliari sufficiently attest this fact; and further show the existence of much primitive country in the island, of various metallic ores, and of a formation of coal. Sardinia has been secluded, not only from the observation, but in great part from the progressive improvement of the rest of Europe; and the traveller will find in its peasantry a wildness of garb, manner, and custom, which can scarcely be classed with the usages of civilized life. The miniature court of the king, which was then resident in Cagliari, had not sufficient power to collect all the revenues of the country, still less to change or ameliorate the condition of the people. The recent political events have done nothing for Sardinia; and an island equal to Sicily in extent, still remains a solitary spot on the face of Europe; its most frequent visitors the pirates of the Barbary coast.

NEWSPAPER.

An Italian newspaper formerly existed in Zante. While maintaining this, another was set on foot about two years ago, in the Ro-

maic language, under the title of 'Εφημερίς τῶν Ἰωνικῶν Ελευθερωμένων Νήσων, protected by the English, and under the immediate direction of an intelligent young man, of the name of Zerrò, a native of Corfu; this paper is printed once or twice a week, according to the supply of intelligence. The types, which were procured from Venice, are sufficiently good; and the general appearance of the paper, neater and more correct than the Corfiote gazette, under the French influence, to which it was opposed.* The style of the leading article, to employ an English phrase, is usually very good, and less corrupted by foreign idioms than is common in the application of the Romaic to modern European topics. By the suggestion of sir W. Gell, the scheme of the paper has been extended to the report of intelligence from continental Greece; and a direct correspondence established with Athens to supply information as to the pursuits of travellers and progress of discovery; thus giving the publication some value beyond that of a mere journal of passing events.

AN ENGLISH-GREEK REGIMENT.

The Greek regiment afforded a singular spectacle at the time I first visited Zante. Nearly a thousand men, drawn chiefly from the Morea and Albania, many of them from the district of the ancient Lacedæmon, were assembled together in the irnative dresses, somewhat such as I shall hereafter describe, in speaking of the Albanian soldiers. They were marshalled and disciplined according to our tactics; and, though not speaking a word of English, received the word of command in this unknown language. Their officers, three-fourths of which were Albanians or Moriotes, the remainder English, were already habited in a superb dress, copied in various parts from ancient costume. The men did not receive their uniform till some time afterwards, nor did their ap-

* This Corfiote gazette had a French translation appended to the Greek, and was circulated with assiduity through the Levant. A third Greek paper is printed at Vienna, called the Ελληνικὸς Τηλεγράφος which seems to be conducted with some talent, and obtains circulation from the constant intercourse of the commercial Greeks with the Austrian dominions. A literary journal also has been established at Vienna, called the Ερμηνεύς ο Λογιστής under the direction of Athimias Gazi, a literary Greek of some repute.

pearance gain much by the intermixture it afforded between the English and their own national dress. It is true indeed that red was the military garb of the Spartans in old times, but the resemblance went little further than to the colour of the ill-made jackets which came out from England for this modern Græek regiment. The discipline of the men, when I saw them, was little advanced, and there seemed a singular inaptitude to acquire it; their appearance and movements were in all respects curiously rude and uncouth. The band had made greater advances than their countrymen in the ranks, and already performed our English airs with some degree of skill. The progress of the regiment was certainly much retarded by its vicinity to the Morea; which easily enabled those to desert who became weary of the service, and of a more correct discipline than was accordant with their former habits. Such desertions frequently occurred, and, though the ranks were much replenished from the same source, yet the effect was obviously adverse to the welfare of the regiment.

CEPHALONIA.

Cephalonia is about a hundred miles in circumference. The most striking feature in the general aspect of the island, is the great ridge called the Black Mountain; the height of which I should judge, from the distance at which it is seen, to be little less than four thousand feet. It is the mount *Ænos* of antiquity, mentioned by Strabo, as the loftiest point in the isle; and on its summit once stood an altar dedicated to Jupiter *Ænesius*. I was assured in Cephalonia, that some of the stones of this altar are yet to be found there: and, together with them, the bones of animals which are supposed to have been the victims sacrificed on the spot.

The island in its present state, contains from 55,000 to 60,000 inhabitants. Though the extent of the island greatly exceeds that of Zante, its general fertility is much less, the soil being for the most part scantily spread over the limestone rock, of which the country consists. The property in land, too, is more divided than in the latter isle; the largest proprietor in Cephalonia not having a revenue of more than 800*l.* or 900*l.* per annum; while in Zante there are estates, which are said to be of more than double this value. The tenure of the land is for the most part annual; the tenant, by his agreement, paying to the landlord one-half of the

produce. The commerce of the island is considerable, though much less in proportion than that of Zante. The principal articles of export are currants, wine, and oil; the annual produce of currants being estimated at from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 lbs.; that of oil at a larger proportional amount. A considerable number of sheep and goats feed upon the high grounds of the island; but I heard nothing to corroborate the strange story of Ælian, that in Cephalonia the goats do not drink during six months of the year.

ITHACA.

The extreme length of Ithaca, from north to south, is seventeen miles; its greatest breadth does not exceed four; and at its north extremity, as well as in the centre of the island, where the great port traverses it, does not exceed half a mile. It may be regarded in fact as a single narrow ridge of limestone-rock, everywhere rising into rugged eminences, of which the loftiest are the mountains of Stephano and Neritos, the former in the south part of the isle, and ascending from the shores of the bay of Vathi; the latter on the northern side of the great port. It can scarcely be said that there are an hundred yards of continuous level ground in the island; and the general aspect must be confessed to be one of ruggedness and asperity, warranting the expression of Cicero, that Ulysses loved his country, "*non quia larga, sed quia sua.*" Nevertheless the scenery is rendered striking by the bold and broken outline of mountains, promontories, and bays; and there are points in Ithaca where it is even pleasing, in the cultivated declivity of the ridges, and the opening out of the narrow vallies towards the sea, wooded with olives, orange, and almond trees, or covered with vineyards. The upper part of the bay of Vathi, and a valley at the upper extremity of the port, have this softened character, which belongs also to several other spots in the southern part of the island.

The present population of Ithaca is estimated at between seven and eight thousand; including in this statement the inhabitants of Kalamo, Atako, Kasto, and other small isles near its eastern coast. The principal article of produce is currants, of which nearly 5,000 cwt. forms the average annual export from the island. A small quantity of oil and wine are also exported; the latter being reputed generally the best wine of the isles. It is in appearance and

flavour something intermediate between port and claret; nor is it customary to impregnate it with turpentine, as is done with the wines of continental Greece.

Since Ithaca came into our possession, it has been governed by a company of the Corsican Rangers; and the commandant at this time was a captain of the same regiment, a native, I believe, of Ajaccio, in Corsica. It was a singular combination of circumstances to see a fellow-townsmen of Napoleon representing the English authority in the ancient kingdom of Ulysses. We found at Vathi an English surgeon of the 35th regiment, and his lady, who had been resident here for some months. They complained much of the solitariness and uniformity of the place.

A SCHOOL.

I was interested in walking through the streets of Vathi by the spectacle of an Ithacan school; the preceptor or Didaskalos, a venerable old man, with a long beard, who sat before his door, giving instruction to a circle of fifteen or twenty boys, each with a modern Greek version of the New Testament in his hand. It was amusing to hear sounds familiar to the ear, from the Greek of Homer and Thucydides, shouted out by ragged striplings, many of them not more than seven or eight years of age. The old school-master was pleased with the attention given to himself and his scholars, and endeavoured to rouse them to greater efforts of display; which here, as with boys every where else, had simply the effect of producing more loudness of speech.

LITERATURE.

The Greeks of Ioannina are celebrated among their countrymen for their literary habits, and unquestionably merit the repute they have obtained from this source. The literature of the place is intimately connected with, and depending upon, its commercial character. The wealth acquired by many of the inhabitants gives them the means of adopting such pursuits themselves, or encouraging them in others. Their connections in Germany and Italy, and frequent residence in these countries, tend further to create habits of this kind, and at the same time furnish those materials for literary progress, which would be wanting in their own country. At the present time, nearly two-thirds of the modern Greek

publications are translations of European works; and whatever may be said of the powers of undirected genius, it is certainly better that for some time it should continue to be so. Such translations are often both suggested and executed abroad, and the presses at Venice, Vienna, Leipsic, Moscow, and Paris, are all made subservient to the active industry of these people in forwarding the literature of their country. The extensive traffic of the Greeks of Ioannina, is further a means of rendering this city a sort of mart for books, which are brought here from the continent when printed; and from this point diffused over other parts of Greece. At the *dogana* of Arta, I have seen numerous packages of books on their way to Ioannina, and in the city itself there are several shops, which have long been known for their extensive dealings in this branch of business.

There are two academies in the city; at which, in sequel to each other, the greater part of the young Greeks at Ioannina are instructed. The Gymnasium, if such it may be called, of Athanasius Psalida, ranks as the first of these; and has acquired some reputation from the character of the master himself, who is considered as one of the chiefs of the literature of modern Greece. It is true, that there are others who have written more; but Psalida has travelled much, is master of many languages, a good classical scholar, a sharp-sighted critic, a poet, and versed besides in various parts of the literature and science of European nations. His only avowed work, as far as I know, is one entitled, "True Happiness, or the Basis of all Religious Worship," in which a general tone of skeptical opinion is the predominant feature. He is the author also, but anonymously, of a singular compound of prose and poetry, called *Ερωλος Αποτελεσματα*, printed at Vienna in 1792; and probably may have partaken in other works with which I am unacquainted. The funds of the academy which Psalida superintends, are lodged in the bank of Moscow. He has a great number of public pupils, whom he instructs not only in the languages, but also in history, geography, and various branches of general philosophy. He has one or two assistants in his labours; but it is the reputation of his own name which maintains the character of the school.

The other academy of Ioannina is one of lower stamp, and devoted to a younger class of scholars. It is conducted at present by an elderly Greek, of the name of Valano, very respectable and industrious, but with less learning than Psalida. The father of Valano, who preceded him in this office, is the author of one or two mathematical works of some eminence in the country. The school is supported in great part by the noble benefactions of the Zosimades, one of the greatest and most wealthy of the modern Greek families. Two of the brothers of Zosima are resident in Italy, a third in Russia. I have learnt that the sums they annually transmit to Ioannina, in the form of books, of funds for the school, and of other literary benefactions, do not fall short of 20,000 piastres. This is a splendid instance of genuine and well-directed patriotism.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

A slight sketch of the manner in which we lived, during our residence in the latter place, may afford the reader a better idea of the domestic and social usages of the modern Greeks, than could be given by any general remarks on this subject. Our host was a man of independent property, and ancient family. His wife, with more vivacity and much beauty, had the same excellent qualities of heart, and their domestic relations were evidently of the most exemplary kind. Their family consisted of two sons, two daughters, and an elderly lady nearly related to our host. The eldest daughter, at this time eleven years old, was a pretty and engaging girl; the boys, Alexius and Stephanos, still younger, and the most perfect models of juvenile beauty I ever recollect to have seen; the Grecian style of countenance already formed in both, and set off by the open forehead, and by the long hair flowing down behind from under the small red cap, which is worn on the top of the head.

The habitation of our host resembled those which are common in the country. Externally to the street, nothing is seen but a high stone wall, with the summit of a small part of the inner building. Large double gates conduct you into an outer area, from which you pass through other gates into an inner square, surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the house. The basement story is constructed of stone, the upper part of the

structure almost entirely of wood. A broad gallery passes along two sides of the area, open in front, and shaded over-head by the roof of the building. To this gallery you ascend by a flight of stairs; the doors which conduct to the different living rooms of the house all going from it. In this country it is uncommon, except with the lower classes, to live upon the ground-floor, which is therefore generally occupied as out-buildings; the first floor being that always inhabited by the family. In the house of our host, there were four or five which might be called living-rooms, furnished with couches, carpets, and looking-glasses, which, with the decorations of the ceiling and walls, may be considered as almost the only appendages to a Grecian apartment. The principal room (or what with us would be the drawing-room) was large, lofty, and decorated with much richness. Its height was sufficient for a double row of windows along three sides of the apartment; all these windows, however, being small, and so situated as merely to admit light, without allowing any external view. The ceiling was profusely ornamented with painting and gilding upon carved wood, the walls divided into pannels, and decorated in the same way, with the addition of several pier-glasses. A couch, or divan, like those described in the Seraglio, passed along three sides of the apartment, and superseded equally the use of chairs and tables, which are but rarely found in a Greek house.

The dining-room was also large, but furnished with less decoration, and the same with the other living-apartments. The kitchen and servants' rooms were connected by a passage with the great gallery; but this gallery itself formed a privileged place to all the members of the family, and it was seldom that some of the domestics might not be seen here partaking in the sports of the children, and using a familiarity with their superiors, which is sufficiently common in the south of Europe, but very unusual in England. Bed-chambers are not to be sought for in Greek or Turkish habitations. The sofas of their living apartments are the place of nightly repose with the higher classes; the floor with those of inferior rank. Upon the sofas are spread their cotton or woollen mattresses, cotton sheets, sometimes with worked muslin trimmings, and ornamented quilts. Neither men nor women take off more than a small part of their dress; and the lower classes sel-

dom make any change whatever before throwing themselves down among the coarse woollen cloaks which form their nightly covering. In this point the oriental customs are greatly more simple than those of civilized Europe.

The separate communication* of the rooms with an open gallery, renders the Greek houses very cold in winter, of which I had reason to be convinced during both my residences at Ioannina. The higher class of Greeks seldom use any other means of artificial warmth than a brazier of charcoal placed in the middle of the apartment, trusting to their pelisses and thick clothing for the rest. Sometimes the brazier is set under a table, covered with a thick rug cloth, which falls down nearly to the floor. The heat is thus confined, and the feet of those sitting round the table, acquire soon an agreeable warmth, which is diffused to the rest of the body.

The family of Metzou generally rose before eight o'clock. Their breakfast consisted simply of one or two cups of coffee, served up with a salver of sweetmeats, but without any more substantial food. In consideration to our grosser morning appetites, bread, honey, and rice milk were added to the repast which was set before us. Our host who was always addressed with the epithet of Affendi by his children and domestics, passed much of the morning in smoking, in walking up and down the gallery, or in talking with his friends who called upon him. Not being engaged in commerce, and influenced perhaps by his natural timidity, he rarely quitted the house: and I do not recollect to have seen him more than five or six times beyond the gates of the area of his dwelling. His lady meanwhile was engaged either in directing her household affairs, in working embroidery, or in weaving silk thread. The boys were occupied during a part of the morning in learning to read and write the Romaic with a young man who officiated as pedagogue; the mode of instruction not differing much from that common elsewhere.

The dinner hour of the family was usually between twelve and one, but from compliance to us they delayed it till two o'clock. Summoned to the dining-room, a female domestic, in the usage of the east, presented to each person in succession a large basin with soap, and poured tepid water upon the hands from a brazen ewer.

This finished we seated ourselves at the table, which was simply a circular pewter tray, still called *trapeza*, placed upon a stool, and without cloth or other appendage. The dinner consisted generally of ten or twelve dishes, presented singly at the table by an Albanian servant clad in his national costume. The dishes afforded some, though not great variety; and the enumeration of those at one dinner, may suffice as a general example of the common style of this repast in a Greek family of the higher class:—first a dish of boiled rice flavoured with lemon juice; then a plate of mutton boiled to rags; another plate of mutton cooked with spinach or onions, and rich sauces; a turkish dish composed of force-meat with vegetables, made into balls; another Turkish dish, which appears as a large flat cake, the outside of a rich and greasy paste, the inside composed of eggs and vegetables, with a small quantity of meat: following this, a plate of baked mutton, with raisins and almonds, boiled rice with oil, omelet balls, a dish of thin cakes made of flour, eggs, and honey; or sometimes in lieu of these, small cakes made of flour, coffee, and eggs; and the repast finished by a desert of grapes, raisins, and chesnuts. But for the presence of strangers the family would have eat in common from the dishes successively brought to the table; and, even with separate plates before them, this was frequently done. The thin wine of the country was drunk during the repast; but neither in eating or drinking is it common for the Greeks to indulge in excess.

The dinner-tray removed, the basin and ewer were again carried round,—a practice which is seldom omitted even among the inferior classes in this country. After an interval of a few minutes, a glass of liquor and coffee was handed to us, and a Turkish pipe presented to any one who desired it. In summer a short *siesta* is generally taken at this hour, but now it was not considered necessary. After passing an hour or two on the couches of the apartment, some visitors generally arrived, and the family moved to the larger room before described. These visitors were Greeks of the city, some of them relations, and others friends of the family, who did not come on formal invitation, but in an unreserved way, to pass some part of the evening in conversation. This mode of society is common in Ioannina, and, but that the women take little part in it, might be considered extremely pleasant. When a vi-

siter enters the apartments, he salutes, and is saluted, by the right hand placed on the heart, a method of address at once simple and dignified. Seated on the couch, sweetmeats, coffee, and a pipe are presented to him; and these form in fact, the only requisitions of the visitors from their hosts. The Greeks are scarcely less fond of smoking than the Turks; the *chibouki*, or long Turkish pipe, is indispensable as one of their daily luxuries; and almost every individual carries about with him a small bag of tobacco, from which to draw its supplies. It must be noticed that the Turkish tobacco in general, and in particular that of Syria, is much less harsh than the American, probably less narcotic also; and in this, as well as in the greater elegance and comfort of the pipe, there are motives to the usage of smoking which we do not in England equally possess.

This evening society at the house of our host, was a source both of pleasure and information to us. The lively and social temper of the Greeks, and their eagerness for intercourse with European travellers, brought a great number to see us, and we formed acquaintance here with many of the principal merchants, and most of the literary characters of the city. And at the head of the latter class was Athanasius Psalida, the master of the academy of Ioannina. The writings and repute of this Greek have before been mentioned, and he does not allow his talents to be hidden from those around him. In Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German or Russ, he is continually pouring out a flood of conversation on every topic that can come before him, but with an obvious predilection for such topics as have relation to the arts, the literature, and the glory of his own country, which he never fails to identify with the ancient Greece. His bias on this point is openly and at once displayed. Scarcely had I been five minutes with him, before he began to complain of the ingratitude of European nations, in not repaying to the Greeks of this day the benefits they had derived from their ancestors. "What should we have been but for the arts, the instruction, the example of the Grecian worthies? The modern descendants of these men had the same capacity for becoming great, and opportunity and some slight aid alone, were wanting to enable them to show their qualities and to take their place among nations. It might happen (and he spoke this with some sarcastic asperity)

that they should one day come to reclaim what had been plundered from them of their ancient treasures." This topic of the ingratitude of civilized Europe towards their country, is a favourite one with every Greek, and they dwell upon it even to tediousness with every stranger who will afford his ear to them.

ROCKS AND MONASTERIES OF METEORA.

Long before we reached the town of Kalabaka, our attention was engaged by the distant view of the extraordinary rocks of the Meteora, which give to the vicinity of this place, a character perfectly unique to the eye, and not less remarkable in the reality of the scene. On this side of the Salympria, and about a mile distant from the river, they rise from the comparatively flat surface of the valley; a group of insulated masses, cones, and pillars of rock of great height, and for the most part so perpendicular in their ascent, that each one of their numerous fronts seem to the eye as a vast wall, formed rather by the art of man, than by the more varied and irregular workings of nature. In the deep and winding recesses which form the intervals between these lofty pinnacles, the thick foliage of trees gives a shade and colouring, which, while they enhance the contrast, do not diminish the effect of the great masses of naked rock impending above. When we approached this spot, the evening was already far advanced, but the setting sun still threw a gleam of light on the summits of these rocky pyramids, and showed us the outline of several Greek monasteries in this extraordinary situation, and seeming as if entirely separated from the reach of the world below.

The following morning was occupied in a very interesting excursion to these rocks and monasteries, which may unquestionably be regarded as a spectacle of an extraordinary and magnificent kind. The group of rocks of Meteora is almost entirely insulated from the adjoining hills, and many of its parts are completely so. Following, for more than a mile, a narrow path, which conducted us below its precipitous front, and amidst other insulated masses of less considerable height, we entered one of the deep vallies or recesses, which lead to the interior of the group, and continued our progress along it, by a gradual ascent through the forest of wood which occupies this intervening space. On each side of us were lofty pinnacles of rock of the most extraordinary kind, some of

them entirely conical, others single pillars of great height, and very small diameter; other masses very nearly rhomboidal in form, and actually inclining over their base; others again perfect squares or oblongs, with perpendicular sides, and level summits.

The Greek monasteries of Meteora are variously situated, either on the summits of these pinnacles, or in caverns, which nature and art have united to form in parts of the rock, that seem inaccessible by the foot of man. Their situation, indeed, is more extraordinary than can be understood from description alone. Four of the monasteries actually occupy the whole summit of the insulated rocks on which they stand; a perpendicular precipice descending from every side of the buildings into the deep-wooded hollows, which intervene between the heights. The only access to these aerial prisons is by ropes, or by ladders fixed firmly to the rock, in those places where its surface affords any points of suspension; and these ladders, in some instances, connected with artificial subterranean tunnels, which give a passage of easier ascent to the buildings above. The monastery called by distinction the Meteora, which is the largest of the number, stands in the remarkable situation just described, and is accessible only in this method. Still more extraordinary is the position of another of these buildings, on the left hand of the approach to the former. It is situated on a narrow rectangular pillar of rock, apparently about 120 feet in height; the summit of which is so limited in extent, that the walls of the monastery seem on every side to have the same plane of elevation as the perpendicular faces of the rock. The number of monasteries at Meteora, is said to have been formerly twenty-four; but at present, owing partly to the wearing away of the rocks on which they stood, partly to the decay of the buildings themselves, only ten of these remain.

Aios Stephanos, which we visited, is among the most extraordinary of the number; its height is upwards of 180 feet. We wound round the base of the rock, gradually ascending till we came to the foot of a perpendicular line of cliff, and, looking up, saw the buildings of the monastery immediately above our heads. A small wooden shed projected beyond the plane of the cliff, from which a rope, passing over a pulley at the top, descended to the foot of the rock. Our Tartar shouted loudly to a man who looke

down from above, ordering him to receive us into the monastery; but at this time the monks were engaged in their chapel, and it was ten minutes before we could receive an answer to his order, and our request. At length we saw a thicker rope coming down from the pulley, and attached to the end of it a small rope net, which, we found, was intended for our conveyance to this aerial habitation. The net reached the ground; our Tartar, and a peasant whom we had with us from Kalabaka, spread it open, covered the lower part with an Albanese capote, and my friend and I seated ourselves upon this slender vehicle. As we began to ascend, our weight drew close the upper aperture of the net, and we lay crouching together, scarcely able, and little willing, to stir either hand or foot. We rose with considerable rapidity; and the projection of the shed and pulley beyond the line of the cliff was sufficient to secure us against injury from striking upon the rock. Yet the ascent had something in it that was formidable, and the impression it made was very different from that of the descent into a mine, where the depth is not seen, and the sides of the shaft give a sort of seeming security against danger. Here we were absolutely suspended in the air, our only support was the thin cordage of a net, and we were even ignorant of the machinery, whether secure or not, which was thus drawing us rapidly upwards. We finished the ascent, however, which is 156 feet, in safety, and in less than three minutes. When opposite the door of the wooden shed, several monks and other people appeared, who dragged the net into the apartment; and released us from our cramped and uncomfortable situation. We found, on looking round us, that these men had been employed in working the windlass, which raised us from the ground; and, in observing some of their feeble and decayed figures, it was impossible to suppose that the danger of our ascent had been one of appearance alone. Our servant, Demetrius, meanwhile, had been making a still more difficult progress upwards, by ladders fixed to the ledges of the rock, conducting to a subterraneous passage, which opens out in the middle of the monastery.

The monks received us with civility, and we remained with them more than an hour in their extraordinary habitation. The buildings are spread irregularly over the whole summit of the

rock, enclosing two or three small areas: they have no splendour, either external or internal, and exhibit but the appearances of wretchedness and decay. Nevertheless the monks conducted us through every one of their dark and dilapidated rooms, and seemed to require a tribute of admiration, which, though little due to the objects for which it was sought, might conscientiously be given to the magnificent natural scenery round and beneath their monastery.

We were afterwards conducted into the chapel, a small building, no otherwise remarkable than for those tawdry and tasteless ornaments which are so common in the Greek churches; and of which, though now greatly decayed, our monks appeared not a little proud. I could observe no inscription, or other circumstance, which might furnish a proof of the exact time when the monastery was founded; and my inquiries after books and manuscripts, though made with some earnestness, and varied in different ways, were answered only by showing me a few old volumes of Greek homilies, and some other pieces of ecclesiastical writing, which did not appear to have the smallest value.

Before quitting the monastery, we were conducted by the monks into their refectory, a dark room, without a single article of furniture, where a repast was set before us, consisting of a dish of rice cooked in oil; a Turkish dish composed of flour, eggs, and oil; bread, and thin wine. After making a hasty meal, and offering a compensation for the civility we had received, we bade farewell to the solitary tenants of this ex-mundane abode, were a second time slung in the net, and, after a safe and easy descent of about two minutes, found ourselves again at the foot of this vast rock, where our Tartar had been passing the interval in a profound sleep.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLE I.

STEPHENS'S TRAVELS.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia and Poland. By the Author of Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land. In 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1838.

MR. STEPHENS, the author of these Incidents of Travel, has, apparently without much effort, become very widely known to the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic. His work on Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land,—the first fruits of his Eastern wanderings,—has passed through at least four editions in this country, and almost as many in England and France. He writes in an easy, flowing, and somewhat *piquant* style, and, by a happy blending of personal incident with general description, seldom fails in making us interested in all that he describes. As we follow him along his devious route, we are always impressed with his good-nature, and feel that he is just the companion we should like to travel with, were we going to make a year of leisure and recruit ourselves amidst the storied scenes of the East. With sentiment enough to feel the power that comes from the decaying monuments of ancient glory, he is yet liberal-minded enough to avoid any useless laments over the wrecks of former empires, or the rise of new ones in their place. He wisely looks upon the earth's surface as designed, by the wisdom of Providence, for the residence of man; and,

though he is not unaffected by the mysterious events and sublime contrasts, which, in different ages, it presents, yet he never seems to consider any portion of it as perverted from its natural use, provided it in any way contributes to the happiness or improvement of the race. Accordingly, though we are conducted by our author, over regions that have been famous from the earliest periods of history, and on which have flourished cities the most renowned and states the most magnificent, yet the present is no where overlooked, or excluded from our attention, by vain rhapsodies upon the perished glories of the past. In truth, we may say, he gives us the impression of a gifted and good-natured man, who, wearied with the city of the Knickerbockers, went abroad, not to measure monuments and temples, nor to sentimentalize among the ruins of ancient empires, and the tombs of the mighty dead, but to be amused and instructed with seeing the world as it is, and communing with the living representatives of humanity.

To be a traveller of the highest order, a man must combine in himself many of the qualities of both the philosopher and the poet. He must be endowed not only with a power of observation, which seizes upon the features of nature and society, in the countries through which he passes, but with an intuitive perception, which discerns the pervading spirit that controls and animates the whole, and a gift of imagination which looks beneath the surface and covering, and reveals the hidden portions of the machinery, whose action gives rise to the daily phenomena that pass before him. That which a traveller actually sees, usually derives its main importance from its connection with that which he does not and cannot see. The incidents and the forms of individual and national character, which he meets, are mainly valuable and instructive, only so far as they are connected with the causes and influences that produced them; as they illustrate the principles on which they depend, and furnish an insight into the institutions of government, and the temper and condition of a people. Thus to observe, and to present the results of his observation, is the aim of the philosophical traveller,—an aim which can be fully accomplished only by a mind gifted with a power of quick and accurate perception, and liberalized and enlarged by reading and reflection.

Mr. Stephens, however, has not aspired to be a traveller of this order. He simply narrates the incidents he meets, and describes the characters and social or moral phenomena he observes, in the regions through which he travels, and then leaves the reader to his own reflections on the causes that may have produced them, or the consequences that may follow from them. But, though we consider him as belonging to the second class, yet the rank we would assign him is by no means a low one. In denying to his works a highly instructive, we would not be understood as denying to them a very entertaining character. Indeed, Mr. Stephens, in many respects, possesses admirable qualities for a traveller and a writer of travels. And we know not where we can turn to a book of the kind, which holds us more strongly bound to its pages, than the work on Egypt or the Holy Land. We identify ourselves with the traveller, and share in all the hopes and solicitude, the toil and repose, of his travel's history.

The work to which we now call the attention of our readers, though characterized by the same liveliness of style, and constant flow of good humor, is yet far inferior to the author's former work, both in interest and instruction. The travels which it narrates, in point of time, were accomplished before those in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land; but they relate, as a whole, to a less interesting portion of the world, and are diversified with far less richness and variety of incident.

These volumes open, with their author on board a Greek cutter, sailing among the "Isles of Greece," bound from Zante to Padras, but actually arriving at the port of Missolonghi. From this town, which has been rendered famous by its connection with the events of the Greek revolution, he pursues his course, along the Gulf of Lepanto, to Lepanto, Padras, Ægina, and Corinth, whence, after lingering over its classic ruins, he proceeds to Athens. Here he remains long enough to observe all that the city contains, either of present or of past glory. Having fully satisfied a traveller's curiosity among the mouldering monuments of Athenian greatness, and made excursions to the plains of Argos and Marathon, to Mount Hymettus and the ancient Mycænæ, he embarks at the Piræus, and, touching at the beautiful islands of those classic

waters, anchors in the harbor of Foggì, in Turkey, beneath the blood-red flag of the Mussulman. From Foggì, he makes his way to Smyrna, and thence, in a steam-boat, along the shores of the Grecian Archipelago, in almost constant sight of the fields of Troy, and the scenes of the Homeric story, to Constantinople. He lingers in this magnificent city of the Eastern Cæsars, where the old and the new, the Christian and the Moslem, are so strangely mingled; and at length takes passage across the Euxine, and arrives at Odessa, the southernmost port in the dominions of the Czar. While in Russia, he observes many interesting features in the condition of that gigantic and rapidly increasing empire. He visits Moscow and St. Petersburg, and thence travels across the boundless steppes of Western Russia, to Warsaw and Cracow, and takes leave of the reader at the mouth of the salt mines, on the banks of the Vistula, in Poland.

The route which, in this general manner, we have traced, it will be seen, is one that presents many objects of great interest, and is, withal, in some of its portions, almost entirely new. Greece and Turkey, with their innumerable objects of rich historic association, have often been visited and described. But we seldom meet with travellers, who have roamed the wide extent of European Russia, or who have had so fair an opportunity to survey the condition of the Poles, now that the foot of the conqueror is upon their neck. Though Mr. Stephens has furnished us less plentifully than we could wish, with the means of comprehending the social condition of these several countries, and the materials for speculating upon their future progress, yet we cannot but acknowledge the interest which holds us to his pages, while he narrates merely the incidents of his intercourse with their varied population. It is not our intention to follow him through his entire route, but simply to present an occasional extract, as a specimen of his manner.

Missolonghi, the first Greek town which he visited, derives its principal interest from being the place where Lord Byron died, and where Marco Bozzaris was buried, and his family still reside. During the Revolution, the people and their chiefs were so split by factions and discords, that the sense of gratitude, and even of justice,

seems nearly to have been extinguished. Byron had committed the unpardonable fault of allying himself to one of the great parties which at that time divided the country; and so implacable is party feeling, that, even at Missolonghi, the scene of his labors and his charities, his noble sacrifices are now considered as but questionable proofs of friendship for Greece. Bozzaris seems to be held in far more honored remembrance than the noble Englishman. Mr. Stephens visited his tomb, and was received into the dwelling of his brother, who is now the protector of the widow and family of Bozzaris. It was in this patriot family, that he heard the warmest expressions of interest in America, and gratitude for her timely assistance; and he delighted to tell the daughters of the Suliote chief, that the name of their father was almost as familiar here, as among the hamlets of his own Greece.

At Athens, Mr. Stephens mentions, as among the objects of his earliest and deepest interest, the Missionary Schools established in 1830, by our countrymen, Messrs. Hill and Robinson, under the direction of the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We extract one of the passages which relates to these schools, as a testimonial of respect to the gentlemen who established them, as well as to the cause of Missions—the more valuable, as it comes from a traveller, who, before leaving this country, had plainly known but little of the extent or the influence of missionary labors, and who may, therefore, be considered as no partisan witness:

“The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find any thing that would particularly touch my national feelings; but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection that, in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle taught, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens,* and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster; and I am ashamed to say that I was not aware of the existence of such an institution, until advised of it by my friend, Dr. W.

“In the middle of the summer of their arrival at Athens, Mrs.

* Athens has now a flourishing university, after the German model. The city has undergone great changes since it has become the royal residence.—Ed.

Hill opened a school for girls in the magazine or cellar of the house in which they resided ; the first day she had twenty pupils, and in two months one hundred and sixty-seven. Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that very imperfectly ; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter. At the time of our visit, the school numbered nearly five hundred ; and when we entered the large room, and the scholars all rose in a body to greet us as Americans, I felt a deep sense of regret that, personally, I had no hand in such a work, and almost envied the feelings of my companion, one of its patrons and founders. Besides teaching them gratitude to those from whose country they derived the privileges they enjoyed, Mr. Hill had wisely endeavored to impress upon their minds a respect for the constituted authorities, particularly important in that agitated and unsettled community ; and on one end of the wall, directly fronting the seats of the scholars, was printed, in large Greek characters, the text of Scripture, 'Fear God, honor the king.'

"It was all important for the missionaries not to offend the strong prejudices of the Greeks by any attempt to withdraw the children from the religion of their fathers ; and the school purports to be, and is intended for, the diffusion of elementary education only ; but it is opened in the morning with prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer as read in our churches, which is repeated by the whole school aloud ; and on Sundays, besides the prayers, the creed, and sometimes the Ten Commandments, are recited, and a chapter from the Gospels is read aloud by one of the scholars, the missionaries deeming this more expedient than to conduct the exercises themselves. The lesson for the day is always the portion appointed for the gospel of the day in their own church ; and they close by singing a hymn. The room is thrown open to the public, and is frequently resorted to by the parents of the children and strangers ; some coming, perhaps, says Mr. Hill, to 'hear what these babblers will say,' and 'other some' from a suspicion that 'we are setters forth of strange gods.' But the principal and most interesting part of this missionary school was the female department, under the direction of Mrs. Hill, the first, and except at Syra, the only school for females in all Greece, and particularly interesting to me, from the fact that it owed its existence to the active benevolence of my own countrywomen. At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favor of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, perhaps instigated somewhat by an inherent love of power and extended rule, and knowing the influence of their sex in a cultivated state of society, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females ; and, humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilization and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all that European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed into different classes, according to their age and advancement ; they had clean faces and

hands, a rare thing with Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home (probably at some of our sewing societies); and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark, rolling eyes, as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost make him bless the hands that were directing that influence aright.

“Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and, being Americans, we were every where looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I valued in favor of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The didaskalissas, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English. Occasionally Mr. Hill called a little girl up to us, and told us her history, generally a melancholy one, as, being reduced to the extremity of want by the revolution; or an orphan, whose parents had been murdered by the Turks; and I had a conversation with a little Penelope, who, however, did not look as if she would play the faithful wife of Ulysses, and, if I am a judge of physiognomy, would never endure widowhood twenty years for any man.

“Before we went away, the whole school rose at once and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time, these girls will grow up into women and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers, and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilized domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith. I have seen much of the missionary labors in the East, but I do not know an institution which promises so surely the happiest results. If the women are educated, the men cannot remain ignorant; if the women are enlightened in religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded Christians.”—Vol. I, pp. 61—67.

From all we have heard of the condition of Greece, rich as she is in the memories and the glories of the past, we cannot avoid the conviction, that she is lamentably deficient in all that constitutes the growth and promise of a rising people. The reports of travellers, who go to ponder amidst her time-honored ruins, and survey her modern resources, colored with enthusiasm as they often are, all go to confirm us in the opinion, that, at this moment, she is far more the object of Christian philanthropy, than of political sympathy, and that the only efficient aid which can be given to assist her on in her national career, is to pour upon her people the light of learning, and of

uncorrupted Christianity. We rejoice that this aid is now extended, for we regard the few missionaries, who have gone to her shores, as conferring upon her a far greater benefit than all the patriot hosts who flocked to join her revolutionary standard. Since Mr. Stephens's visit, many new missionaries have joined the little band whose labors have been so successfully commenced. The number is yearly increasing, and we look forward to the time when the whole population of that land of "the forgotten brave" shall have learned from the lips of our own countrymen the lessons of a wisdom far higher than that dispensed in the schools of her ancient sages.

A period of revolution is always the golden age of adventurers, and when that of Greece burst upon the world, it summoned from their lurking-places the restless multitudes, many of them bankrupts alike in fortune and in fame, who, from any rank of life, both in Europe and America, are ever ready to rally under any banner of political change. At Napoli, Mr. Stephens had an opportunity to observe the materials which Greece had been obliged to employ in her recent revolution. This place had been the seat of government during the reign of Capo d'Istria; and its hotels and restaurants were at this time crowded with the "soldiers of fortune," who had thronged to those shores to fight the battles of Grecian independence, and were now reposing upon their fading laurels, until another outbreak of popular violence should call them away to new fields of conquest and renown. We are greatly mistaken, if that unhappy country has not already found that the vices and depredations of these warrior-philanthropists, who still linger among her people, are making large deductions from all the good she has reaped from her national independence. We quote our author's account of some of them :

"Napoli had always been the great gathering place of the phil-Hellenists, and many, appropriating to themselves that sacred name, were hanging round it still. All over Europe, thousands of men are trained up to be shot at for so much per day; the soldier's is as regular a business as that of the lawyer or merchant, and there is always a large class of turbulent spirits constantly on the look-out for opportunities, and ever ready with their swords to carve their way to fortune. I believe that there were men who embarked in the cause of Greece with as high and noble purposes as ever animated the warrior; but of many, there is no lack of charity in saying that, however good they might be as fighters, they were not much as

men; and I am sorry to add, that, from the accounts I heard in Greece, some of the American phil-Hellenists were rather shabby fellows. Mr. M., then resident in Napoli, was accosted one day in the streets by a young man, who asked him where he could find General Jarvis. 'What do you want with him?' said Mr. M. 'I hope to obtain a commission in his army.' 'Do you see that dirty fellow yonder?' said Mr. M., pointing to a ragged patriot, passing at the moment; 'well, twenty such fellows compose Jarvis's army, and Jarvis himself is no better off.' 'Well, then,' said the young *American*, 'I believe I'll join the Turks!' Allen, another American patriot, was hung at Constantinople. One bore the sacred name of Washington; a brave but unprincipled man. Mr. M. had heard him say, that if the devil himself should raise a regiment, and would give him a good commission, he would willingly march under him. He was struck by a shot from the fortress of Napoli, while directing a battery against it; was taken on board his Britannic majesty's ship *Asia*, and breathed his last, uttering curses on his country."—Vol. I, pp. 97—98.

While at Foggia, in Turkey, Mr. Stephens has his attention attracted to the manner in which the Greek church is accustomed to celebrate one of the leading events recorded in the Scripture history. We quote his description of the scene, as an illustration of the absurd mummeries which, in this ancient portion of the Christian church, have been engrafted upon the simple institutions of our holy religion:

"It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday, and the resurrection of our Saviour was to be celebrated at midnight, or, rather, the beginning of the next day, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Greek church. It was also the last of the forty days' fasting, and the next day commenced feasting. Supper was prepared for us, at which meat was put upon the table for me only; my Greek friend being supposed not to eat meat during the days of fasting. He had been, however, two years out of Greece; and though he did not like to offend the prejudices of his countrymen, he did not like fasting. I felt for my fellow-traveller; and, cutting up some meat into small parcels, kept my eye upon the door while he whipped them into his mouth. After supper, we lay down upon the divan, with large quilts over us, my friend having promised to rise at twelve o'clock and accompany me to the Greek church.

"At midnight, we were roused by the chant of the Greeks in the streets, on their way to the church. We turned out, and fell into a procession of five hundred people, making the streets as light as day with their torches. At the door of the church, we found our host, sitting at a table with a parcel of wax tapers on one side, and a box to receive money on the other. We each bought a taper, and went in. After remaining there at least two hours, listening to a monotonous and unintelligible routine of prayers and chants, the priests came out of the holy doors, bearing aloft an image of our Saviour

on the cross, ornamented with gold leaf, tassels, and festoons of artificial flowers, passed through the church, and out of the opposite door. The Greeks lighted their tapers and formed into a procession behind them, and we did the same. Immediately outside the door, up the staircase, and on each side of the corridor, allowing merely room enough for the procession to pass, were arranged the women, dressed in white, with long white veils, thrown back from their faces, however, laid smooth over the tops of their heads, and hanging down to their feet. Nearly every woman, old or young, had a child in her arms. In fact, there seemed to be as great a mustering of children as of men and women, and, for aught that I could see, as much to the edification of the former as the latter. A continued chant was kept up during the movements of the procession, and perhaps for half an hour after the arrival of the priests at the courtyard, when it rose to a tremendous burst. The torches were waved in the air; a wild, unmeaning, and discordant scream or yell rang through the hollow cloisters, and half a dozen pistols, two or three muskets, and twenty or thirty crackers were fired. This was intended as a feu-de-joie, and was supposed to mark the precise moment of our Saviour's resurrection. In a few moments the phrenzy seemed to pass away; the noise fell from a wild clamor to a slow chant, and the procession returned to the church. The scene was striking, particularly the part outside the church; the dead of night; the waving of torches; the women with their long white dresses, and the children in their arms, &c.; but, from beginning to end, there was nothing solemn in it.

"Returned to the church, a priest came round with a picture of the Saviour risen; and, as far as I could make it out, holding in his hand the Greek flag, followed by another priest with a plate to receive contributions. He held out the picture to be kissed, then turned his hand to receive the same act of devotion, keeping his eye all the time upon the plate which followed to receive the offerings of the pious, as a sort of payment for the privilege of the kiss. His manner reminded me of the Dutch parson, who, immediately after pronouncing a couple man and wife, touching the bridegroom with his elbow, said, 'And now, where ish mine dollar?' I kissed the picture, dodged his knuckles, paid my money, and left the church. I had been there four hours, during which time, perhaps, more than a thousand persons had been completely absorbed in their religious ceremonies; and, though beginning in the middle of the night, I have seen more yawning at the theatre, or at an Italian opera, than I saw there. They now began to disperse, though I remember I left a crowd of regular amateurs, at the head of whom were our sailors, still hanging round the desk of an exhorting priest, with an earnestness that showed a still craving appetite.

"I do not wonder that the Turks look with contempt upon Christians; for they have constantly under their eyes the disgusting mummeries of the Greek church, and see nothing of the pure and sublime principles our religion inculcates. Still, however, there was something striking and interesting in the manner in which the Greeks in this Turkish town had kept themselves, as it were, a peculiar people, and, in spite of the brands of 'dog' and 'infidel,'

held fast to the religion they received from their fathers. There was nothing interesting about them as Greeks; they had taken no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty; they were engaged in petty business, and bartered the precious chance of freedom once before them for base profits and ignoble ease; and even now were content to live in chains, and kiss the rod that smote them.—Vol. I, pp. 158—161.

But we must not linger longer over these scenes of classic and moral interest. We had marked, for quotation, many other passages, in this part of our author's work, particularly those relating to the ruins of Ephesus, and its far-famed temple, and those containing his views of Smyrna, and Constantinople, and his notice of the labors and skill of our countryman, Mr. Rhodes, who, for many years, has been employed, by the Sultan, to build the ships of his navy. We are, however, compelled to hasten to the author's travels in Russia, whither he made his way from Constantinople, across the Black Sea, in a lazy steamer, bound for Odessa.

The social condition of Russia is beginning to attract the attention, and awaken the interest, of the civilized world. Since the days of Peter the Great,—a period from which every thing valuable in her history dates,—she has risen, from the depth of her Scythian barbarism, to a political importance, second to that of no other nation in Europe. Roused from the lethargy of ages, by the energies of that one man, who has left the impress of his genius upon almost every civil institution in the empire, she is now developing her resources, and pursuing a path of physical, and, we may say, social improvement, scarcely to be paralleled, save in the almost incredible growth of our own republic. Indeed, Mr. Stephens suggests the outlines of a comparison, in some points, between Russia and the United States.

"There is no country," he says, "where cities have sprung up so fast, and increased so rapidly, as in ours; and altogether, perhaps, nothing in the world can be compared with our Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. But Odessa has grown faster than any of these, and has nothing of the appearance of our new cities." This, however, must be true, of only here and there a town, throughout the entire empire. Though both countries are hurrying on in the career of greatness, with a rapidity that fixes the gaze of the civilized world, yet, the opposition of

their social condition is far more striking than any resemblance in their progress. Here, from the liberal character of our institutions, and the wide diffusion of intelligence, the energies of the people are wrought into the intensest action. It is by individual and private enterprise, that forests are cleared, and cities built, and districts cultivated, and the domain of civilization extended into the distant wilderness. But in Russia, the popular mind has scarcely begun to act, while the unlimited power and boundless wealth of the government, directed by the sagacity and wisdom of able rulers, are accomplishing the most important changes, and building up a fabric of empire, which, in variety of resources, and extent of dominion, promises, ere long, to surpass the giant greatness of the ancient imperial republic. And the results of these two forms of society are not less different than the forms themselves. With us, individual enterprise and labor are rewarded by individual wealth, and by the necessities and comforts of life scattered through all the ranks of society. But there, while the government is possessed of exhaustless treasures, the peasantry are living in the most wretched and squalid poverty; slaves to the nobles or the emperor, and often depending upon the public bounty for their daily bread. Mr. Stephens mentions a village, where the whole population was gathered in the streets in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food, and men, of all ages, half-grown boys and little children, were prowling the streets, or sitting in the door-ways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute bread among them.

Our author, as was to be expected, was painfully impressed with the fact, that the most odious feature, in the government of Russia finds a prominent parallel in our own. And, whatever circumstances may be adduced to account for it, the historian, in a future age, will record it as a most singular political phenomenon, that this country, with its equal laws, and chartered freedom, its universal intelligence, and its protestant faith, should have been united with the dark despotism of Russia, in being the last of civilized nations, that continues to number slavery among their domestic institutions.

We extract the following account of the condition of the Russian serfs :

“The serfs of Russia differ from slaves, with us, in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change their masters, but cannot be torn from their connexions or their birthplace. One sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts, many have been enfranchised, and become burghers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property and subject to the absolute control of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand; and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labor of these serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow, to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia, settles in a city, and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw, at Moscow, an old mongik who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth, and the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck; struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.

“The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint's day or fete day of the church is a holyday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but, wanting the spirit of a free agent, and feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labors grudgingly for his master, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labor like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never even thinking of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labor; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holydays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia show the truth of the judicious reflection of Catherine II,

‘that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property.’

“It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or, in case of invasion, raises, in a moment, a vast body of soldiers. Every person in Russia, entitled to hold land, is known to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and, upon receiving notice of an imperial order, to that effect, the numbers required by the levy, are marched, forthwith, from every part of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed. It might be asked, What have these men to fight for? They have no country, and are brought up on immense levels, wanting the rocks, rivers, and mountains that inspire local attachments. It is a singular fact, that, with the Russian serf, there is always an unbounded love for him who stands at the head of the system of oppression under which they groan, the emperor, whom they regard as their protector against the oppression of their immediate masters; but to whatever cause it may be ascribed, whether inability to estimate the value of any change in their condition, or a feeling of actual love for the soil on which they were born, during the invasion of Napoleon, the serfs of Russia presented a noble spectacle; and the spirit of devotion, which animated the corps of ten thousand in the north, extended to the utmost bounds of the empire. They received orders to march from St. Petersburg to meet the advance of the French army; the emperor reviewed them, and is said to have shed tears at their departure. Arrived at the place appointed, Witgenstein ordered them to fall back to a certain point, but they answered, “No; the last promise we made the emperor, our father, was, that we would never fly before the enemy, and we keep our word.” Eight thousand of their number died on the spot; and the spirit which animated them, fired the serfs throughout the whole empire. The scholar may sneer, but I defy him to point to a nobler page in Grecian or Roman history.”—Vol. II, pp. 41—43.

The following incident, which our author meets, at Moscow, while it speaks volumes of the nature of despotism, must have been somewhat startling to a free-spoken American, who has heard of *espionage* only in history, and is accustomed to utter his opinions, on all subjects, with the thoughtlessness of a child. He had strolled into the French theatre, when, at the close of the first act, in consequence of some movement he makes, he is rudely accosted, in unintelligible Russian, by one of the understrappers of the place, upon whom he turns his back. The fellow, however, continues to pour out his wrath, until he is driven away by the severe rebukes of a Frenchman, of somewhat prepossessing appearance, of whose character and occupation we may form an idea, from the following passage :

“He was above six feet high, about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age, in robust health, with a large pair of whiskers, rather overdressed, and of manners good, though somewhat imperious and bordering on the swagger. He seemed perfectly at home in the theatre; knew all the actors, and, before the evening was over, offered to introduce me to all the actresses. I was under obligations to him, if not for the last offer, at least, for relieving me from the impertinent door-keeper; and, when the curtain fell, accepted his invitation to go to a restaurant and take a petit souper. I accompanied him to the Restaurant au coin du pont des Mareschaux, which I afterwards ascertained to be the first in Moscow. He was perfectly at home with the carte, knew exactly what to order, and, in fact, he was a man of great general information, perfectly familiar with all continental Europe, geographically and politically, and particularly, at home, in Moscow; and he offered his services in showing me all that was curious and interesting. We sat together more than two hours, and in our rambling and discursive conversation, I could not help remarking that he seemed particularly fond of railing at the government, its tyranny and despotism, and appealing to me as an American and a liberal to sustain him. I did not think any thing of it then, though in a soldier under Charles the Tenth, driven out, as he said, by the revolution of July, it was rather strange; but, at any rate, either from a spirit of contradiction or because I had really a good feeling toward every thing in Russia, I disagreed with him throughout; he took upon himself the whole honors of the entertainment, scolded the servants, called in the landlord, and, as I observed, after a few words with him, went out without paying. I saw that the landlord knew him, and that there was something constrained and peculiar in his behavior. I must confess, however, that I did not notice these things at the time, so clearly, as when I was induced to recur to them by after circumstances, for we went out of the house the best friends in the world; and, as it was then raining, we took a drosky and rode home together, with our arms around each other's neck, and my cloak thrown over us both. About two o'clock, in a heavy rain, I stopped at my hotel, bade him good night, and lent him my cloak to go home with.

“The reader, perhaps, smiles at my simplicity, but he is wrong in his conjecture; my cloak came home the next morning, and was my companion and only covering many a night afterward. My friend followed it, sat with me a few minutes, and was taking his departure, having made an appointment to call for me at twelve o'clock, when there was a knock at the door, and my friend the marquis entered. I presented them to each other, and the latter was in the act of bending his body with the formality of a gentleman of the old school, when he caught a full view of my friend of the theatre, and, breaking off his unfinished bow, recovered his erect position, and staring from him to me, and from me to him, seemed to demand an explanation. I had no explanation to give, nor had my friend, who, cocking his hat on one side, and brushing by the marquis with more than his usual swagger, stamped down stairs. The marquis looked after him till he was at the foot of the stairs, and then turning to me,

asked how, in the name of wonder, I had already contrived to pick up such an acquaintance. I told him the history of our meeting at the theatre, our supper at the restaurant, and our loving ride home, to which he listened with breathless attention ; and after making me tax my memory for the particulars of the conversation at the restaurant, told me that my friend was a disgrace to his country ; that he had, no doubt, been obliged to leave France for some rascality, and was now entertained by the emperor of Russia as a *spy*, particularly upon his own countrymen ; that he was well fed and clothed, and had the entree of all the theatres and public houses without paying. With the earnestness of a man long used to a despotic government, and to seeing slight offences visited with terrible punishments, the marquis congratulated me upon not having fallen into what he called the snare laid for me.”—Vol. II, pp. 52—55.

We have heard the emperor Nicholas spoken of by travellers, who have seen him, and known something of his policy, as a high-minded and noble sovereign ; but if this be a specimen of the system which he has stretched over his almost countless people, by which to keep them in order, and ascertain their opinions, we shall strongly incline to the opinion, that, either from his experience as autocrat, or from some other source, there has been mingled, with his magnanimity, a sufficient infusion of jealousy and meanness.

From the very necessities of his situation, a traveller, on the continent of Europe, is brought into almost daily contact with Jews. It would seem, from the frequent mention made of them, in these volumes, that nearly all the innkeepers in Russia and Poland are of this hated race. They are found scattered over Russia, living in the vilest poverty, though often possessing large wealth, monopolizing, to themselves all the petty commerce, and the semi-respectable employments, which can yield them a sordid gain, and exhibiting, every where, the same offensive peculiarities which, for so many ages, have made them the scorn and contempt of the nations. Poland, however, seems to have been their chosen gathering-place. While in England, and over other parts of the continent, they have been despised and trampled upon for centuries, outcasts from the rights and immunities of citizens, dwelling, by sufferance, in the lands where they have planted themselves, in Poland they seem to have found a more quiet resting-place. Protected, and even cherished, by the government in the days of her national existence, they swarmed hither, in numbers far greater than can be found in any other part of Europe.

We extract Mr. Stephens's description of this singular people, as he found them in Poland :

“As early as the fourteenth century, great privileges were secured to the Jews by Casimir the Great, who styled them his ‘faithful and able subjects,’ induced, according to the chronicles of the times, like Ahasuerus of old, by the love of a beautiful Esther. While in Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and even in England and France, their whole history is that of one continued persecution, oppressed by the nobles, anathematized by the clergy, despised and abhorred by the populace, flying from city to city, arrested, and tortured, and burned alive, and sometimes destroying themselves by thousands, to escape horrors worse than death ; while all orders were arrayed in fierce and implacable hatred against them, in Poland the race of Israel found rest ; and there they remain at this day, after centuries of residence, still a distinct people, strangers and sojourners in the land, mingling with their neighbors in the every-day business of life, but never mingling their blood ; the direct descendants of the Israelites, who, three thousand years ago, went out from the land of Egypt ; speaking the same language, and practising the laws delivered to Moses on the mountain of Sinai ; mourning over their fallen temple, and still looking for the Messiah who shall bring together their scattered nation and restore their temporal kingdom.

“But notwithstanding the interest of their history and position, the Polish Jews are far from being an interesting people ; they swarm about the villages and towns, intent on gain, and monopolizing all the petty traffic of the country. Outward degradation has worked inward upon their minds ; confined to base and sordid occupations, their thoughts and feelings are contracted to their stations, and the despised have become despicable. It was principally in his capacity of innkeeper that I became acquainted with the Polish Jew. The inn is generally a miserable hovel communicating with, or a room partitioned off in one corner of, a large shed serving as a stable and yard for vehicles ; the entrance is under a low porch of timber ; the floor is of dirt ; the furniture consists of a long table, or two or three small ones, and in one corner a bunch of straw, or sometimes a few raised boards formed into a platform, with straw spread over it, for beds ; at one end a narrow door leads into a sort of hole filled with dirty beds, old women, half-grown boys and girls, and children not overburdened with garments, and so filthy that, however fatigued, I never felt disposed to venture among them to rest. Here the Jew, assisted by a dirty-faced Rachel, with a keen and anxious look, passes his whole day in serving out to the meanest customers beer, and hay, and corn ; wrangling with, and extorting money from intoxicated peasants ; and it is said, sometimes, after the day's drudgery is over, retires at night to his miserable hole to pore over the ponderous volumes filled with rabbinical lore ; or sometimes his mind takes a higher flight, meditating upon the nature of the human soul ; its relation to the Divinity ; the connexion between the spirit and the body ; and indulging in the visionary hope of gaining, by means of

cabalistic formula, command over the spirits of the air, the fire, the flood, and the earth.

“Though the days of bitter persecution and hatred have gone by, the Jews are still objects of contempt and loathing. Once I remember pointing out to my postilion a beautiful Jewish girl, and, with the fanatic spirit of the middle ages, himself one of the most degraded serfs in Poland, he scorned the idea of marrying the fair daughter of Israel. But this the Jew does not regard; all he asks is to be secured from the active enmity of mankind. ‘Like the haughty Roman, banished from the world, the Israelite throws back the sentence of banishment, and still retreats to the lofty conviction that his race is not excluded as an unworthy, but kept apart as a sacred people; humiliated, indeed, but still hallowed, and reserved for the sure though tardy fulfilment of the Divine promises.’

“The Jews in Poland are still excluded from all offices and honors, and from all the privileges and distinctions of social life. Until the accession of Nicholas, they were exempted from military service on payment of a tax; but since his time they have been subject to the regular conscription. They regard this as an alarming act of oppression, for the boys are taken from their families at twelve or thirteen, and sent to the army or the common military school, where they imbibe notions utterly at variance with the principles taught them by their fathers; and, probably, if the system continues, another generation will work a great change in the character of the Jews of Poland.”—Vol. II, pp. 188—191.

The last Polish Revolution was the result of an enthusiasm for liberty caught from the people of France. Never was an attempt at national independence made with prospects more entirely hopeless. The people, though undoubtedly victims of an oppressive despotism, were yet as unfit for freedom, as they were impatient of tyranny. By yielding to the revolutionary frenzy, which, at that time, spread over Europe, Poland has gained nothing but defeat. She has only exchanged a dependent existence, for utter and irrevocable extinction as a nation, and for the exile of her bravest and noblest sons to the dreary wastes of Siberia, or to hopeless and unsupported wanderings in the forests of America. Those who were sent to this country, by the emperor of Austria, showed but too plainly their incapacity for self-government, and, we apprehend, exhibited little in their character to increase the sympathy of our people in their fate. After flourishing through their day, as Polish patriots, they were provided by Congress, with lands from the public domain in the West. But, among the quiet labors of husbandry, finding little to keep alive the excitement to which they had been

accustomed, they soon grew discontented, deserted their lands and have since, as we learn, been either cut to pieces by the savages of the Rocky mountains, or merged in the growing population of the western States. Mr. Stephens, we cannot but think, plays the sentimentalist rather unnecessarily, about the condition of this unhappy country. For the facts, which he presents, create in our minds a far different disposition. They compel us to think of the Poles as an idle, inefficient and restless people, too indolent, and too fond of pleasure, to engage in the labors which alone can develop the energies or increase the wealth of a nation. Notwithstanding his enthusiasm for their character and sympathy in their fate, the following passages will hardly be thought to contain a very flattering description. "Society," says our author, "consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders,—the nobles and the peasantry,—without any intermediate degrees.—The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungeur in the Palais Royal, the Tuilleries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in their political feelings; the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough." Again, in speaking of the condition of the trades and the useful arts, he says, "The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses, are principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoe-maker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan." A country of which the people are thus indolent and reckless, how much soever we may pity its misfortunes, we can hardly look upon as prepared for self-government, or as justly claiming our assistance in the efforts it may make to obtain it.

From Warsaw our author makes his way to Cracow, meeting every where the same delays from the avarice and chicanery of the Jewish inn-keepers, and undergoing the same vexatious examinations from the petty officers of a jealous and argus-eyed government. While at Cracow, he visits, of course, the far-famed Salt mines in its neighborhood, of which he gives an interesting and extended description; we can extract, however, only the correction he makes of some of the erroneous reports that have gone abroad, concerning these subterranean regions. "I had heard and read," says he, "glowing accounts of the brilliancy and luminous splendor of the passages and chambers, compared, by some, to the lustre of precious stones; but the salt is of a dark gray color, almost black; and although sometimes glittering when the light was thrown upon it, I do not believe it could ever be lighted up to shine with any extraordinary or dazzling brightness. Early travellers, too, had reported, that these mines contained several villages, inhabited by colonies of miners, who lived constantly below; and that many were born and died there, who never saw the light of day; but all this is entirely untrue. The miners descend every morning and return every night, and live in the village above. None of them ever sleep below. There are, however, two horses which were foaled in the mines, and have never been on the surface of the earth. I looked at these horses with great interest. They were growing old before their time; other horses had perhaps gone down and told them stories of a world above, which they would never know."

We have now arrived at the close of these spirited volumes, and take leave of their amiable author, as he does of us, here, on the banks of the Vistula, and among the wrecks and fragments of what was once the kingdom of Poland.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM GREECE.

Miller, J P

Recorder and Telegraph (1825-1825); Sep 9, 1825; 10, 37; American Periodicals
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"Superstition is losing ground in Greece. Many of the Priests are beginning to preach on the Sabbath, and many of the people to eat meat in Lent. The Priests, as far as I have been able to learn, are generally moral, but devoted to the dogmas of their Church.

"The Greek women are modest, handsome and virtuous. The astonishing examples exhibited here of morals by those Franks, who have come from France, Italy and Germany, have led the Greek females to shun a foreigner, while in his Frank costume, almost as much as a Turk. Schools are beginning to be established in all the principal towns and villages. A Mr. Edward Masson, a gentleman from Scotland, whose classical and religious character is of the highest cast, has devoted himself to the service of Greece. He is accompanied by a Greek, who has been two years in England, learning the Lancastrian system of education, and who by the grace of God, has become experimentally acquainted with the truths of the Gospel. Masson does wonders; he already talks with the priests, and will soon, if Providence permit, establish a school for the study of ancient Greek and philosophy at Tripolizza. Dr. Howe, from Boston, does honor to his country, family and friends. His standard of morality is high. We all love him dearly. He has done much to relieve the sufferings of the wounded already.

"The civil dissensions have all been put down in the Morea. Ulysses is the only chief who is now with the Turks, and he, I think, will soon be subdued. The misery of the country is beyond all description. Women and children are flying, almost naked, and starved, from the fury of the merciless savages—the men with their noses and ears cut off. If there was ever a country, which demanded the charities of the Christian world, that country is Greece. Yet it is my real opinion that she will again take her place among the nations of the earth as a free and enlightened republic. My reasons for thus thinking may be seen in my letters to the Greek committee.

"As to my own fare, you may call it what you please, I have taken the Albanian dress. I have travelled three hundred miles on foot, and carried my gun, dirk and pistols. Five nights I have slept on the ground, without any covering but my carpet, and during three of them it rained incessantly. In short I have waded thro' rivers, climbed mountains amid the snows with my feet to the ground, been exposed to the Turks, and was once very near being cut up by those monsters, whose tender mercies are cruelty. I have fared like a Greek, and with the Greeks I am willing to suffer for the cause of religion and freedom. Call me in America a crusader, or what you like, my life is devoted to the overturning of the Turkish empire; and, if it be the will of God, I hope to see the downfall of the false prophet. God is on the side of the Greeks. 200,000 Turks have already lost their lives in this contest. The campaign is again opening.—Let the Greeks and your unworthy friend have an interest in your prayers. I hope to see you again, but the will of the Lord be done. Farewell.

"Yours affectionately, "J. P. MILLER.

"P. S. I have been over the Olympick game ground, waded through the Alpheus, been quartered in Argos, seen the tomb of Agamemnon, and famous Corinth; but, without bread or accommodations, the classic fame of these places is not exactly so exhilarating as in the College Halls of America. But, should I live, I will hereafter give you an account of them all."

INTERESTING LETTER FROM GREECE.

The following is extracted from a letter lately received at Marblehead, from Mr. JONATHAN P. MILLER of the University of Vermont, who, it will be recollected, was last year fitted out for Greece, by the Greek Committee in Boston.

"*Napoli di Romania, March 17, 1825.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—It is, I hope, with gratitude to God, that I avail myself of an opportunity of writing to you from this place, where I have been providentially detained several weeks, waiting for the payment of the troops. Gen. Jarvis, an American, a young man of 28, who has been in Greece over three years, is the General whom I am with, in the capacity of Aid-de-Camp. Jarvis is a man of principle, and as brave as a lion. We have been under marching orders for attacking the Castle of the Lepant, nearly three weeks; but the delay of the payment of the troops has detained us, till I have the satisfaction to see an American ship anchor in the harbor, the Romp, of Boston, Capt. Smith.

"To you, of whose friendship I have had the most ample proof, I am bound in duty to give some account of the state of Greece and the prospect there is of doing good in this country. I arrived in Greece the 8th of December, and the same day fell in with Col. [now Gen.] Jarvis. Thus did the Lord direct my steps, for such was my ignorance of the Greek character, together with their language, that to all human appearance I must have been a lost man, if I had not found in Jarvis a countryman and friend. He speaks French, Italian, German and Greek, and has witnessed all the transactions of foreigners in Greece for three years. He left New-York at ten years of age, and his father now resides in Germany. I entered the army immediately as a volunteer under his command and have now served in it more than three months. I have travelled over 800 miles in Rometia and the Morea, and by the help of Jarvis, and an English Missionary, whom I escorted through the Morea, have been able to converse with many people in regard to the religious and political concerns of the country. They are all eager for instruction, and are transported at the sight of a tract, or a Bible. The peasantry are virtuous and modest, the merchants cunning, deceitful and intriguing, the soldiers brave, patient and strongly attached to liberty. I have given away several thousands of tracts, which I received of Mr. Temple, at Malta, to citizens, officers and soldiers.—They are much pleased with reading these *feathers*, as they call them, and I have frequently passed through the camp and seen one of the soldiers reading a tract, with ten or twelve others listening to hear him.

LETTERS ON MYTHOLOGY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF C. A. DEMOUSTIER.

(Continued from Vol. 3, page 311.)

LETTER XXXV.

I HAVE slightly sketched for you the feasts of Venus, permit me, fair Emilia, to present you with its partner, in the feasts of Bacchus.

Bacchus was represented upon a car drawn either by tigers or panthers, emblematical of the madness inspired by intoxication ; sometimes he was seen borne by a lynx, and I confess that for that I am unfurnished with a reason ; for the lynx is remarkable for nothing more than a piercing sight ; to be sure a drunken man may see double, but not very far. The god was crowned with ivy, and that diadem was surmounted by a pair of horns. This symbol was given to Bacchus because he was the first that yoked oxen together for tillage. The trunk of an oak was placed near him in memory of his having been the first to exchange the sustenance of man from acorns to fruit and corn ; and a branch of the vine, or of the fig-tree, was also part of his regalia ; in his right hand he held a thyrsis, a species of lance wreathed with vine-leaves. His companions were generally the Muses, to shew that he inspires their songs as often as Apollo.

As the god of drinkers, Bacchus was represented seated upon a tun, his brows bound with ivy, of which the dropping leaves were said to keep down the fumes of the wine ; his broad face was spread with a vermillion color, and his nose

disgustingly red. In one hand he held a cup, in the other a thyrsis twisted with ivy. A magpie was placed near him, to hint that drunkenness is always a babbler. The first priests of Bacchus were Satyrs ; his first priestesses Naiads. In process of time, however, the Naiads were displaced by the Bacchantes, the Thyades, and the Menades ; these different names draw their origin from several words expressive of rage, folly, and madness. The priestesses ran through the fields and the cities armed with the thyrsis, crowned with vine-branches, and dressed in the skins of tigers ; their hair was dishevelled, their mouths foaming, their eyes red and sparkling. Some authors have vaunted their charms ; perhaps with reason ; but I confess they would never have me for a rival. Without virtue I see nothing attractive ; in my eyes even ugliness is embellished by decency : surely there is no true beauty but in that face where modesty visibly reigns.

No sooner did the season arrive in which the feasts of Bacchus were celebrated, than they decorated his temples with vine and ivy. The priests led his statue in triumph under moving groves of vines, while the air resounded with hymns to his honor. The Bacchantes followed, mingling dances and shouts together, both of which were more closely allied to the frantic merriment of madness than the transports of innocent delight. It was usual for this procession to rest under the shade of an oak or a fig-tree. There they placed the god upon an altar, and immolated a he-goat at his feet. This sacrifice was peculiarly acceptable to Bacchus, as in browsing upon the young shoots and earliest buds of the vine, this animal destroys the hopes of the vintage. The priests then bore the victim and the god in triumph : as they went along the inhabitants of the country through which they passed sacrificed a hog before the gates of their houses. In returning from the temple the sacrificers burned the entrails of the victim, and with the remainder of the flesh prepared a feast for the assembly.

Amongst the Athenians it was customary for virgins, covered with long veils but otherwise naked, to present Bacchus

with baskets full of the first fruits of the season. After the offering the priests collected at the sound of the fife and the tamborine, and jumped in regular time over and upon swelled bladders, well covered with fat or oil. You may suppose, my Emilia, that the dancers were often out in their measure, and that false steps were not unfrequent. The fall of each figurant was hailed by the spectators with hisses and clapping of hands ; while a prize was decreed to the person who, in vaulting over the slippery obstacles, had best preserved his equilibrium.

These fantastic games passed from Athens to Rome, where the principal feasts of Bacchus were celebrated during three different periods of the year. The first feast took place in August ; small figures of the god were then suspended to the branches of such trees as shaded the vineyard, in order to give protection to the grape. The second feast was held in the month of January, when the wines of Italy were carried into Rome. The third, and the most solemn, happened in February ; it was called the Bacchanalia, and was exactly held at the same time, and observed with the same extravagance, as we do our carnival. Many learned men have asserted that Bacchus was the Nimrod of the scriptures, he who was termed in holy writ the mighty hunter. They found this hypothesis upon the resemblance which is discoverable in the Greek and Hebrew between the names and surnames of Bacchus and of Nimrod. I think one should not too readily credit this scientific opinion, nor infer the identity of persons from the similarity of their names. I know many Emilias, like you young and lovely ; it is your name they have, almost your features, but where are your virtues ? is it you in truth ? Ah, no ! Other curious scholars have established a comparison between Bacchus and Moses, which is sufficiently plausible to give the idea some authority. Bacchus and Moses were each educated in Orobire ; both the one and the other were conquerors, legislators, and benefactors of the people they conquered. Bacchus is represented with two horns ; Moses with two rays issuing from his head. With his thyr-

sis Bacchus caused fountains of wine to flow ; the rod of Moses called forth a spring of the purest water—the comparison halts in this instance solely in the quality of the liquids. In short, Bacchus having struck with his thyrsis the waters of the Orontes and the Hydaspus, traversed these rivers with unwetted feet ; Moses did the same by the Red Sea. These resembling features prove this, at least, that if Moses and Bacchus are not the same man, they were two men of the same character. Orpheus called Bacchus Moses, Mosem, Moïse, and gave him for attributes ten tables of laws. The names of great men may often belong to the unworthy, but their characters and their actions belong solely to themselves ; and it is by these marks alone that virtue is recognized.—Adieu. To-morrow I will fulfil my former promise, and speak to you of the birth of the Graces.

LETTER XXXVI.

Though some disagree in their accounts of the genealogy of the Graces, the most generally received opinion is, that they are the daughters of Venus and Bacchus. Some painters represent them naked, because they say the Graces should never be disguised ; others cover them with a thin veil. This costume is certainly preferable to the other, since there cannot be any grace without decency, nor any decency without a veil. Mythology, in general, gives us very few details of what relates to these interesting personages ; to supply this deficiency I now send you, my Emilia, the narrative of a pilgrimage I made under your auspices to the temple of these three immortals.

THE TEMPLE OF THE GRACES.

The temple of the Graces is not situated in any place particularly consecrated to their worship. That temple is a fairy palace ; let Beauty appear and immediately the edifice is seen towering to the clouds, presenting a sanctuary adorned with flowers and with trophies. Remove the enchantress and the charm flies, the temple vanishes.

Long had I sought this fugitive temple, which is so diffi-

cult to reach, when I learned that since eight days it was fixed at ———. I began my pilgrimage on the instant. At every step of the roads I encountered a multitude of pilgrims who turned their backs on the very temple they professed themselves desirous of finding. All around I beheld a crowd of originals of every species ; some were coxcombs, learned women, musicians, coquets, painters, methodists, orators, poets, dancers, and philosophers ; the greatest number of these last gaily made the journey on foot, since for them it was but a morning's walk. Women and foreigners came to the temple with all the paraphernalia of the toilet, and were regularly obliged to leave it at the gate. There was the greatest press ; the wits and the beauties announced themselves with tones of authority from the centre of their gilded equipages ; nevertheless, the foot passengers were first admitted. I walked behind them, and at the name of Emilia the door was opened to me. Arrived under the grand porch, I saw around me several separate altars, where those demi-gods were consulted who were known to be the favorite ministers of the Graces ; each of them had his statue placed on his altar. My eyes wandered with delight over the sacred figures of Racine, La Fontaine, Sévigné, Deshoulières, &c. A profound counsellor burned amber upon the altar of Montesquieu ; the sublime author of *The Spirit of Laws* turned from his offering with disdain. At the same moment a woman, buried under folds of gauze, arrived at the foot of a groupe representing Sévigné, Deshoulières, and Ninon, exclaiming with a faltering voice : —“ Since thirty years and more, in spite of Time and Ill-nature, I have always stood at fifteen ; each morning I grow young again, having discovered the road which leads back to youth.”

“ Take care,” said the Oracle, “ it will infallibly lead thee to thy second childhood.”

The timid girl of thirty smiled scornfully, and gave place to a languishing and pale beauty, who sighed out these words : —“ Twenty times a day all my powers forsake me ; I dare assert that no one faints more gracefully than I do. In swoon-

ing I bring the universe under my laws. In my hysterical convulsions I have a breast of alabaster, I display a complexion more transparent than lilies, dying eyes swimming in brilliant tears, a foot worthy the gaze of sculptors, an arm of ivory ; in fine, I represent before my lovers the death of Cleopatra."

The Oracle interrupted her thus :—" Though spasms, vapors, and fits may produce wonderful effects in Paris, we give them no harbor here ; the temple of the three sisters is not an hospital."

The blue-eyed virgin, at this rough reply, rushed out to faint upon the steps of the portico, while a young and modest woman approached to take her station.

" Upon this face, changed by a contagious disorder, Sadness has engraven her characters ; since I have lost all that can charm the eye, dare I present myself in the temple of the Graces ?"

The Oracle replied :—" If thou no longer hast thy natural brightness, it is yet preserved by thy mind and thy heart : when thou shalt please without being beautiful, thy empire shall be more certain and more flattering. The god of Love smiles frequently upon amiable homeliness to revenge himself upon Nature. Thy figure makes thy mind forgotten for the first few moments, but thy mind soon makes thy figure forgotten for ever."—At these words the disgraced fair one knocked at the inner door of the temple, and was instantly admitted.

Before the door stood the celebrated Marcel,* comptroller of dress and manner ; and upon the threshold appeared the illustrious La Bruyere, whose piercing eye discovered the minutest faults of character and talent. Marcel, in his familiar way, kept calling out : " Monsieur l'Abbe, you don't en-

* Marcel was a Professor of the Graces, in high repute forty years ago. No one could be presented at court, or in the world, before they had taken lessons of Marcel. It was he who, in the midst of a ball, after an hour of complete abstraction from all things but what he contemplated, suddenly exclaimed—" How much there is in a minuet !"

ter here ; you look like a doll. You, colonel, are as solemn as if you were the great Pompey ; and you, Mendor, as if you were king Midas. Count, I don't advise you to dance a waltz with that harlequin air. Duchess ! for heaven's sake before you think of entering, take off at least three layers of your rouge ; and in order to breathe a moment, let your maid slacken the lace of your stays. And you, Clara, who seem scarcely able to stand in that vice which you call a shoe, and which seems purposely constructed to put your feet to torture, learn from me that Nature gave us two feet to walk upon.”

(To be continued.)

ART. I.—*Memoirs of Anacreon*; by J. E. HALL.

(Continued from Vol. IX. p. 433.)

THIS picture was hung in one of the apartments which Pisis-tratus had assigned to Anacreon, and I believe it was worshipped much more fervently than any of the deities he had placed there.

The Poet endeavoured to alleviate the pangs of this separation from Eurypyle by the society of her brother Bathyllus, who was a Samian by birth, and beautiful as Narcissus. Anacreon had for a long time wished to obtain his friendship, but the boy had been taught by the sages of the Academus to revolt from the pleasures of wine and music: and the alluring enticements of the Poet had no other effect than to attach the object of his fondness, with more assiduity to the lectures of the schools, and their system of rigid discipline. The following is one, among the many arts by which Anacreon hoped to win his heart.

TO BATHYLLUS.

Gentle youth! whose looks assume
Such a soft and girlish bloom,
Why, repulsive, why refuse
The friendship which my heart pursues?
Thou little know'st the fond controul
With which thy virtue reins my soul!
Then smile not on my locks of gray;
Believe me, oft with converse gay,

I've chain'd the ear of tender age,
And boys have lov'd the prattling sage! *
For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
And mine is many a soothing measure;
And much I hate the beamless mind,
Whose earthly vision, unrefin'd,
Nature has never form'd to see
The beauties of simplicity!
Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
To souls elect, by nature given!

The artist Archas, being employed by Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, to make a statue of Apollo, for the decoration of a temple, which he had erected to that divinity, came to consult Anacreon on the subject. But he either doubted his taste or suspected his partiality when he recommended Bathyllus as a perfect model.

The artist attempted to paint an Apollo, but his mind had been directed to one object, and the utmost exertion of his fancy could not conceive another of superior beauty. After he had finished it, Anacreon desired him to sketch a likeness of the youthful Bathyllus, which he intended to place by that of Eurypyle. But while he was giving his directions, his eye accidentally caught the representation of Apollo, and the resemblance was so accurate that he insisted upon having that portrait; for he feared that Archas could not be more successful, even with the original before him. His conversation was so animated, and his expressions so glowing, that I committed them to writing when I returned home. Anacreon afterwards corrected them and added the charms of melody to the description.

TO A PAINTER. †

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!

* Monsieur Chaulieu has given a very amiable idea of an old man's intercourse with youth:

Que cherche par les jeunes gens,
Pour leurs erreurs plein d'indulgence,
Je tolere leur imprudence
En faveur de leurs agrements.

† The reader, who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting *Junius de Pictura*

Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light;*
 And there the raven's die confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,†
 The flowing of his locks confine;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
 Front, as fair as mountain-snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon dies, enrich'd by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle, in his jetty glances,
 Power that awes, and love that trances;‡

Veterum, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinaris.

* He here describes the sunny hair, "the flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kobienzyck de Luxu Romanorum.

† If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

‡ Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda:

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
 Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
 Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti e belli, &c.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,

Whence in your little orbit lie

Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we by turns may hope and fear!
 Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
 And there let Beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play;
 Blushes, of that celestial flame
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
 Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them!
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses,
 Persuasion sleeping upon roses;*
 And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there;†
 His neck of ivory splendour trace,
 Moulded with soft but manly grace;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' hand,‡
 With which he waves his snaky wand;

So many different traits of fire,
 Expressing each a new desire.
 Now with angry scorn you darkle,
 Now with tender languish sparkle,
 And we who view the various mirror,
 Feel at once both hope and terror.

* It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse.

Οὐδ' ἀργυρεὴ κοτ' ἐλάμψε Πειθῶ.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
 In silver splendours, not her own.

† In the original λαλῶν σιωπῇ. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silentio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

‡ In Shakspeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description:

——— this is his hand,
 His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
 The brawns of Hercules.

Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
 And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
 But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
 With all that glow of young desire,
 Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
 Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
 Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,
 Or its enamour'd touch would show
 His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in veiling shadow lies,
 Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
 Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
 I see a godlike portrait there;*
 So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
 So like Bathyllus but the sun!
 Oh! let this pictur'd god be mine,
 And keep the boy for Samos' shrine;
 Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then the deity!

I had often seen poets in love, during the short intercourse I had had with them, but never did the little boy of Venus enjoy so complete a triumph as he now maintained while he played in the eyes of the fair Eurypyle. Her name constantly dwelled upon the lips of Anacreon, and the anguish of love thrilled his lyre. I have preserved some of the spontaneous effusions of his wild delirium.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

* This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

“Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him.”

TO EURYPYLE.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine, in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.
But for you, my burning mind!
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or flowret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

I should scarcely have deserved the title of friend if I had not participated in the feelings which agitated the heart of Anacreon. An epigram which I presented to him about that time, pleased him so much that he desired a copy of it. It is short and I will insert it here.

TO ANACREON.

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire!
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!
Sing of her smile's bewitching power;
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.*

About this time all Greece was in agitation at the approach of the periodical celebration of the Olympic games. These festivals, the origin of which seems to defy all investigation, are said to have been invented by Iphitus. But it is certain they were in use much earlier than his time. It is said that Clymenus, a descend-

* The expression here, *ανθος κομης*, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus; *Απεκείρας δ' απαλης αμωμον ανθος*.

ant of the Idæan Hercules, instituted them in Olympia, fifty years after the deluge of Deucalion. He was deprived of his kingdom by the rude usurpation of Endymion, and the games were, for a time, discontinued. After an interval of nearly a century, they were re-established by Amythaon, the son of Cretheus, who had expelled the sons of Pelops.

It is also well known, from the legends of tradition, that at one of the festivals, Iolaus, the famous charioteer of Hercules, was crowned by him, for his skill in the chariot race, and that Iasius Archas was successful at the same time, in the race of single horses. Hercules himself did not disdain to engage in the feats of wrestling and in the Pancratium, and he was victorious in each of these exercises.

But it is, perhaps, owing to the slight estimation in which they were held for a long time, and to a temporary discontinuance, that the sole honour of their establishment has been usually ascribed to Iphitus, who merely revived them with uncommon grandeur and dignity.

The celebration had been neglected for many years, when Iphitus, who had obtained the province of Eleia, in the division of the peninsula, being anxious to avert the storm that was impending over his little domains, sought the advice of the oracle at Delphi. The Pythia replied, that the gods were offended at the long neglect of the festivals anciently celebrated at Olympia, on the banks of the Alpheus, which had been particularly grateful to them.* Iphitus next consulted with Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, on the most proper means of putting the recommendation of the oracle in execution; and a plan was devised for renewing and perpetuating the ceremony thus dictated by the authority of the gods themselves.

Heralds were immediately despatched to the different states of Greece, and although most of them were engaged in quelling internal commotions or resisting foreign encroachments, they yet agreed to a general truce; and all their heroes hastened with alacrity to the place appointed, by the invitation of the son of Oxylus. The place which he selected was worthy of the magnitude and

* Phlegon apud Eusebius.

importance of the occasion. It was amid the mountains of Olympus, whose lofty tops defied the gaze of the most ardent eye, and seemed to mock the most indefatigable efforts of perseverance. Indeed, it was believed in those days, that Jupiter sometimes assembled his councils on one of the highest summits.* Many of the divinities, and of the terrestrial gods, who are intermediates between the inhabitants of heaven and earth, had selected the romantic ridges of these mountains for their abode or their worship.†

There they were protected from the rude pelting of the storm, and their fancy was delighted by the diversified appearance of venerable trees and humble flowers—they were lulled by the gentle murmuring of the rivulet, or roused by the impetuous torrent of the descending cataract. After the death of Iphitus they were again discontinued until the age of Coræbus, who revived them with such circumstances of pageantry, that they have been regularly celebrated ever* since that epoch.

Every Grecian is sensible of the great advantages which his country has derived from this noble institution. The preparatory discipline to which the youth must submit, who are ambitious to win the laurels, enures their bodies to hardship, and the generous rivalry that prevails in the exercises expands their souls.

By these means, a noble band of youth is trained to become the ornament and protection of the country. When the clarion of war resounds through the states, they are active and alert to display the boldest deeds of valour, or in the Agora, their commanding eloquence persuades the passions and stills the tumults of the multitude. But these are not the only benefits which result from the Olympic games. Our country is divided into many states, which differ in their internal policy, their dialects and their customs. When threatened with invasion, it is necessary they should unite in the common defence. As this was a festival which every Grecian considered a duty to attend, men from the most remote quarters were assembled every fourth year at Elis: and the united worship of the same divinities, was of admirable effect in pro-

* Hom. Odyss. lib. 6, v. 42. Il. lib. xix. v. 40.

† Κατα πτυχας Ολυμποιο. Along the foldings of Olympus.

ducing a harmony of disposition and similarity of manners. Men of knowledge imparted to each other the result of their researches, and soldiers organized systems of defence against the hour of danger. The weak solicited and obtained the protection of the strong, and the emulation of the young was stimulated by the renown of the eminent.

Pisistratus having been informed that many famous men were to be present at the games which were now to be held at Elis, had spared no exertions to make his preparations the most magnificent that had hitherto been witnessed. Nor was he disappointed. Perhaps there never was such a galaxy of genius assembled in one city, and the splendour of the dresses and decorations would have vied with the richness of a Persian court. The games, which commenced on the eleventh day of the month Hecatombæon, continued five days. The last day is appropriated to the distribution of the laurels—the well-earned rewards of ingenuity, perseverance, and valour.

At the moment we arrived, the charioteers were prepared for the eager contest. A number of chariots, with four horses abreast in each, were seen in regular array. The generous animals, by the fire which darted from their eyes, their widely distended nostrils and a violent pawing of the earth, seemed to participate in the ardour and the impatience of their masters. The long expected signal was at length given, and in an instant the light was almost obscured by the dust which arose from the feet of the coursers, and the revolutions of the burning wheels. At intervals the clouds were dispersed, and we saw the streamers of the charioteers cleaving the air. Not a whisper is heard from the multitude, but the air resounds with the hissing of wheels, the cracking of whips, and the animating cries of the competitors. At one moment all the chariots appeared but as one compact body—the rival steeds bend their heads low to the earth, as if to catch new vigour—the drivers, wound up to the highest tone of emulation, can scarcely retain their giddy seats—they rise upon their feet and are poised by the well pressed bit. Lo! the phalanx is broken—the nimble steeds of Philothos of Mitylene, by a sudden leap, have extricated their wheels from the line, and their heads are seen before those of their neighbours. But the victory

is of short duration. The youthful Nomantor of Teos encourages his steeds by reproachful cries. At his well known voice, the car is borne on the chafed bit, and they dash forward with foaming mouths and snorting nostrils by the side of the milk-white steeds of Philothos. Already the goal is within their leap, when the wheels of the Teian burst their scorching axle. The unfortunate charioteer is thrown over the beam and dragged through the dust. His horses, unmindful of their fallen master, press on the beaten course. But in vain! their rivals, exulting in this disaster, redouble their speed, and a glittering helmet and the loud plaudits of the multitude, soon reward the hopes of the hero of Mitylene.

While we were examining the various countenances of the unsuccessful candidates, the cheering sounds of music summoned us to another ground, where fresh honours awaited triumph, and new mortifications were prepared for defeat.

Fifty foot racers were seen arrayed in short garments, and a flowing mantle thrown loosely over their shoulders. They were regularly arranged at the door of the temple, and they testified by the angry glances which they threw upon each other, their impatience for the contest and the eagerness of their hopes. At length the signal so wished and so dreaded, is given: the mantle is thrown off, and their well formed limbs are displayed. For some time the speed of all is nearly equal: but at length two seem to outstrip the others, and victory, for many minutes, hovers between them. As neither can pass the other, they are obliged to resort to those expedients which are sanctioned by the laws of the Pancratium. One endeavours to trip his rival, who retaliates by striving to push him aside. Thus the contest is continued dubious, until one of Chios, who from his nimbleness, was surnamed Achilles, gets the start. Then the shouts of the spectators animate and encourage his rapid steps—he presses on, alert and vigorous, until he arrives at the envied spot, where the laurel wreath awaits his arrival. The judges decree the dearly earned honour, and the decision is sanctioned by the approving acclamations of the surrounding multitude.

The unfortunate candidates retire in confusion from the tumultuous scene, to conceal the mortification that darkens their brows,

and to wash off the sweat and dust that cover their exhausted limbs.

I am now old, but the blood in my veins yet throbs with the melancholy pleasures of retrospection when I think of the days I have described. Although many Olympiads have scattered their snows over my forehead, my mind yet springs with all the elasticity of youth, as my feeble tongue recounts the times that are past, and memory, faithful to her trust, presents the picture of the ardour and enthusiasm of youth in the vivid colours of reality. It was not a parcel of obscure men who had assembled to contend for a few paltry leaves, to satisfy a little vanity by displaying the pageantry of wealth, but it was a collection of the greatest men in the Greek states.* Some were dignified by a long line of illustrious ancestry, and others were ennobled by their own merit. There, young men actuated by that noble spirit which a generous emulation excites, resorted with high aspiring hopes to earn the sweet rewards that glory gives. Each competitor who presented himself, felt conscious of the purity of his life, for he knew he had to undergo the scrutiny of collected Greece. When the *athletæ* or other competitors came forward at the proclamation, the herald announced their names and the States which they represented. Those who had made themselves illustrious by sig-

* The Romans, who regarded the refinement of their neighbours with a jealous eye, saw nothing but a spirit of commerce in all the religious festivals of Greece. These games in particular, were termed *the commerce of Olympia*. *Olympiorum initium autorem habuit Iphitum Elium. Is eos ludos, mercatumque instituit.* Paterc: lib. 1. There can be little doubt but that among such a concourse of people, many attended solely for the purposes of traffic, to which the Grecians were generally addicted. The immunities offered by the general armistice, *σπονδαι Ὀλυμπικαί*, which was sacredly observed at such periods, enabled the traders to transport their merchandize towards Olympia, with perfect safety. The advantages resulting from this periodical influx of men of wealth, could not have escaped the discernment of such a monarch as Iphitus, who advanced the prosperity of Elis as much by the arts of peace, as the glory of Sparta was promoted by his rival and friend, by the horrors of war. The Elians, however, became too knowing in the petty tricks of trade, and they were as regardless of the obligations of faith as a modern Gaul. For their notorious knavery they were wholly excluded from the Isthmian games. See De Pauw.

nal services, were welcomed by the loudest plaudits. After he had concluded this ceremony, the lists were opened, and other heralds proclaimed in a solemn manner:

“GRECIANS: *These are the men who are about to contend for the palm of fame. If there be any among you who can reproach one of them with a crime, or know of his having been in bondage, come forward and declare it, that he may not sully the honour of the games.”*

He who had the temerity to challenge such a test, was sure to have his guilt detected, and his effrontery punished.

The Hippodromus, where the horse and chariot races were held, exhibited the most brilliant spectacle. Monarchs have not disdained to train their steeds to contend in this part of the ceremony—and even republics have appropriated large sums for the same purpose. Here they strive to surpass each other, not only in the fleetness of their horses, but in the splendour of their trappings and the generosity of their rivalry.

But the amusement is not confined to those who are engaged in corporeal exercises. The games attract all who are ambitious of displaying whatever qualities they may possess. You may find the invention of the poet, the subtlety of the metaphysician, the bright colours of the painter, and the melody of the lyrist; the last of which is particularly various and delightful. The Phrygian, solemn and religious, the soft and plaintive notes of the Lydian, the martial noise of the Doric, the Ionic, gay and cheerful, and the simple strains of the Æolic, may all be heard in the most exquisite perfection. I was particularly entertained by a young poet named Lycon, who, mounted on a rostrum, composed verses with facility, upon every subject that was proposed to him. Rhapsodists were seen wandering in all directions, and repeating passages from the most eminent authors. He who appeared to be the most popular, was reciting detached parts of Homer, with all that zeal of enthusiasm which such poets only can inspire. Another, jealous of the admiration he excited, thus interrupted him:

“Who is this Homer, this strolling bard,” said he, **“whom you are eulogizing with all the extravagance of panegyric? It had been well if the tyrant of Athens had relieved the wants of the**

living poets who honoured him, instead of lavishing his treasures upon the useless rhapsodies of an obscure beggar. Has he displayed that judgment so essential in a poet, in his *Iliad*? His characters are not heroes endued with the power of volition: they are mere agents. Look at his famous chieftain, Achilles,—where does he perform a single courageous action without the aid of some god? Who inspired his great rival for glory, the uxorious Hector, with the boldness which he displays in his combats with the various Grecian heroes, but Jupiter? And when the poet is so profane as to make the king of the gods versatile and inconsistent; when Jupiter gives his assistance to the Greeks, where is the mighty courage of Hector? He becomes a coward and flies in disgrace to hide his diminished head. In another instance, when Glaucus encounters Diomed, although they are in the heat of battle, when every nerve is strung, when the eye looks only to the banners of victory or the trophies of an honourable death, Diomed is dismayed by the majestic mien of his antagonist, and he endeavours to shelter himself by declaring he will not fight with an immortal. We are then carried from the tented field, and instead of contemplating the deeds of heroes, we are amused with a nursery tale of the life and parentage of Glaucus—and all this is to prove that he is a mortal, and to provoke his enemy to the combat.

“ This same Diomed, in a council of chieftains, when Agamemnon desired them to deliberate upon some new and more effectual means of annoying the Trojan army, enters into a long account of his genealogy, and obliges his companions by particular descriptions of each of his ancestors. He then gravely concludes by advising the generalissimo to exhort the soldiers to courage and perseverance! Moreover, he evinces a very vitiated taste by many similies which he introduces. Thus he compares Ulysses to a piece of beef on the coals, and Ajax to an ass. Such comparisons neither illustrate nor dignify; on the contrary, they obscure the sense and make the objects ridiculous.

“ He has introduced gods enraged with anger and inflamed with lust; and even produced before our eyes, their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. He has exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities, and dissensions; their origin

and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites indulged, to all manner of excess; their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived a mortal offspring.*

“Can you claim the wreath of fame for one who thus sullies the dignity of epic poetry, by making the gods more abandoned, more profligate, weak and unsteady than men? Who summons them from their ethereal seats in every trifling emergency? Who converts his heroes into cowards and garrulous old women, and makes his wise men fools?”

“I see,” answered the rhapsodist, “that you are one of those unsuccessful poets who are envious of the opening buds of Homer’s laurel—you are thrown into the shade by the lustre of those rays which now begin to shine around his tomb, and you would strive to dim their splendour. But the bright beam of his glory is coming on, and I need not the gift of prophecy to predict, that in many ages after this, his fame, which but now appears like a meteor twinkling in the horizon, to relieve the obscurity of the night, will shine resplendent as a star of the first magnitude.

“You say he wants judgment to conduct an epic poem. But does he not display his wisdom by ascribing every thing to the source from which it is derived? Are not all our passions and propensities instilled into our bosoms by the all pervading influence of the gods? And was it not the duty of the poet to inculcate that reverence for them which we ought to feel? But whatever he wants in judgment, and perhaps his discretion sometimes slumbers, is amply supplied by his intuitive and luxuriant genius. His eye excursive rolls over the boundless expanse of the heavens, or descends to describe the transactions of the sublunary world. Yet he disgusts us not with the mean and the familiar: like a skilful provider, he selects the choicest viands, and lavishes them with no unsparing hand.

“Every art must have a commencement, and every inception must, in some degree, be imperfect. The age of Homer was

* This last passage is translated from Cicero’s first book, *De Natura Deorum*. Plato expelled Homer from his imaginary Commonwealth on account of the viciousness of his Theology.

rude, and its taste, as well as its manners, was uncultivated. By comparing the period at which he wrote, with the present time, we shall find that we have made a rapid progress in improvement; and yet I doubt whether we can exhibit so wonderful a genius. None of our poets have caught so fervid a flame to illumine their conceptions as that which he respired. And even with this model before our eyes, no one evinces such maturity of judgment and such excellence of execution.

“Homer seems, as in a concert of music, to have sung all the different parts which can possibly be introduced into poetry; and to have surpassed all his cotemporary poets in the very art in which each of them excelled. He is more noble and lofty in his language than Orpheus; his verse is sweeter than the melody of Hesiod, and in other respects he has excelled the rest. The subject he treats is the Trojan story, in which fortune had collected, and as it were displayed, all the virtues both of the Greeks and the barbarous nations: there he has represented wars of all kinds: sometimes of men against men, and sometimes opposed to horses: sometimes against walls and rivers, and sometimes even against gods and goddesses.—He has likewise represented peace in all her attractions, and discord in all her horrors; he has described dances and songs, and loves and feasts; he has taught what belongs to agriculture, and has marked the seasons which are fit for the several rural toils; he has sung of navigation, and of the art of working metals by fire, and has painted the different figures and manners of men: he has given the soundest lessons in government, and has inculcated the purest principles of morality. All this, I think, Homer has done in a wonderful and almost supernatural manner, and those who are not in love with him are not in their senses.”*

The animation of this zealous defender of the character of Homer, produced in my mind a train of reflections upon his life and profession.

To poverty we are not less indebted for the songs of olden time,

* Instead of inserting a laboured defence of Homer in this place, I thought the reader might be more pleased with the opinion of an older author. This last passage, therefore, is taken from Philostrata. Heroicks. 11.

than for many of those of a modern date. The historian of Troy could find no sympathizing heart to cheer his grief and administer to his wants. This compelled him to resort to the profession of an ΑΟΙΔΟΣ, or strolling bard, a character well known in those days. It was the policy of the Egyptian law to interdict all music, as tending to enervate the mind, and poetry, her sister art, was so shackled by the prescriptions of authority, as to droop her head. But in Greece, where the very genius of the government expands the mind, and the climate inspires the fancy, they lifted their enchanting voices, and sung such airs as the gods might not disdain to hear. This passion for poetry gave rise to the profession of which I speak. In those day-dreams which imagination sometimes inspires, I have contemplated the Αοιδος, strolling from town to town, free from care, unrestrained by the discipline of the laws, and uncontrouled by the power of the magistrate; eliciting tears from the tender, and commanding the homage of the wealthy—such a man have I wished to be.

We are told by Hecatæus, who lived not long after Homer, that an Αοιδος must know Πολλα θελκυηρια, *many soothing tales*, to win the ear: his subjects must be εργα Ανδρων τε θεων τε the deeds of gods and men, for their's it is

Θεοισι τε κ' Ανδρων ποισι Αειδειν.

To mortals and immortals both to sing.

That Homer was of this profession, all historical testimony concurs in avouching: but it is more particularly declared in his own hymn to Latona and her offspring, whose feast was held at Delos, and was attended by a vast concourse of people from Ionia and the adjacent isles.

“HAIL YE HEAVENLY POWERS,” exclaims the poet, “*whose praises I delight to sing; let my name be remembered in the ages that are rolling on: and when the weary traveller reclines in our porticos, and inquires who is the sweetest among the singers of the flowing verse, who strikes the harp at your banquets, and whose song steals most pleasantly upon your delighted ears? Then do ye, Powers who inspired me, make answer—it is the blind man who dwells in Chios—his songs are sweeter than all that can be sung.*”

When the bard entered a house, he was greeted with welcome words by the host. In the words of Homer himself, he gladly

received the *bard divine to cheer him with a song*. His wearied limbs were placed upon a couch, where his thirst was allayed, and food was liberally supplied. Next he bathed, and after he had drunk some *Μηλιηθεα οινον*, *heart cheering wine*, he was called upon to contribute his mite towards the general entertainment. Then the bard pours a libation to Jupiter Hospitalis, and sings to his generous entertainer:

I know thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly cordial host;
But let me drink and fill at pleasure,
Thus I enjoy the liquor most.

Then he attunes his harp—his voice is raised, and they feel that benignant influence which is powerful to banish grief—to assuage the angry passions, and to cast a pleasing oblivion over all those causes of discontent and distress which strew the rugged path of life with thorns. After suffering the wants of hunger—having been pressed down by fatigue, while he vainly strove to shelter his body from the pitiless blast, how joyful is it to experience a cordial reception and find a lavish banquet! The heart of the bard, alive to every impression, is warmed to the enthusiasm of genius. He opens his whole soul in strains of poetic inspiration. The boldest metaphors sparkle in his vivid verse, and figures dart through his lines with a rapidity and splendour that defy the feeble grasp of criticism.

Certainly the most beautiful madness and amiable passion, is when the love of the muses seizes upon a soft and sensible mind: it is then that it exalts the soul, throws the votary into extacies, and bursts out into hymns and songs or other strains of poesy, and at once celebrate the high achievements of ancient times, and instruct the generations to come. This is so certain, that whoever he be that pretends to the favours of the muse, without partaking of this madness, from an opinion, perhaps, that art alone is sufficient to make a poet, he may assure himself that he will fail in his character: his work will be lame, and while the productions of the inspired poetic train are read and admired, his sober performance will sink into oblivion.*

* This last passage is from Plato in Phædro.

My reflections were interrupted by the laughter of a group of young men who were amusing themselves with a sort of enigmatical questions or griphical* amusements, so incongruous, that it seemed impossible for the liveliest ingenuity to reconcile their apparent contradictions. One of these wits asked what that is which is very large at its birth, and also in old age, but very small when at maturity? The various answers which he received, increased the diversion; and the reiterated peals of laughter that followed each unsuccessful attempt, almost prevented any one from proposing another solution. At length a happy thought relieved our curiosity. *It was a shadow*, which was large in the morning and evening, and diminutive at mid-day. Another said, "there are two sisters who continually beget each other." These parents, children, and sisters, we learnt were *day and night*.† A third asked—"what is that which is found at once on the earth, in the sea, and in the heavens? He, after many ludicrous responses, was answered, "the dog—the serpent—the bear"—names which have been given to certain constellations.

Those who offered solutions which they could not justify, were obliged to pay some forfeit.

In the evening I reminded Anacreon of the dispute about Homer, which we had heard, and asked him why he had never selected some eventful epoch in the history of his country, and endeavoured to record it with the dignity of epic narrative.

"I have often thought," he replied, "that the epic poet stands upon a more lofty ground than the amatory enthusiast, for he interests both the judgment and the feelings, whereas we make our appeal only to the heart. If but a single bosom respond in the voice of sympathy, we are satisfied, and listen to the censure of critics with the most frigid apathy. It is true, that the epic writer addresses not only those who surround him, but is heard by dis-

* Griph, from *γρίφος*, which signifies a net. This classical and diverting pastime has continued to the present time. There is no doubt of its having been known among the ancients. Suid. in *ἱρίφ*. Schol. Aristophin *Vesp.* v. 20. Theodect. ap Athen. lib. 20, 20, &c.

Blackstone has remarked the tenacity with which games of childhood are preserved by successive generations.

† These words are feminine in the Greek language.

tant posterity. But how can I be gratified by the applause which is withheld until I cannot enjoy it; and how disregarded are those laurels which may bloom not until my form has withered in the silence of the tomb!* No, no, my friend, I will not waste those days which should be given to the charms of nature, and the nights that are due to the revels of mirth and festivity, in an idle pursuit of posthumous fame. I like not distant prospects, but I will seize the fleeting moments as they fly. Let my soothing numbers impart the extatic thrill of love to hearts that are not cast in a frigid mould: may beauty sweetly smile, and meek-eyed

* In endeavouring to find an apology for his own idle and voluptuous life, Anacreon does not speak the language of the true poet. The love of fame is an active principle, without which, the world would never have been enlightened by those brilliant models of perfection which now adorn our closets. Milton once called it "the last *infirmity* of noble minds;" but it was that very infirmity which placed him under the persecution and subsequent neglect of a bigotted age, which forgot the poet of heaven in *the zealot of rebellion*: it was that infirmity which led him, in the pride of superior genius, to promise immortality as the price of his safety, to the name of the "knight in arms," who threatened his defenceless door "when the assault was intended to the city."

He can requite thee, *for he knows the charms*
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these:
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Longinus recommends that we should always consider what judgment posterity will pass upon ourselves and our actions: and Gray, in his commentary upon his third essay, mentions the contempt of fame as one principal characteristic of vice in his age. Many are the uses of good fame, he adds, to generous minds: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short lived as our fame. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition, and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them.

But the simple confession of the lively old Gascon, pleases me more than any passage upon this subject that I have read.

I have devoted this book to my kindred and friends, to the end that when they have lost me, which they will do soon, they may there retrace some of my qualities and humours, and consequently that their remembrance of me may be more lasting.

Pref. to Montaigne's Ess.

virtue not disdain to listen to my lays. Thus shall pleasure sparkle in my eyes, and elastic hope irradiate my brow. Let the blush of Cupid impart its glow to my colours, and let me gaze on the eye of Venus when I would excite the emotions of rapture. Thus will I court the graces, and then will the muses not reject their humble votary.

“Lo! here are my tablets—these thoughts would have lulled me to repose yester-evening, had I not arose and given them a more permanent habitation than my perpetually revolving brain.”

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
Which drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No—from an eye of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd cupids flew;*
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes!

“The impressions that were upon my mind,” he continued, when I returned his ode, “seemed to remain during my sleep, and they created a dream which I shall relate to you. My wandering imagination carried me back to the earliest moments of infancy. I found myself in the arms of a nurse, and was terrified

* Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the *Anthologia*, which has a fancy something like this:

—Οὐ μὲ λεληθας
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.
Archer Love! though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress “un petit camp d'amours.”

by the angry contention of two personages, whose air and costume resembled those of our statues of Minerva and Mars. They endeavoured to bribe the fidelity and flatter the fondness of the good old woman by specious promises. The one predicted that I should imbibe the lessons of wisdom under her care, and when my increasing years had entitled me to a seat in the councils of sages, that I should teach experience, and the impetuosity of youth should be restrained by my eloquence.

“The other allured her by a brilliant display of imperial honours, and excited her enthusiasm by the clangour of warlike instruments. In the midst of their altercations, they were interrupted by the entrance of a female. Their angry accents died on their lips as they gazed upon her charms. No youthful poet in the warmest vision of fancy ever beheld such matchless beauty. I cannot describe her to you, unless I be again transported into this mid-world, and learn a new language. It was Venus who enraptured my infant eyes. She beamed a bewitching smile upon the disputants, and seizing me in her arms, in an instant relieved my nurse from their importunity. She bore me to fragrant groves where every perfume saluted the sense, and where the myrtle gently interweaving with the branches of the lotus, taught me the lessons of friendship and love.

“See the use I have made of this fleeting vision.

THE DREAM.*

One day, the Muses twin'd the hands
Of baby Love, with flow'ry bands;

* By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty.

Though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love.

‘Α ΚΥΡΠΙΣ ΜΟΥΣΑΙΟΙ, &c.

“Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;”
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms;
“Or Love shall utter in your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!”

And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;*
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
"Who could wish for liberty?"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore, &c.
Love wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Trac'd every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, linger'd there.

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confin'd;
And every curlet was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twin'd.

Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above:
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

* Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyll of Moschus:

Ὁ μανυτὰς γέρας ἔξει, &c.

On him who the haunts of my Cupid can show
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he, who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

When the games were concluded, the strangers returned to their several homes, charmed with the hospitality they had enjoyed, and amazed at the splendour they had witnessed.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with the lovely Myrilla, daughter of a deceased senator. Descended from an ancient and illustrious family, she ennobled her rank by her virtues. Although she was above the common stature, her person was well formed—her whole mien majestic. Her hair, which covered a finely turned neck with its graceful ringlets, was a luxuriant auburn. Her azure eyes expressively displayed the emotions of her soul, and dimples eternally played around her mouth, for it was always arrayed in smiles. Her cheek displayed the rivalship of the lily and the rose; but virtue reigned in her heart.

Her father had left her at too early a period for her to feel his loss; but his place was supplied by the care of a fond relative. Such was the happy facility of her disposition, that when the mirthful strings of the lyre warbled the notes of festivity, she twined through the mazes of the dance; and when weariness had fatigued her, she enlivened the silence of the midnight hour by the vivacity of her conversation. The young were insensibly allured by the soft harmony of her voice, and the aged did not disdain to listen to her words and approve her wisdom. They adored the purity of her mind, while they admired the richness of her fancy and the vividness of her wit. Yet this was so softened by the amenity of her temper, that while all laughed at its archness, no feelings were ever wounded by its application. She was accurately acquainted with the history of her own country, and all of the other parts of Greece which had produced historians to record their transactions. Her companions were amused and improved by the justness of her remarks upon our most popular poets, and their happiest inspirations seemed to acquire new attractions from the melody of her recitations.

Her taste in literature was at once accurate and delicate. It had never been refined by the subtlety of artificial rules, but was the result of her own observation and good sense. Yet although she was thus superior to the greater portion of her sex, she was not ostentatious of her acquisitions. She kindly threw a veil over

them when she saw they would oppress the inferiority of her companions: and by that constant flow of good nature which pervaded her own bosom, she diffused cheerfulness, and irresistibly attracted the love and admiration of all who had a heart to feel.

By the idle and the envious, who were thrown in the shade by the brightness of those rays which her merit beamed around her, she was accused of vanity. But her's was a vanity which they had never felt—which they could never feel. Her vanity taught her to seek the love and aspire to the praise of all who knew her. It was the fertile source of all her excellence: it was a desire to please: an ambition to excel.

Venus, when she girded her with the zone of attraction, had breathed over her face the purple light of youth;* in her eyes, little loves transported the enraptured gaze of admiration, and her lips were the sweet roses of persuasion.†

I will not say she was very susceptible of the softer emotions of love. Her better prudence regulated and restrained her feelings. Her discrimination was quick—her selection judicious; and she never violated any professions which her affection prompted and her judgment sanctioned; but those who merited it, experienced a friendship not capricious nor cool, but warm and sincere, uniform and lasting.

Her imagination, fertile and inquisitive, was constantly on the

* Virgil somewhere says *lumen juventæ purpureum*. This expression I take to be merely figurative, and not as meant to describe the precise colour of the object to which the epithet is applied. So in Horace we have *rosea cervix purpureis ales coloribus*, &c. and in Homer, κομὰς υακί θινὰ ἀνθειομοίας. Pindar speaks of the *violet* curls of a female of distinguished beauty. In this instance, I believe, he does not speak metaphorically. The violet colour was considered as ornamental in his time. I write this note, however, from memory, and I may be wrong.

† The ancients, in order to convey an idea of a mouth perfectly lovely, generally represented it by *the lips of persuasion*. Thus Meleager calls his mistress ἡδὺ γοδὸν πειθὺς, *the sweet rose of persuasion*. And thus also,

Καλλὸς εἶχες Πυπριδος, Πειθὺς στομα, σομα, σομα καὶ ἀκμὴν
Εἰαρινῶν ὥρων. Anthol. B. 7.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are yours,
And the fresh beauty of the vernal showers.

wing. The legends of love, and the romantic fictions of our poets, ever found in her an attentive listener. She delighted in the wild song, which erstwhile had cheered the uncultivated barbarian in his pathless wanderings, or greeted him at even-time after the labours of the chase, before polity had tamed the excursive fancy and quenched the fondness for a rambling life. Her heart was alive to the softest touches of harmony, and she had a tear for the tale of wo, when it stole upon her willing ear. Such was Myrilla. Even now I see her, lovely, meek, and amiable, such as I first knew her: In her manners, free without familiarity; dignified, but not haughty: in her conversation, easy without levity, and sensible without pedantry.

Need I add, that beauty so attractive, loveliness so seducing, accomplishments so ornamental, excited my admiration, and soon won my warmest love! I was in the spring of life. The vernal glow of hope was mine, and fancy, elate and gay, gilded the prospect, which a disposition naturally sanguine, had delighted to contemplate. My patrimony was small; but it was sufficiently ample for one whose ambition was not to be diverted from its pursuits by slight obstacles, whose desires were restrained by content, and whose industry could be stimulated to every exertion, when animated by the smiles of her who should bestow its reward. I did not affect to conceal the ardent wishes of my soul. My hopes and fears were expressed in an ode in the Ionic measure. It was my first attempt to soar in the regions of poetry, since I had received the lessons of Anacréon; and if the grandeur of the subject be remembered, the youthful muse certainly winged a daring flight.

TO MYRILLA.

Myrilla! by the Powers above,
I yield to thee my warmest love.
And should thy wishes make thee mine,
I never will be aught but thine.

'Tis not the auburn locks of hair,
That play in ringlets round the fair;
'Tis not her cheeks o'erspread with smiles:
'Tis not her voice which care beguiles:

'Tis not her lips with roses dress'd,
Where bees might gladly sink to rest:
'Tis not her blue eye's thrilling glance:
'Tis not her feet that wind the dance:
'Tis not the grace with which they move
That warms my heart with ardent love:

But 'tis her finely polish'd mind,
By Virtue's fondest care refin'd;
Like Hesper at the eve of day
When Sol has beam'd his latest ray—

Teach me, ye Gods, some happy art
To win the young Myrilla's heart;
Else will the gloomy shades receive,
The youth whom love forbids to live,
There too, her magic power I'd feel,
And, spite of frowns or angry steel,—
Lur'd from my rest by her sweet strain,
My shade would rise to love again.

Then take, oh take my proffer'd love
Witness, ye Gods who rule above!
And be thou ever only mine
And I'll be ever only thine.

When I had finished this ode, I sighed at observing how inadequately it expressed the fervour of my feelings. So far was I from blushing at my passion, that I gloried in the indulgence of it. I was pleased to find that I had a heart susceptible of the finest emotion of which our nature is capable, and I was proud of the selection that it had made. Myrilla, so accomplished and beautiful, would have reflected honour on the homage of any man, and in proportion to the purity of his affection, would be the increase of his virtue and the refinement of his manners. Such is the power of Love. His plastic hand moulds the most rugged, and softens the ferocious. He banishes every vicious propensity by offering a reward to sincerity, which can only be attained by habits of virtue, temperance, and urbanity.

But the fear that Myrilla would not deem me worthy of the high honour to which I aspired, plunged me into the gloom of despondence. Quitting the society of convivial men, whose wit had now lost its attractions, I became a solitary wanderer in the

white valley of Pedion, and roved on the banks of the Cephissus. Amid these sylvan scenes I resigned myself to the indulgence of those delicious reveries of melancholy which none but the melancholy can enjoy. Every object furnished me a simile. When I beheld the waves gently pursuing each other, and at length commingling and rolling on in a larger torrent, "ah," I exclaimed, "thus should the souls of Myrilla and Critias be united, and softly glide down the stream of life!"

The branches of the vine, interweaving their foliage to protect the flowers of the plain from the fervid beams of the sun, seemed to indicate that happy union which adds confidence to each, and shelters them in all the persecutions of misfortune.

Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom on a sultry afternoon, when I retired to a favourite bower near the altar of the muses, where Codrus had devoted himself to death for the preservation of his country against the invasion of the Peloponnesians.* This spot was endeared to me by the circumstance of its having been the scene of our first meeting. On the table where her arm had frequently rested, I carved these words:

When here my Love her form reclines,
May Zephyr waft his genial winds;

* During the reign of Codrus, the son of Melanthus, who had saved his country by the prowess which he displayed in a single combat with the Boeotian monarch, Athens was threatened with total subversion by the Peloponnesians. But while the armies were preparing for battle, intelligence arrived that the Delphian oracle had declared that that side should be successful which lost its chief. Upon hearing this response, Codrus resolved to sacrifice his life on the shrine of patriotism. Under cover of the night, and disguised in mean attire, he penetrated the camp of the enemy. Having provoked a controversy with one of the soldiers, he struck him with his hook; and his own death was the consequence of the magnanimous blow. Upon an investigation of the cause of the tumult, the body of Codrus was recognized, and the chiefs, fearing the fulfilment of the prediction, hastily retired into Peloponnesus. The spot where Codrus fell was commemorated by the gratitude of his country, and was shown to Pausanias many years after this event.

The altar of the muses, mentioned by Critias, was called *ILISSIDES* by the Athenians. Paus. lib. 1. c. 19. See also sir George Whelen's *Journey into Greece*, and Stuart's *Antiquities of Athens*.

And ye rough boughs more closely grow
To shield her from the solar glow.
Thou too, sweet stream! more gently play
When by thy side she loves to stray;
And as thou roll'st thy calmest tide,
Oh, wish that thus her life may glide!
Thus shall all Nature's charms combine
To worship her who doth entwine
Our willing souls, by beauty's guile—
The roseate blush and dimpled smile.

Then I strung the instrument which was now the constant companion of my meditations, and endeavoured to beguile my sorrows by an

ADDRESS TO MY LYRE.

Awake, awake my dulcét lyre!
Let love your tuneful strings inspire!
And whisper in Myrilla's ear,
The anxious care, the timid fear,
That now disturbs thy master's breast
Who is by love deprived of rest.
Oh! sing the joys on Love that wait
And sing the pangs that follow hate:
Oh! kindle quick that genial flame,
I feel, but ah! I dare not name.

And shall no pulse with rapture beat,
Shall no cheek feel the blushing heat?
No chaste desires tumultuous rise,
No passion beam from her bright eyes?

Alas, alas, 'tis but a cheat:
Yet still I bless the dear deceit!
'Tis like the lover's pleasant dream,
That flies the morning's orient beam!
'Tis like the wave by breezes tost
That in another wave is lost!
'Tis like the wind that round me plays
But never for an instant stays!
Yet sing of love my trembling lyre
Awake, awake thy warmest fire!

Happy the god to whom belongs
All the Muse's mournful songs,
May teach thee some persuasive art
To win the lov'd Myrilla's heart;
Then best of Lyrists I shall reign
Happiest lover on the plain.

I was interrupted by Anacreon, who regarded me with an incredulous air, as he heard me pronounce these flattering forebodings of hope. He took the lyre from my hand, and with a sarcastic air, sang these words:

TO CRITIAS.

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side in marks of flame;*
And by their turban'd brows alone;
The warriors of the east are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;†
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where love has dropp'd his burning spark!

* The word in the original *tiara*, *tiara*, is the same part of the Asiatic dress which we now call a turban. Addison has given a fine description of the savage state of the ancient Parthians, from the Greek of Dionysius:

Beyond the Caspian streights those realms extend,
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.
Vers'd only in the rougher arts of war,
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.
On ev'ry plain the whistling spear alarms
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;
For there no food the little heroes taste,
Till warlike toil has earn'd the short repast.

† "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

Monsier La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarged on the thought of Anacreon:

“And is it true,” said he, when he concluded, “that the little urchin has at length enlisted you in his train! Poetry and love are so intimately united, that a fondness for the one, generally excites the feelings of the other. I have suspected your situation, but I waited for an avowal of it from you.

“How is it possible,” I replied, “that you have discovered what I have so studiously concealed from every eye?”

“Ah Critias, the language of the heart cannot be suppressed. If it do not find utterance in open declarations, it will murmur in broken sighs; it will manifest itself in thoughtful musings and those happy abstractions in which the soul seems to be separated from the body.”

“True it is, Anacreon, my best friend, that I love—and with such sincerity and ardour that no time can eradicate it, no change of situation can obliterate the passion from my breast. Lo here is the first fruit of your instructions.

I then showed to Anacreon the ode which I had composed.

He smiled. “Your poetry is tolerable,” said he, “you are no unpromising pupil. But you are as yet unskilled in the arts of love. When you have more experience, and have seen as much of the capriciousness of the female heart as I have, you will learn that your attack must be slow, wary, and unperceived. By so open a declaration as this, you will but create difficulties for perseverance and time to surmount. Be wise. Endeavour to conceal your passion, and delay any professions until the partiality of your mistress evinces that she wishes the discovery. Women are not less apt to love than we are—but frequent disappointments have taught them more prudence than we possess. And it is necessary that they should preserve this cautious disposition. Their hearts are cast in a finer mould, and a woman sinks beneath the

Lorsque je vois un amant; &c.

In vain the lover tries to veil

The flame which in his bosom lies;

His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,

We read it in his languid eyes;

And though his words the heart betray,

His silence speaks e'en more than they.

scorn of one whom she loves, as the tender leaves of the lentiscus droop at mid-day. Besides this, the continued complaisance which we are compelled to observe, prevents them from acquiring so accurate a knowledge of human nature as we have obtained, and they, therefore, experience great difficulty in distinguishing between the lover and the admirer. Their province is not so much to select as to accept.

“ But if your passion cannot be controuled, and you will not wait to discover whether she even merit your love, send her these lines, and in a few days you may observe what effect they have upon her.”

So saying, he tore a leaf from his tablets, upon which I found the following:

TO CUPID:

Monarch Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thoul't own I've learn'd that lesson well!

I adopted the advice of Anacreon, and sent his ode. In a few days after, I visited Myrilla, and artfully turned her attention to poetry. When we had conversed some time upon this subject, she showed me Anacreon's ode, and asked me if I knew the author. I evaded the question, and found the address did not displease her. I became so charmed with her manners, that I at length entirely forgot my wise resolutions and actually presented my own verses. She received them with a blush, which was increased to a more rubied glow as she proceeded in reading them.

“ *A pretty little poetical fiction,*” said she, with a careless air, as she returned the tablets.

“No, loveliest Myrilla,” I replied, “it is no fiction—it is the honest, though imperfect expression of a heart most sincerely devoted to you. Accept—

“Were we to take all the fictions of poets,” said Myrilla, interrupting me, “as faithful pictures of what is engraved upon their breasts, we should very frequently be deceived. You meet with a face which pleases you, and immediately endeavour to convince yourself that you are in love. You mistake momentary emotion for a passion. Then you fly to smooth meads and purling streams—you fancy the kids and goats sympathizing with you in your sorrow, and your mistress only inexorable. You warble your distress upon the harp until even echo herself is tired of your tale.”

“Cease such raillery, cruel Myrilla. I confess that we do often praise with extravagant admiration, many whom we perhaps would not marry, and afterwards wed one whom we would be ashamed to celebrate.* But Myrilla! believe me, I am not one of these—believe that I—

We were interrupted by the entrance of Anacreon, who laughed very heartily upon observing my confusion.

“How has my friend entertained you, fair damsel? said he, addressing Myrilla.

“If you listen to him he will never stop. He has a poetic mania, and all the bards are his intimate friends. Has he amused you with a musty legend of love, or has he indicted some tender verses to your bright eyes?”

“He has done neither: but he has attacked me in two ways; in either of which, women are ever weak. He has attempted to flatter my vanity and impose upon my credulity. He protests that he is in earnest, but I would persuade him that he is under the momentary delusion of a day-dream, and that in no long time he will search in vain for some trace of a sort of impression which he says is indelibly engraven on his heart.”

(To be continued.)

* This remark was made by Dr. Johnson in speaking of Waller. The observation is true in general; but, perhaps, it never was applied with more justice than to this contemptible time-server.

For the Literary Magazine.

PRESENT STATE OF ATHENS.

By a late traveller.

THOUGH numerous the injuries of time, of nature, of war, and of accidents, which Athens has suffered, its antiquities are still extant as monuments of its superior grandeur and beauty over all the cities that ever existed. High upon a rock, to which there is no possible access but by the western end, are the ruins of the Acropolis. Cecrops chose it as a place of retreat and defence for those inhabitants of Attica whom he had collected from the surrounding villages, &c. I cannot possibly imagine any thing of the kind more magnificent than

its propylæa or vestibule. It was built by Pericles, who coated the front and steps with white polished marble. Its five gates still remain, but the largest or central is the only one not filled up. Between them are doric pilasters, which contribute much to the beauty of their appearance. Indeed to behold this edifice without the liveliest sensations of admiration and pleasure, even as it now is, seems to me impossible; conceive then what it must have been when embellished by the sculpture of Phidias, and unimpaired. The first object that meets the eye on passing it is the temple of Minerva, called *Parthenon* in honour of her virginity, and from its dimension of a hundred feet in width *Ecatompedon*. It was held in the highest veneration by the Athenians, as the supposed habitation of their tutelary deity, whose statue it contained. In this celebrated image, which was made of gold and ivory, 36 cubits in height, Phidias displayed all his art. When the Persians took possession of this city, they burnt the Parthenon with the other temples, and I might say fortunately, as it happened at a period but little antecedent to the time when the polite arts had attained to perfection; when Pericles, with the aid of Phidias, Callicrates, and Ictinus, rebuilt it. The emperor Hadrian, whose attachment to Athens was continually displayed in his munificence, repaired it so effectually, that it continued almost entire from his reign to 1687, when unfortunately a bomb fired from the camp of Morosini, the Venetian general who besieged Athens, fell upon and destroyed the roof. Its decay since that accident has been rapid, and its richest ornaments pillaged. It was raised on a base of six steps: its peristyle had forty-six columns, eight channelled in each front, and fifteen plain at the sides. They are forty-one feet and a half in height, and six in diameter. Its mutilated entablature represents battles between the Athenians and Centaurs, with religious ceremonies, processions, &c. On the posticus

was sculptured the birth of Minerva. It is lamentable to behold the ravages that travellers have made upon the inimitable relievi of this and the other temples. With difficulty I discover what they represent, as not a figure is entire. The noblest sculpture of Athens that has escaped the injuries of time, &c., is now scattered over Europe, and lodged in the cabinets of nations, whose barbarous ancestors were not known even by name to the polished inhabitants of Greece. The Parthenon was the principal temple of the Acropolis, and generally the most admired; but I think with little reason, as that of Neptune, named Erectheus, is of far more elegant, if of less noble architecture. It is like the Apollo of the Belvedere, the unrivalled master-piece of its kind. When I had seen the Corinthian temple at Nismes called *La Maison Quarree*, I despaired of ever again beholding a building that would afford me such comfort in the contemplation of it. In Italy and Sicily I found nothing comparable with it, but on turning from the Parthenon, how great was my astonishment and delight to behold a model of Ionic structure, than which nothing could be more simple, and yet more sublime! It is impossible to mistake it, from the description of Pausanias, who calls it *diphrou Oichema*, a double building, the two parts of it being joined together at right angles. The one is dedicated to Neptune or Erectheus, and the other to Minerva Polias, protectress of the citadel. By their junction the Athenians symbolized the reconciliation of these deities after their contest for naming Athens. In the former was the salt spring produced by a blow of Neptune's trident: in the latter the olive tree, Minerva's more profitable gift, and her image said to have fallen from heaven, which was guarded by a serpent of uncommon size called *oicouros Ophis*: the superstitious Pausanias knew not whether to receive or reject this miraculous story. Adjoining to the Polias is a small temple erected in honour of

Pandrosos, the faithful daughter of Cecrops. To her and her two sisters, Herse and Aglauros, Minerva entrusted a chest which contained the infant Erectheus guarded by a serpent, with strict and solemn injunction not to examine its contents. The curiosity of the two elder prevailed over every other consideration, and induced them to open it, when they were immediately rendered frantic, and threw themselves over a precipice. Pandrosos was true to her charge, and therefore worshipped jointly with Minerva: so that when a heifer was sacrificed to the goddess, it was accompanied with a sheep to her. The order of architecture in this temple is (I believe) no where to be found but here; its entablature being supported by five female figures (originally six) called Cariatides instead of columns. As this building was constructed about fifty years after the sack of Athens by the Persians, it is conjectured, and with all probability, that the order was designed as a satire upon Arthemisia queen of Halicarnassus in Caria; who, though in origin a Greek, assisted the Persian with a fleet against her mother country. The Cariatides are admirably finished, and their robes extremely graceful, as is also their head-dress. These figures have been spelled Caryatides from a supposition that they were intended to represent women of Carya in Peloponnesus, a city in league with the Persians; but this is a weak conjecture, as their Asiatic dress alone will prove the contrary. The Pandrosium contained Minerva's olive tree, called *Pagcophos* from its branches bending downwards when they had grown up to the roof. These are the only remains of the Acropolis, the foundations of the walls excepted. I visit the divine Erectheum every day, and am only fearful that the barbarian mussulmans who garrison the citadel will suspect me of some design against it, and, by exclusion, debar me of the most exquisite pleasure I can receive at Athens.

CHAPTER XX.

Preservation of the Greek empire.—Numbers, passage, and event, of the second and third crusades.—St. Bernard.—Reign of Saladin in Egypt and Syria.—His conquest of Jerusalem.—Naval crusades.—Richard the first of England.—Pope Innocent the third; and the fourth and fifth crusades.—The emperor Frederic the second.—Louis the ninth of France; and the two last crusades.—Expulsion of the Latins or Franks by the Mamalukes.

In a style less grave than that of history, I should perhaps compare the emperor Alexius^a to the jackall, who is said to follow the steps, and to devour the leavings of the lion. Whatever had been his fears and toils in the passage of the first crusade, they were amply recompensed by the subsequent benefits which he derived from the exploits of the Franks. His dexterity and vigilance secured their first conquest of Nice; and from this threatening station the Turks were compelled to evacuate the neighbourhood of Constantinople. While the crusaders, with blind valour, advanced into the midland countries of Asia, the crafty Greek improved the favourable occasion when the emirs of the sea-coast were recalled to the standard of the sultan. The Turks were driven from the isles of Rhodes and Chios; the cities of Ephesus and Smyrna, of Sardes, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, were restored to the empire, which Alexius enlarged from the Hellespont to the banks of the Mæander, and the rocky shores of Pamphylia. The churches resumed their splendour; the towns were rebuilt and fortified; and the desert country was peopled with colonies of christians, who were gently removed from the more distant and dangerous frontier. In these paternal cares, we may forgive Alexius, if he forgot the deliverance of the holy sepulchre; but, by the Latins, he was stigmatized with the foul reproach of treason and desertion. They had sworn fidelity and obedience to his throne; but he had promised to assist their enterprise in person, or at least, with his troops and treasures: his base retreat dissolved their obligations; and the sword, which had been the instrument of their victory, was the pledge and title of their just independence. It does not appear that the emperor attempted to revive his obsolete claims over the kingdom of Jerusalem;^b but the borders of Cilicia and Syria were more recent in his possession, and more accessible to his arms. The great army of the crusaders was annihilated or dispersed; the principality of Antioch was left without a head, by the surprise and captivity of Bohemond: his ransom had oppressed him with a heavy debt; and his Nor-

Success of
Alexius,
A. D. 1097—1118.

^a Anna Comnena relates her father's conquests in Asia minor, Alexiad, l. xi. p. 321—325. l. xiv. p. 419; his Cilician war against Tancred and Bohemond, p. 328—342; the war of Epirus, with tedious prolixity, l. xii. xiii. p. 345—406; the death of Bohemond, l. xiv. p. 419.

^b The kings of Jerusalem submitted however to a nominal dependence, and in the dates of their inscriptions, (one is still legible in the church of Bethlem,) they respectfully placed before their own the name of the reigning emperor. (Ducange, Dissertations sur Joinville, xxvii. p. 319.)

man followers were insufficient to repel the hostilities of the Greeks and Turks. In this distress, Bohemond embraced a magnanimous resolution, of leaving the defence of Antioch to his kinsman, the faithful Tancred; of arming the west against the Byzantine empire, and of executing the design which he inherited from the lessons and example of his father Guiscard. His embarkation was clandestine; and if we may credit a tale of the princess Anne, he passed the hostile sea, closely secreted in a coffin.^c But his reception in France was dignified by the public applause, and his marriage with the king's daughter; his return was glorious, since the bravest spirits of the age enlisted under his veteran command; and he repassed the Adriatic at the head of five thousand horse and forty thousand foot, assembled from the most remote climates of Europe.^d The strength of Durazzo, and prudence of Alexius, the progress of famine, and approach of winter, eluded his ambitious hopes; and the venal confederates were seduced from his standard. A treaty of peace^e suspended the fears of the Greeks: and they were finally delivered by the death of an adversary, whom neither oaths could bind, nor dangers could appal, nor prosperity could satiate. His children succeeded to the principality of Antioch; but the boundaries were strictly defined, the homage was clearly stipulated, and the cities of Tarsus and Malmistra were restored to the Byzantine emperors. Of the coast of Anatolia, they possessed the entire circuit from Trebizond to the Syrian gates. The Seljukian dynasty of Roum^f was separated on all sides from the sea and their mussulman brethren; the power of the sultans was shaken by the victories, and even the defeats, of the Franks; and after the loss of Nice, they removed their throne to Cogni or Iconium, an obscure and inland town above three hundred miles from Constantinople.^g Instead of trembling for their capital, the Comnenian princes waged an offensive war against the Turks, and the first crusade prevented the fall of the declining empire.

In the twelfth century, three great emigrations marched by land from the west to the relief of Palestine. The soldiers and pilgrims of Lombardy, France, and Germany, were excited by the example and success of the first crusade.^h Forty-eight years after the deliverance of the holy sepulchre, the emperor, and the French king, Conrad the third, and Louis the seventh, undertook the second crusade to support the falling fortunes of the Latins.ⁱ A grand division of the third crusade was led by the emperor Frederic Barbarossa,^k who sympathised with his brothers of

France and England in the common loss of Jerusalem. These three expeditions may be compared in their resemblance of the greatness of numbers, their passage through the Greek empire, and the nature and event of their Turkish warfare, and a brief parallel may save the repetition of a tedious narrative. However splendid it may seem, a regular story of the crusades would exhibit the perpetual return of the same causes and effects; and the frequent attempts for the defence or recovery of the Holy Land, would appear so many faint and unsuccessful copies of the original.

1. Of the swarms that so closely trod Their numbers, in the footsteps of the first pilgrims, the chiefs were equal in rank, though unequal in fame and merit, to Godfrey of Bouillon and his fellow-adventurers. At their head were displayed the banners of the dukes of Burgundy, Bavaria, and Aquitaine; the first a descendant of Hugh Capet, the second a father of the Brunswick line: the archbishop of Milan, a temporal prince, transported, for the benefit of the Turks, the treasures and ornaments of his church and palace; and the veteran crusaders, Hugh the Great, and Stephen of Chartres, returned to consummate their unfinished vow. The huge and disorderly bodies of their followers moved forward in two columns; and if the first consisted of two hundred and sixty thousand persons, the second might possibly amount to sixty thousand horse, and one hundred thousand foot.^l The armies of the second crusade might have claimed the conquest of Asia: the nobles of France and Germany were animated by the presence of their sovereigns; and both the rank and personal characters of Conrad and Louis, gave a dignity to their cause, and a discipline to their force, which might be vainly expected from the feudatory chiefs. The cavalry of the emperor, and that of the king, was each composed of seventy thousand knights, and their immediate attendants in the field;^m and if the light-armed troops, the peasant infantry, the women and children, the priests and monks, be rigorously excluded, the full account will scarcely be satisfied with four hundred thousand souls. The west, from Rome to Britain, was called into action; the kings of Poland and Bohemia obeyed the summons of Conrad; and it is affirmed by the Greeks and Latins, that in the passage of a strait or river, the Byzantine agents, after a tale of nine hundred thousand, desisted from the endless and formidable computation.ⁿ In the third crusade, as the French and English preferred the navigation of the Mediterranean, the host of Frederic Barbarossa was less numerous. Fifteen thousand knights, and as many squires, were the flower of the German chivalry: sixty thousand horse, and one hundred thousand foot, were mustered by the emperor in the plains of Hungary; and after such repetitions, we shall no longer be startled at the six hundred thousand pilgrims, which credulity has ascribed to this last emigration.^o Such extravagant reckonings prove only the astonishment of contemporaries; but their astonishment most strongly bears testimony to the extent of an enormous though indefinite multitude.

^c Anna Comnena adds, that to complete the imitation, he was shut up with a dead cock; and condescends to wonder how the barbarian could endure the confinement and putrefaction. This absurd tale is unknown to the Latins.

^d *ἡ δὲ ἑλπίς*, in the Byzantine geography, must mean England; yet we are more credibly informed, that our Henry I. would not suffer him to levy any troops in his kingdom. (Ducange, *Not. ad Alexiad.* p. 41.)

^e The copy of the treaty (*Alexiad.* l. xlii. p. 406—416.) is an original and curious piece, which would require, and might afford, a good map of the principality of Antioch.

^f See the learned work of M. de Guignes, (tom. ii. part. ii.) the history of the Seljukians of Iconium, Aleppo, and Damascus, as far as it may be collected from the Greeks, Latins, and Arabians. The last are ignorant or regardless of the affairs of Roum.

^g Iconium is mentioned as a station by Xenophon, and by Strabo, with the ambiguous title of *Κυμπολίς*, (Cellarius, tom. ii. p. 121.) Yet St. Paul found in that place a multitude (*πλῆθος*) of Jews and Gentiles. Under the corrupt name of *Kunijah*, it is described as a great city, with a river and gardens, three leagues from the mountains, and decorated (I know not why) with Plato's tomb. (Abulfeda, tabul. xvii. p. 343. verso. Reisake; and the Index Geographicus of Schultens from Ibn Said.)

^h For this supplement to the first crusade, see Anna Comnena. (*Alexiad.* l. xi. p. 331. &c. and the eighth book of Albert Aquisensis.)

ⁱ For the second crusade, of Conrad III. and Louis VII. see William of Tyre, (l. xvi. c. 18—29.) Otto of Freisingen, (l. i. c. 34—45. 59, 60.) Matthew Paris, (Hist. Major. p. 68.) Struvius, (*Corpus Hist. Germanicæ.* p. 372, 373.) Scriptores Rerum Francicarum à Duchesne, tom. iv. Nicetas, in Vit. Manuel. l. i. c. 4, 6, p. 41—43. Cinnamus, l. ii. 41—49.

^k For the third crusade of Frederic Barbarossa, see Nicetas in Isaac Angel. l. ii. c. 3—8. p. 257—266. Struv. (*Corpus Hist. Germ.*

414.) and two historians, who probably were spectators, I agino, (in Script. Freher. tom. i. p. 406—416. edit. Struv.) and the Anonymous de Expeditione Asiaticâ Fred. I. (in Canisii Antiq. Lection. tom. iii. p. ii. p. 492—526. edit. Bagnae.)

^l Anne, who states these later swarms at 40,000 horse, and 100,000 foot, calls them Normans, and places at their head two brothers of Flanders. The Greeks were strangely ignorant of the names, families, and possessions of the Latin princes.

^m William of Tyre, and Matthew Paris, reckon 70,000 loricate in each of the armies.

ⁿ The imperfect enumeration is mentioned by Cinnamus, (*ἑξακκοντα μυριας*), and confirmed by Odo de Diogilo apud Ducange and Cinnamus, with the more precise sum of 900,556. Why must therefore the version and comment suppose the modest and insufficient reckoning of 90,000? Does not Godfrey of Viterbo (*Pantheon.* p. xix. in Muratori, tom. vii. p. 462.) exclaim,

Numerus ille pœcere quæras,
Milia milena milites agmen erat.

^o This extravagant account is given by Albert of Stade; (apud Struvium, p. 414.) my calculation is borrowed from Godfrey of Viterbo, Arnold of Lubek, apud eundem, and Bernard Thesaur. (c. 169. p. 814.) The original writers are silent. The Mahometans gave him 200,000, or 250,000, men. (Bohadin, in Vit. Saladin. p. 110.)

The Greeks might applaud their superior knowledge of the arts and stratagems of war, but they confessed the strength and courage of the French cavalry and the infantry of the Germans;^p and the strangers are described as an iron race, of gigantic stature, who darted fire from their eyes, and spit blood like water on the ground. Under the banners of Conrad, a troop of females rode in the attitude and armour of men; and the chief of these Amazons, from her gilt spurs and buskins, obtained the epithet of the Golden-footed Name.

Passage through the Greek empire.

II. The numbers and character of the strangers was an object of terror to the effeminate Greeks, and the sentiment of fear is nearly allied to that of hatred. This aversion was suspended or softened by the apprehension of the Turkish power; and the invectives of the Latins will not bias our more candid belief, that the emperor Alexius dissembled their insolence, eluded their hostilities, counselled their rashness, and opened to their ardour the road of pilgrimage and conquest. But when the Turks had been driven from Nice and the sea-coast, when the Byzantine princes no longer dreaded the distant sultans of Cogni, they felt with purer indignation the free and frequent passage of the western barbarians, who violated the majesty, and endangered the safety, of the empire. The second and third crusades were undertaken under the reign of Manuel Comnenus and Isaac Angelus. Of the former, the passions were always impetuous, and often malevolent; and the natural union of a cowardly and a mischievous temper was exemplified in the latter, who, without merit or mercy, could punish a tyrant, and occupy his throne. It was secretly, and perhaps tacitly, resolved by the prince and people to destroy, or at least to discourage, the pilgrims, by every species of injury and oppression; and their want of prudence and discipline continually afforded the pretence or the opportunity. The western monarchs had stipulated a safe passage and fair market in the country of their christian brethren; the treaty had been ratified by oaths and hostages; and the poorest soldier of Frederic's army was furnished with three marks of silver to defray his expenses on the road. But every engagement was violated by treachery and injustice; and the complaints of the Latins are attested by the honest confession of a Greek historian, who has dared to prefer truth to his country.^q Instead of an hospitable reception, the gates of the cities, both in Europe and Asia, were closely barred against the crusaders; and the scanty pittance of food was let down in baskets from the walls. Experience or foresight might excuse this timid jealousy; but the common duties of humanity prohibited the mixture of chalk, or other poisonous ingredients, in the bread; and should Manuel be acquitted of any foul connivance, he is guilty of coining base money for the purpose of trading with the pilgrims. In every step of their march they were stopped or misled: the governors had private orders to fortify the passes and break down the bridges against them: the stragglers were pillaged and murdered; the soldiers and horses were pierced in the woods by arrows from an invisible hand; the sick were burnt in their beds; and the dead bodies were hung on gibbets along the highways. These injuries exasperated the champions of the cross, who were not endowed with evangelical patience; and the Byzantine princes, who had provoked the unequal conflict, promoted the embarkation and march of these formidable guests. On the verge of the Turkish frontier

^p I must observe, that in the second and third crusades, the subjects of Conrad and Frederic are styled by the Greeks and orientals *Alamanni*. The Lechi and Tzechi of Cinnamus are the Poles and Bohemians; and it is for the French that he reserves the ancient appellation of Germans. He likewise names the *Βεγγροι*, or *Βεγγανοί*.

^q Nicetas was a child at the second crusade, but in the third he commanded against the Franks the important post of Philippopolis. Cinnamus is infected with national prejudice and pride.

Barbarossa spared the guilty Philadelpheia,^r rewarded the hospitable Laodicea, and deplored the hard necessity that had stained his sword with any drops of christian blood. In their intercourse with the monarchs of Germany and France, the pride of the Greeks was exposed to an anxious trial. They might boast that on the first interview the seat of Louis was a low stool, beside the throne of Manuel;^s but no sooner had the French king transported his army beyond the Bosphorus, than he refused the offer of a second conference, unless his brother would meet him on equal terms, either on the sea or land. With Conrad and Frederic, the ceremonial was still nicer and more difficult: like the successors of Constantine, they styled themselves emperors of the Romans;^t and firmly maintained the purity of their title and dignity.^u The first of these representatives of Charlemagne would only converse with Manuel on horseback in the open field; the second, by passing the Hellespont rather than the Bosphorus, declined the view of Constantinople and its sovereign. An emperor, who had been crowned at Rome, was reduced in the Greek epistles to the humble appellation of *rex*, or prince of the Alemanni; and the vain and feeble Angelus affected to be ignorant of the name of one of the greatest men and monarchs of the age. While they viewed with hatred and suspicion the Latin pilgrims, the Greek emperors maintained a strict, though secret, alliance with the Turks and Saracens. Isaac Angelus complained, that by his friendship for the great Saladin he had incurred the enmity of the Franks; and a mosque was founded at Constantinople for the public exercise of the religion of Mahomet.^a

III. The swarms that followed the first crusade, were destroyed in Anatolia Turkish warfare, by famine, pestilence, and the Turkish arrows: and the princes only escaped with some squadrons of horse to accomplish their lamentable pilgrimage. A just opinion may be formed of their knowledge and humanity; of their knowledge from the design of subduing Persia and Chorasani in their way to Jerusalem; of their humanity, from the massacre of the christian people, a friendly city, who came out to meet them with palms and crosses in their hands. The arms of Conrad and Louis were less cruel and imprudent; but the event of the second crusade was still more ruinous to Christendom; and the Greek Manuel is accused by his own subjects of giving seasonable intelligence to the sultan, and treacherous guides to the Latin princes. Instead of crushing the common foe, by a double attack at the same time but on different sides, the Germans were urged by emulation, and the French were retarded by jealousy. Louis had scarcely passed the Bosphorus when he was met by the returning emperor, who had lost the greatest part of his army in glorious, but unsuccessful, actions on the banks of the Mæander. The contrast of the pomp of his rival hastened the retreat of Conrad: the desertion of his independent vassals reduced him to his hereditary troops; and he borrowed some Greek vessels to execute by sea the pilgrimage of Palestine. Without studying the lessons of experience, or the nature of war, the king of France advanced through the same country to a similar fate. The vanguard, which bore the royal banner

^r The conduct of the Philadelphians is blamed by Nicetas, while the anonymous German accuses the rudeness of his countrymen, (*culpa nostra*). History would be pleasant, if we were embarrassed only by such contradictions. It is likewise from Nicetas, that we learn the pious and humane sorrow of Frederic.

^s *Χρυσὴν ἰδέαν*, which Cinnamus translates into Latin by the word *stallion*. Ducange works very hard to save his king and country from such ignominy, (*sur Joinville, Dissertat. xxvii. p. 317—320*). Louis afterwards insisted on a meeting in *manu ex æquo*, not *ex equo*, according to the laughable readings of some MSS.

^t *Ego Romanorum Imperator sum, ille Romaniorum*. (Anonym. Canis. p. 512.) The public and historical style of the Greeks was *βασιλεὺς*. Yet Cinnamus uses that *ἡμετέρας* is synonymous to *βασιλική*.

^u In the epistles of Innocent III. (xlii. p. 184.) and the History of Bohadin, (p. 129, 130.) see the views of a pope and a cadhi on this singular toleration.

and the oriflamme of St. Denys,* had doubled their march with rash and inconsiderate speed; and the rear, which the king commanded in person, no longer found their companions in the evening camp. In darkness and disorder, they were encompassed, assaulted, and overwhelmed, by the innumerable host of Turks, who in the art of war were superior to the Christians of the twelfth century. Louis, who climbed a tree in the general discomfiture, was saved by his own valour and the ignorance of his adversaries; and with the dawn of day he escaped alive, but almost alone, to the camp of the vanguard. But instead of pursuing his expedition by land, he was rejoiced to shelter the relics of his army in the friendly seaport of Satalia. From thence he embarked for Antioch; but so penurious was the supply of Greek vessels, that they could only afford room for his knights and nobles; and the plebeian crowd of infantry was left to perish at the foot of the Pamphylian hills. The emperor and the king embraced and wept at Jerusalem; their martial trains, the remnant of mighty armies, were joined to the Christian powers of Syria, and a fruitless siege of Damascus was the final effort of the second crusade. Conrad and Louis embarked for Europe with the personal fame of piety and courage: but the Orientals had braved these potent monarchs of the Franks, with whose names and military forces they had been so often threatened.† Perhaps they had still more to fear from the veteran genius of Frederic the first, who in his youth had served in Asia under his uncle Conrad. Forty campaigns in Germany and Italy had taught Barbarossa to command; and his soldiers, even the princes of the empire, were accustomed under his reign to obey. As soon as he lost sight of Philadelphia and Laodicea, the last cities of the Greek frontier, he plunged into the salt and barren desert, a land (says the historian) of horror and tribulations.‡ During twenty days, every step of his fainting and sickly march was besieged by the innumerable hordes of Turkmans,§ whose numbers and fury seemed after each defeat to multiply and inflame. The emperor continued to struggle and to suffer; and such was the measure of his calamities, that when he reached the gates of Iconium, no more than one thousand knights were able to serve on horseback. By a sudden and resolute assault he defeated the guards, and stormed the capital of the sultan,¶ who humbly sued for pardon and peace. The road was now open, and Frederic advanced in a career of triumph, till he was unfortunately drowned in a petty torrent of Cilicia.‡ The remainder of his Germans were consumed by sickness and desertion; and the emperor's son expired with the greatest part of his Swabian vassals at the siege of Acre. Among the Latin heroes, Godfrey of Bouillon and Frederic Barbarossa alone could achieve the passage of the Lesser Asia; yet even their success was a warning; and in the last and most experienced age of the cru-

sades, every nation preferred the sea to the toils and perils of an inland expedition.‡

The enthusiasm of the first crusade is a natural and simple event, while hope was fresh, danger untried, and enterprise congenial to the spirit of the times. But the obstinate perseverance of Europe may indeed excite our pity and admiration; that no instruction should have been drawn from constant and adverse experience; that the same confidence should have repeatedly grown from the same failures; that six succeeding generations should have rushed headlong down the precipice that was open before them; and that men of every condition should have staked their public and private fortunes on the desperate adventure of possessing or recovering a tomb-stone two thousand miles from their country. In a period of two centuries after the council of Clermont, each spring and summer produced a new emigration of pilgrim warriors for the defence of the Holy Land; but the seven great armaments or crusades were excited by some impending or recent calamity: the nations were moved by the authority of their pontiffs, and the example of their kings: their zeal was kindled, and their reason was silenced, by the voice of their holy orators; and among these, Bernard,* the monk, or the saint, may claim the most honourable place. About eight years before the first conquest of Jerusalem, he was born of a noble family in Burgundy; at the age of three-and-twenty he buried himself in the monastery of Cîteaux, then in the primitive fervour of the institution; at the end of two years he led forth her third colony, or daughter, to the valley of Clairvaux† in Champagne; and was content, till the hour of his death, with the humble station of abbot of his own community. A philosophic age has abolished, with too liberal and indiscriminate disdain, the honours of these spiritual heroes. The meanest among them are distinguished by some energies of the mind; they were at least superior to their votaries and disciples; and, in the race of superstition, they attained the prize for which such numbers contended. In speech, in writing, in action, Bernard stood high above his rivals and contemporaries; his compositions are not devoid of wit and eloquence; and he seems to have preserved as much reason and humanity as may be reconciled with the character of a saint. In a secular life, he would have shared the seventh part of a private inheritance; by a vow of poverty and penance, by closing his eyes against the visible world,‡ by the refusal of all ecclesiastical dignities, the abbot of Clairvaux became the oracle of Europe, and the founder of one hundred and sixty convents. Princes and pontiffs trembled at the freedom of his apostolical censures: France, England, and Milan, consulted and obeyed his judgment in a schism of the church: the debt was repaid by the gratitude of Innocent the

Obstinacy of the enthusiasm of the crusades.

* As counts of Vexin, the kings of France were the vassals and advocates of the monastery of St. Denys. The saint's peculiar banner, which they received from the abbot, was of a square form, and a red or flaming colour. The oriflamme appeared at the head of the French armies from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. (Ducange sur Joinville, Dissert. xviii. p. 244–253.)

† The original French histories of the second crusade are the *Gesta Ludovici VI.* published in the fourth volume of Duchesne's collection. The same volume contains many original letters of the king, of Suger his minister, &c. the best documents of authentic history.

‡ Terram horrois et salsuginis, terram siccam, sterilem, inamenam. Anonym. Canis. p. 517. The emphatic language of a sufferer.

§ Geng innumera, sylvestris, iudomita, prædones sine ductore. The sultan of Cogni might sincerely rejoice in their defeat. Anonym. Canis. p. 517, 518.

¶ See in the anonymous writer in the Collection of Caneletus, Tagino, and Bohadin, (Vit. Saladin. p. 119, 120.) the ambiguous conduct of Killidge Arslan, sultan of Cogni, who hated and feared both Saladin and Frederic.

‡ The desire of comparing two great men has tempted many writers to drown Frederic in the river Cydnus, in which Alexander so imprudently bathed. (Q. Curt. i. iii. c. 4, 5.) But, from the march of the emperor, I rather judge, that his Saleph is the Calycadnus, a stream of less fame, but of a longer course.

† Marinus Sanutus, A. D. 1321, lays it down as a precept, Quod saluta ecclesie pro terram nullatenus est ducenda. He resolves by the divine aid, the objection, or rather exception, of the first crusade. (Secreta Fidelium Crucis, l. ii. par. i. c. i. p. 37.)

‡ The most authentic information of St. Bernard must be drawn from his own writings, published in a correct edition by Père Mabillon, and reprinted at Venice, 1750, in six volumes in folio. Whatever friendship could recollect, or superstition could add, is contained in the two lives, by his disciples, in the sixth volume: whatever learning and criticism could ascertain, may be found in the prefaces of the Benedictine editor.

† Clairvaux, surnamed the valley of Abyssyn, is situate among the woods near Bar sur Aube in Champagne. St. Bernard would blush at the pomp of the church and monastery; he would ask for the library, and I know not whether he would be much edified by a ton of 800 muids, (914 1-7th heagheads,) which almost rivals that of Heidelberg, (Mélanges tirés d'une Grande Bibliothèque, tom. xvi. p. 15–20.)

‡ The disciples of the saint (Vit. Ima, l. iii. c. 2. p. 1232. Vit. 2da, c. 16. No. 45. p. 1282.) record a marvellous example of his pious anxiety. Juxta lacum etiam Lausanensem totius diei itinere peregrina, penitus non attendit aut se videre non vidit. Cum enim vesper factus de eodem lacu socii colloquerentur, interrogabat eum ubi lacus ille esset; et mirati sunt universi. To admire or despise St. Bernard as he ought, the reader, like myself, should have before the windows of his library the beauties of that incomparable landscape.

second; and his successor, Eugenius the third, was the friend and disciple of the holy Bernard. It was in the proclamation of the second crusade that he shone as the missionary and prophet of God, who called the nations to the defence of his holy sepulchre.^a At the parliament of Vezelay he spoke before the king; and Louis the seventh, with his nobles, received their crosses from his hand. The abbot of Clairvaux then marched to the less easy conquest of the emperor Conrad: a phlegmatic people, ignorant of his language, was transported by the pathetic vehemence of his tone and gestures; and his progress, from Constance to Cologne, was the triumph of eloquence and zeal. Bernard applauds his own success in the depopulation of Europe; affirms that cities and castles were emptied of their inhabitants; and computes, that only one man was left behind for the consolation of seven widows.^b The blind fanatics were desirous of electing him for their general; but the example of the hermit Peter was before his eyes; and while he assured the crusaders of the divine favour, he prudently declined a military command, in which failure and victory would have been almost equally disgraceful to his character.^c Yet, after the calamitous event, the abbot of Clairvaux was loudly accused as a false prophet, the author of the public and private mourning; his enemies exulted, his friends blushed, and his apology was slow and unsatisfactory. He justifies his obedience to the commands of the pope; expatiates on the mysterious ways of Providence; imputes the misfortunes of the pilgrims to their own sins; and modestly insinuates, that his mission had been approved by signs and wonders.^d Had the fact been certain, the argument would be decisive; and his faithful disciples, who enumerate twenty or thirty miracles in a day, appeal to the public assemblies of France and Germany, in which they were performed.^e At the present hour, such prodigies will not obtain credit beyond the precincts of Clairvaux; but in the preternatural cures of the blind, the lame, and the sick, who were presented to the man of God, it is impossible for us to ascertain the separate shares of accident, of fancy, of imposture, and of fiction.

Progress of the Mahometans. Omnipotence itself cannot escape the murmurs of its discordant votaries; since the same dispensation which was applauded as a deliverance in Europe, was deplored, and perhaps arraigned, as a calamity in Asia. After the loss of Jerusalem, the Syrian fugitives diffused their consternation and sorrow: Bagdad mourned in the dust; the cadhi Zeineddin of Damascus tore his beard in the caliph's presence; and the whole divan shed tears at his melancholy tale.^a But the commanders of the faithful could only weep; they were themselves captives in the hands of the Turks: some temporal power was restored to the last age of the Abbassides; but their humble ambition was confined to Bagdad and the adjacent province. Their tyrants, the Seljukian sultans, had followed the common law of the Asiatic dynasties, the unceasing round of valour, greatness, discord, degeneracy, and decay: their spirit and power were un-

equal to the defence of religion; and, in his distant realm of Persia, the christians were strangers to the name and the arms of Sangiar, the last hero of his race.^b While the sultans were involved in the Atabeks of the silken web of the haram, the pious Syria.

task was undertaken by their slaves, the Atabeks,^c a Turkish name, which, like the Byzantine patricians, may be translated by Father of the Prince. Ascansar, a valiant Turk, had been the favourite of Malek Shaw, from whom he received the privilege of standing on the right hand of the throne; but, in the civil wars that ensued on the monarch's death, he lost his head and the government of Aleppo. His domestic emirs persevered in their attachment to his son Zenghi, who proved his first arms against the Franks in the defeat of Antioch; thirty campaigns in the service of the caliph and sultan established his military fame; and he was invested with the command of Mosul, as the only champion that could avenge the cause of the prophet. The public hope was not disappointed: after a siege of twenty-five days, he stormed the city of Edessa, and recovered from the Franks their conquests beyond the Euphrates:^d the martial tribes of Kurdistan were subdued by the independent sovereign of Mosul and Aleppo: his soldiers were taught to behold the camp as their only country; they trusted to his liberality for their rewards; and their absent families were protected by the vigilance of Zenghi. At the head of these Nouredin, veterans, his son Nouredin gradually added 1127—1145. the kingdom of Damascus to that of Aleppo, and waged a long and successful war against the christians of Syria; he spread his ample reign from the Tigris to the Nile, and the Abbassides rewarded their faithful servant with all the titles and prerogatives of royalty. The Latins themselves were compelled to own the wisdom and courage, and even the justice and piety, of this implacable adversary.^e In his life and government the holy warrior revived the zeal and simplicity of the first caliphs. Gold and silk were banished from his palace; the use of wine from his dominions; the public revenue was scrupulously applied to the public service; and the frugal household of Nouredin was maintained from his legitimate share of the spoil which he vested in the purchase of a private estate. His favourite sultana sighed for some female object of expense. "Alas," replied the king, "I fear God, and am no more than the treasurer of the Moslems. Their property I cannot alienate; but I still possess three shops in the city of Hems: these you may take; and these alone can I bestow." His chamber of justice was the terror of the great and the refuge of the poor. Some years after the sultan's death, an oppressed subject called aloud in the streets of Damascus, "O Nouredin, Nouredin, where art thou now? Arise, arise, to pity and protect us!" A tumult was apprehended, and a living tyrant blushed or trembled at the name of a departed monarch.

^a Otho Frising. l. i. c. 4. Bernard. Epist. 363. ad Francos Orientales. Opp. tom. i. p. 323. Vit. lma, l. iii. c. 4. tom. vi. p. 1235.
^b Mandastis et obedivi . . . multiplicati sunt super numerum; vacuatur urbes et castella; et *pene* jam non inveniunt quem apprehendant septem mulieres unum virum; adeo ubique viduæ vivis remanent viris. Bernard. Epist. p. 247. We must be careful not to construe *pene* as a substantive.
^c Quis ego sum ut disponam acies, ut egrediar ante facies armatorum, aut quid tam remotum a professione meâ, si vires, si peritia, &c. Epist. 256. tom. i. p. 259. He speaks with contempt of the hermit Peter, vir quidam. Epist. 363.
^d Si dicunt forsitan iste, unde scimus quod a Domino sermo egressus sit? Quæ signa tu facis ut credamus tibi? Non est quod ad ista ipse respondeam: parcendum verecundiæ meæ, responde tu pro me, et pro te ipso, secundum quæ vidisti et audisti, et secundum quod tu inspiraverit Deus. Consolat. l. ii. c. 1. Opp. tom. ii. p. 421—423.

^e See the testimonies in Vita lma, l. iv. c. 5, 6. Opp. tom. vi. p. 1258—1261. l. vi. c. 1—17. p. 1286—1314.
^f Abulmahasen apud De Guignes. Hist. des Huns. tom. ii. p. li. p. 99.

^a See his article in the Bibliothèque Orientale of D'Herbelot, and De Guignes, tom. ii. p. i. p. 230—261. Such was his valour, that he was styled the second Alexander; and such the extravagant love of his subjects, that they prayed for the sultan a year after his decease. Yet Sangiar might have been made prisoner by the Franks, as well as by the Uzes. He reigned near fifty years, (A. D. 1103—1152.) and was a munificent patron of Persian poetry.

^b See the Chronology of the Atabeks of Irak and Syria, in De Guignes, tom. i. p. 254; and the reigns of Zenghi and Nouredin in the same writer, (tom. ii. p. ii. p. 147—221.) who uses the Arabic text of Benolathir, Ben Schouna, and Abulbeda; the Bibliothèque Orientale, under the articles *Atabeks* and *Nouredin*, and the Dynasties of Abulpharagus, p. 250—267. vers. Pocock.

^c William of Tyre (l. xvi. c. 4, c. 5, 6, 7.) describes the loss of Edessa, and the death of Zenghi. The corruption of his name into *Sanguin*, afforded the Latins a comfortable allusion to his sanguinary character and end, sit sanguine sanguinolentus.

^d Noradin (says William of Tyre, l. xx. 33.) maximus nominis et fidei christiane persecutor; princeps tamen justus, vafer, providus, et secundum gentis suæ traditiones religiosus. To this catholic witness we may add the prime of the Jacobites, (Abulpharag p. 267.) quo non aliter erat inter reges vitæ ratione magis laudabilis, aut quæ pluribus justitie experimentis abundaret. The true praise of kings is after their death, and from the mouth of their enemies.

Conquest of Egypt by the Turks, A. D. 1163-1169.

By the arms of the Turks and Franks the Fatimites had been deprived of Syria. In Egypt the decay of their character and influence was still more essential. Yet they were still revered as the descendants and successors of the prophet; they maintained their inviolable state in the palace of Cairo; and their person was seldom violated by the profane eyes of subjects or strangers.* The Latin ambassadors have described their own introduction through a series of gloomy passages, and glittering porticos: the scene was enlivened by the warbling of birds and the murmur of fountains: it was enriched by a display of rich furniture and rare animals; of the imperial treasures, something was shown, and much was supposed; and the long order of unfolding doors was guarded by black soldiers and domestic eunuchs. The sanctuary of the presence-chamber was veiled with a curtain; and the vizir, who conducted the ambassadors, laid aside his scymitar, and prostrated himself three times on the ground; the veil was then removed; and they beheld the commander of the faithful, who signified his pleasure to the first slave of the throne. But this slave was his master; the vizirs or sultans had usurped the supreme administration of Egypt; the claims of the rival candidates were decided by arms; and the name of the most worthy, of the strongest, was inserted in the royal patent of command. The factions of Dargham and Shawer alternately expelled each other from the capital and country; and the weaker side implored the dangerous protection of the sultan of Damascus or the king of Jerusalem, the perpetual enemies of the sect and monarchy of the Fatimites. By his arms and religion the Turk was most formidable; but the Franks, in an easy direct march, could advance from Gaza to the Nile; while the intermediate situation of his realm compelled the troops of Nouredin to wheel round the skirts of Arabia, a long and painful circuit, which exposed them to thirst, fatigue, and the burning winds of the desert. The secret zeal and ambition of the Turkish prince aspired to reign in Egypt under the name of the Abbassides; but the restoration of the suppliant Shawer was the ostensible motive of the first expedition; and the success was intrusted to the emir Shiracouh, a valiant and veteran commander. Dargham was oppressed and slain; but the ingratitude, the jealousy, the just apprehensions, of his more fortunate rival, soon provoked him to invite the king of Jerusalem to deliver Egypt from his insolent benefactors. To this union the forces of Shiracouh were unequal; he relinquished the premature conquest; and the evacuation of Belbeis or Pelusium was the condition of his safe retreat. As the Turks defied before the enemy, and their general closed the rear, with a vigilant eye, and a battle-axe in his hand, a Frank presumed to ask him if he were not afraid of an attack? "It is doubtless in your power to begin the attack," replied the intrepid emir; "but rest assured, that not one of my soldiers will go to paradise till he has sent an infidel to hell." His report of the riches of the land, the effeminacy of the natives, and the disorders of the government, revived the hopes of Nouredin; the caliph of Bagdad applauded the pious design; and Shiracouh descended into Egypt a second time with twelve thousand Turks, and eleven thousand Arabs. Yet his forces were still inferior to the confederate armies of the Franks and Saracens; and I can discern an unusual degree of military art, in his passage of the Nile, his retreat into Thebais, his masterly evolutions in the battle of Babain, the surprise of Alexandria, and his marches and counter-marches in the flats and valley of Egypt, from the tropic to the sea. His conduct was seconded by the courage of his troops, and on the eve

* From the ambassador, William of Tyre (l. xix. c. 17, 18) describes the palace of Cairo. In the caliph's treasure were found a pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, a ruby weighing seventeen Egyptian drams, an emerald a palm and a half in length, and many vases of crystal and porcelain of China. (Renaudot, p. 536.)

of action a Mamluke 'exclaimed, "If we cannot wrest Egypt from the christian dogs, why do we not renounce the honours and rewards of the sultan, and retire to labour with the peasants, or to spin with the females of the harem?" Yet, after all his efforts in the field," after the obstinate defence of Alexandria* by his nephew Saladin, an honourable capitulation and retreat concluded the second enterprise of Shiracouh; and Nouredin reserved his abilities for a third and more propitious occasion. It was soon offered by the ambition and avarice of Amalric or Amaury, king of Jerusalem, who had imbibed the pernicious maxim, that no faith should be kept with the enemies of God. A religious warrior, the great master of the hospital, encouraged him to proceed; the emperor of Constantinople either gave, or promised, a fleet to act with the armies of Syria; and the perfidious christian, unsatisfied with spoil and subsidy, aspired to the conquest of Egypt. In this emergency, the Moslems turned their eyes towards the sultan of Damascus; the vizir, whom danger encompassed on all sides, yielded to their unanimous wishes, and Nouredin seemed to be tempted by the fair offer of one third of the revenue of the kingdom. The Franks were already at the gates of Cairo; but the suburbs, the old city, were burnt on their approach; they were deceived by an insidious negotiation, and their vessels were unable to surmount the barriers of the Nile. They prudently declined a contest with the Turks in the midst of a hostile country; and Amaury retired into Palestine with the shame and reproach that always adhere to unsuccessful injustice. After this deliverance, Shiracouh was invested with a robe of honour, which he soon stained with the blood of the unfortunate Shawer. For a while, the Turkish emirs condescended to hold the office of vizir; but this foreign conquest precipitated the fall of the Fatimites themselves; and the bloodless change was accomplished by a message and a word. The caliphs had been degraded by their own weakness and the tyranny of the vizirs: their subjects blushed, when the descendant and successor of the prophet presented his naked hand to the rude gripe of a Latin ambassador; they wept when he sent the hair of his women, a sad emblem of their grief and terror, to excite the pity of the sultan of Damascus. By the command of Nouredin, and the sentence of the doctors, the holy names of Abubeker, Omar, and Othman, were solemnly restored: the caliph Mosthadi, of Bagdad, was acknowledged in the public prayers as the true commander of the faithful; and the green livery of the sons of Ali was exchanged for the black colour of the Abbassides. The last of his race, the caliph Adhed, who survived only ten days, expired in happy ignorance of his fate; his treasures secured the loyalty of the soldiers, and silenced the murmurs of the sectaries; and in all subsequent revolutions Egypt has never departed from the orthodox tradition of the Moslems.

The hilly country beyond the Tigris is occupied by the pastoral tribes of the Reigen and character of Saladin, Curds; a people hardy, strong, savage, A. D. 1191-1193.

* *Mamluk*, plur. *Mamlukes*, is defined by Pocock, (Prolegom. ad Abulpharag. p. 7.) & D'Herbelot, (p. 643.) *servum emptitium, seu qui pretio numerato in domini possessionem cedit.* They frequently occur in the wars of Saladin, (Bohadin, p. 236, &c.) and it was only the *Baharite* Mamlukes that were first introduced into Egypt by his descendants.
 * Jacobus A Vitracio (p. 1116.) gives the king of Jerusalem no more than 374 knights. Both the Franks and the Moslems report the superior numbers of the enemy; a difference which may be solved by counting or omitting the unwelcome Egyptians.
 * It was the Alexandria of the Arabs, a middle term in extent and riches between the period of the Greeks and Romans, and that of the Turks. (Savary, *Lettres sur l'Egypte*, tom. i. p. 25, 26.)
 * For this great revolution of Egypt, see William Tyre, (l. xix. 6, 7, 12-31. xx. 5-12.) Bohadin, (in Vit. Saladin. p. 30-39.) Abulfeda, (in *Excerptis*, p. 1-12.) D'Herbelot, (Bibl. Orient. *Adhed. Futhemah*, but very incorrect.) Renaudot, (Hist. Patriarch. Alex. p. 622-625. 632-637.) Vertot, (Hist. des Chevaliers de Malthe, tom. i. p. 141-163, in 4to.) & M. de Guignes, (tom. ii. p. 185-215.)
 * For the Curds, see De Guignes, tom. i. p. 416, 417. the Index Geographicus of Schultens, and Tavernier, *Voyages*, p. i. p. 308, 309. The Ayoubites descended from the tribe of Rawadiz, one of the noblest;

impatient of yoke, addicted to rapine, and tenacious of the government of their national chiefs. The resemblance of name, situation, and manners, seem to identify them with the Carduchians of the Greeks;* and they still defend against the Ottoman Porte the antique freedom which they asserted against the successors of Cyrus. Poverty and ambition prompted them to embrace the profession of mercenary soldiers: the service of his father and uncle prepared the reign of the great Saladin;^b and the son of Job or Ayub, a simple Kurd, magnanimously smiled at his pedigree, which flattery deduced from the Arabian caliphs.^c So unconscious was Nouredin of the impending ruin of his house, that he constrained the reluctant youth to follow his uncle Shiracouh into Egypt; his military character was established by the defence of Alexandria; and if we may believe the Latins, he solicited and obtained from the christian general the *profane* honours of knighthood.^d On the death of Shiracouh, the office of grand vizir was bestowed on Saladin, as the youngest and least powerful of the emirs; but with the advice of his father, whom he invited to Cairo, his genius obtained the ascendancy over his equals, and attached the army to his person and interest. While Nouredin lived, these ambitious Kurds were the most humble of his slaves; and the indiscreet murmurs of the divan were silenced by the prudent Ayub, who loudly protested that at the command of the sultan he himself would lead his son in chains to the foot of the throne. "Such language," he added in private, "was prudent and proper in an assembly of your rivals; but we are now above fear and obedience; and the threats of Nouredin shall not extort the tribute of a sugarcane." His seasonable death relieved them from the odious and doubtful conflict: his son, a minor of eleven years of age, was left for a while to the emirs of Damascus; and the new lord of Egypt was decorated by the caliph with every title^e that could sanctify his usurpation in the eyes of the people. Nor was Saladin long content with the possession of Egypt; he despoiled the christians of Jerusalem, and the Atabeks of Damascus, Aleppo, and Diarbekir: Mecca and Medina acknowledged him for their temporal protector: his brother subdued the distant regions of Yemen, or the happy Arabia; and at the hour of his death, his empire spread from the African Tripoli to the Tigris, and from the Indian ocean to the mountains of Armenia. In the judgment of his character, the reproaches of treason and ingratitude strike forcibly on *our* minds, impressed, as they are, with the principle and experience of law and loyalty. But his ambition may in some measure be excused by the revolution of Asia,^f which had erased every notion of legitimate succession; by the recent example of the Atabeks themselves; by his reverence to the son of his benefactor, his humane and generous behaviour to the collateral

branches; by their incapacity and his merit; by the approbation of the caliph, the sole source of all legitimate power; and, above all, by the wishes and interest of the people, whose happiness is the first object of government. In *his* virtues, and in those of his patron, they admired the singular union of the hero and the saint; for both Nouredin and Saladin are ranked among the Mahometan saints; and the constant meditation of the holy war appears to have shed a serious and sober colour over their lives and actions. The youth of the latter^g was addicted to wine and women; but his aspiring spirit soon renounced the temptations of pleasure, for the graver follies of fame and dominion: the garment of Saladin was of a coarse woollen; water was his only drink; and, while he emulated the temperance, he surpassed the chastity of his Arabian prophet. Both in faith and practice he was a rigid mussulman; he ever deplored that the defence of religion had not allowed him to accomplish the pilgrimage of Mecca; but at the stated hours, five times each day, the sultan devoutly prayed with his brethren: the involuntary omission of fasting was scrupulously repaid; and his perusal of the Koran on horseback, between the approaching armies, may be quoted as a proof, however ostentatious, of piety and courage.^h The superstitious doctrine of the sect of Shafei was the only study that he deigned to encourage: the poets were safe in his contempt; but all profane science was the object of his aversion; and a philosopher, who had vented some speculative novelties, was seized and strangled by the command of the royal saint. The justice of his divan was accessible to the meanest suppliant against himself and his ministers; and it was only for a kingdom that Saladin would deviate from the rule of equity. While the descendants of Seljuk and Zenghi held his stirrup and smoothed his garments, he was affable and patient with the meanest of his servants. So boundless was his liberality, that he distributed twelve thousand horses at the siege of Acre; and, at the time of his death, no more than forty-seven drachms of silver and one piece of gold coin were found in the treasury; yet, in a martial reign, the tributes were diminished, and the wealthy citizens enjoyed without fear or danger the fruits of their industry. Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, were adorned by the royal foundations of hospitals, colleges, and mosques; and Cairo was fortified with a wall and citadel; but his works were consecrated to public use,ⁱ nor did the sultan indulge himself in a garden or palace of private luxury. In a fanatic age, himself a fanatic, the genuine virtues of Saladin commanded the esteem of the christians: the emperor of Germany gloried in his friendship;^k the Greek emperor solicited his alliance;^l and the conquest of Jerusalem diffused, and perhaps magnified, his fame both in the East and West Indies.

During its short existence, the kingdom of Jerusalem^m was supported by the discord of the Turks and Saracens; and both the Fatimite caliphs and the sultans of Damascus were tempted to sacrifice the cause of their religion to the meaner considerations of private and present advantage. But the powers of Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, were now united by a hero, whom nature and fortune had armed against the christians. All without now bore the most threatening aspect; and all was feeble and hollow in the internal state of Jerusalem. After the two first Baldwins, the

His conquest of the kingdom. A. D. 1187. July 3.

but as they were infected with the heresy of the metempsychosis, the orthodox sultans insinuated that their descent was only on the mother's side, and that their ancestor was a stranger who settled among the Kurds.

a See the fourth book of the Anabasis of Xenophon. The ten thousand suffered more from the arrows of the free Carduchians, than from the splendid weakness of the great king.

b We are indebted to the professor Schultens (Lugd. Bat. 1755. in folio) for the richest and most authentic materials, a life of Saladin by his friend and minister the cadhi Bohadin, and copious extracts from the history of his kinsman the prince Abulfeda of Hamah. To these we may add, the article of *Salaheddin* in the Bibliotheca Orientale, and all that may be gleaned from the Dynasties of Abulpharagius.

c Since Abulfeda was himself an Ayoubite, he may share the praise, for imitating, at least tacitly, the modesty of the founder.

d Hist. Hierusol. in the Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 1152. A similar example may be found in Joinville; (p. 42. edition du Louvre); but the pious St. Louis refused to dignify infidels with the order of christian knighthood. (Ducange, Observations, p. 70.)

e In these Arabic titles, *religionis* must always be understood; *Noureddin*, lumen; *Ezzodine*, decus; *Amadoddin*, columen: our hero's proper name was Joseph, and he was styled *Salahoddin*, salus; *Al Malticheus*, *Al Nasirius*, rex defensor; *Abu Mofeddir*, pater victorie, Schultens, *Præfat.*

f Abulfeda, who descended from a brother of Saladin, observes from many examples, that the founders of dynasties took the guilt for themselves, and left the reward to their innocent collaterals. (Excerpt, p. 10.)

g See his life and character in Renaudot, p. 537-548.

h His civil and religious virtues are celebrated in the first chapter of Bohadin, (p. 4-30.) himself an eye-witness, and an honest bigot.

i In many works, particularly Joseph's well in the castle of Cairo, the sultan and the patriarch have been confounded by the ignorance of natives and travellers.

k Anonym. Canisii, tom. iii. p. ii. p. 504.

l Bohadin, p. 129, 130.

m For the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, see William of Tyre, from the ninth to the twenty-second book. Jacob à Vitriaco, Hist. Hierosol. l. i. and Sanutus, *Secreta Fidelium Crucis*, l. iii. p. vi. vii. viii. ix.

brother and cousin of Godfrey of Bouillon, the sceptre devolved by female succession to Melisenda, daughter of the second Baldwin, and her husband Fulk, count of Anjou, the father, by a former marriage, of our English Plantagenets. Their two sons, Baldwin the third, and Amaury, waged a strenuous, and not unsuccessful, war against the infidels; but the son of Amaury, Baldwin the fourth, was deprived by the leprosy, a gift of the crusades, of the faculties both of mind and body. His sister Sybilla, the mother of Baldwin the fifth, was his natural heiress: after the suspicious death of her child, she crowned her second husband, Guy of Lusignan, a prince of a handsome person, but of such base renown, that his own brother Jeffrey was heard to exclaim, "Since they have made *him* a king, surely they would have made *me* a god!" The choice was generally blamed; and the most powerful vassal, Raymond count of Tripoli, who had been excluded from the succession and regency, entertained an implacable hatred against the king, and exposed his honour and conscience to the temptations of the sultan. Such were the guardians of the holy city; a leper, a child, a woman, a coward, and a traitor: yet its fate was delayed twelve years by some supplies from Europe, by the valour of the military orders, and by the distant or domestic avocations of their great enemy. At length, on every side, the sinking state was encircled and pressed by a hostile line; and the truce was violated by the Franks, whose existence it protected. A soldier of fortune, Reginald of Chatillon, had seized a fortress on the edge of the desert, from whence he pillaged the caravans, insulted Mahomet, and threatened the cities of Mecca and Medina. Saladin condescended to complain; rejoiced in the denial of justice; and at the head of fourscore thousand horse and foot, invaded the Holy Land. The choice of Tiberias for his first siege was suggested by the count of Tripoli, to whom it belonged; and the king of Jerusalem was persuaded to drain his garrisons, and to arm his people for the relief of that important place.^a By the advice of the perfidious Raymond, the christians were betrayed into a camp destitute of water: he fled on the first onset, with the curses of both nations: Lusignan was overthrown, with the loss of thirty thousand men; and the wood of the true cross, a dire misfortune! was left in the power of the infidels. The royal captive was conducted to the tent of Saladin; and as he fainted with thirst and terror, the generous victor presented him with a cup of sherbet, cooled in snow, without suffering his companion, Reginald of Chatillon, to partake of this pledge of hospitality and pardon. "The person and dignity of a king," said the sultan, "are sacred; but this impious robber must instantly acknowledge the prophet whom he has blasphemed, or meet the death which he has so often deserved." On the proud or conscientious refusal of the christian warrior, Saladin struck him on the head with his scymitar, and Reginald was despatched by the guards.^b The trembling Lusignan was sent to Damascus, to an honourable prison and speedy ransom; but the victory was stained by the execution of two hundred and thirty knights of the hospital, the intrepid champions and martyrs of their faith. The kingdom was left without a head; and of the two grand masters of the mili-

tary orders, the one was slain and the other was a prisoner. From all the cities, both of the sea-coast and the inland country, the garrisons had been drawn away for this fatal field: Tyre and Tripoli alone could escape the rapid inroad of Saladin; and three months after the battle of Tiberias, he appeared in arms before the gates of Jerusalem.^c

He might expect that the siege of a city so venerable on earth and in heaven, so interesting to Europe and Asia, would rekindle the last sparks of enthusiasm; and that of sixty thousand christians, every man would be a soldier, and every soldier a candidate for martyrdom. But queen Sybilla trembled for herself and her captive husband; and the barons and knights, who had escaped from the sword and chains of the Turks, displayed the same factious and selfish spirit in the public ruin. The most numerous portion of the inhabitants was composed of the Greek and oriental christians, whom experience had taught to prefer the Mahometan before the Latin yoke; and the holy sepulchre attracted a base and needy crowd, without arms or courage, who subsisted only on the charity of the pilgrims. Some feeble and hasty efforts were made for the defence of Jerusalem; but in the space of fourteen days, a victorious army drove back the sallies of the besieged, planted their engines, opened the wall to the breadth of fifteen cubits, applied their scaling-ladders, and erected on the breach twelve banners of the prophet and the sultan. It was in vain that a bare-foot procession of the queen, the women, and the monks, implored the Son of God to save his tomb and his inheritance from impious violation. Their sole hope was in the mercy of the conqueror, and to their first suppliant deputation that mercy was sternly denied. "He had sworn to avenge the patience and long-suffering of the Moslems; the hour of forgiveness was elapsed, and the moment was now arrived to expiate, in blood, the innocent blood which had been spilt by Godfrey and the first crusaders." But a desperate and successful struggle of the Franks admonished the sultan that his triumph was not yet secure; he listened with reverence to a solemn adjuration in the name of the common Father of mankind; and a sentiment of human sympathy mollified the rigour of fanaticism and conquest. He consented to accept the city, and to spare the inhabitants. The Greek and oriental christians were permitted to live under his dominion; but it was stipulated, that in forty days all the Franks and Latins should evacuate Jerusalem, and be safely conducted to the sea-ports of Syria and Egypt; that ten pieces of gold should be paid for each man, five for each woman, and one for every child; and that those who were unable to purchase their freedom should be detained in perpetual slavery. Of some writers it is a favourite and invidious theme to compare the humanity of Saladin with the massacre of the first crusade. The difference would be merely personal; but we should not forget that the christians had offered to capitulate, and that the Mahometans of Jerusalem sustained the last extremities of an assault and storm. Justice is indeed due to the fidelity with which the Turkish conqueror fulfilled the conditions of the treaty; and he may be deservedly praised for the glance of pity which he cast on the misery of the vanquished. Instead of a rigorous exaction of his debt, he accepted a sum of thirty thousand byzants, for the ransom of seven thousand poor; two or three thousand more were dismissed by his gratuitous clemency; and the number of slaves was reduced to eleven or fourteen thousand persons. In his interview with the queen, his words, and even his tears, suggested the kindest consolations; his liberal alms were distributed among those who had been made

and city of
Jerusalem,
A. D. 1187.
October 2.

^a Templarii ut apes bombabant et hospitalarii ut venti stridebant, et barones se exitio offerebant, et Turcopuli (the christian light troops) semetipsi in ignem iniecebant; (Isapahani de Expugnatione Kudsticâ, p. 18, apud Schultens;) a specimen of Arabian eloquence, somewhat different from the style of Xenophon.

^b The Latins affirm, the Arabians insinuate, the treason of Raymond; but had he really embraced their religion, he would have been a saint and a hero in the eyes of the latter.

^c Renaud, Reginald, or Arnold de Chatillon, is celebrated by the Latins in his life and death; but the circumstances of the latter are more distinctly related by Bohadin and Abulfeda; and Joinville (Hist. de St. Louis, p. 70.) alludes to the practice of Saladin, of never putting to death a prisoner who had tasted his bread and salt. Some of the companions of Arnold had been slaughtered, and almost sacrificed, in a valley of Mecca, ubi sacrificia mactantur. (Acoufeda, p. 32.)

^q Vertot, who well describes the loss of the kingdom and city (Hist. des Chevaliers de Malthe, tom. i. li. p. 226-278.) inserts two original epistles of a knight templar.

^r Renaudot, Hist. Patriarch. Alex. p. 545.

orphans or widows by the fortune of war; and while the knights of the hospital were in arms against him, he allowed their more pious brethren to continue, during the term of a year, the care and service of the sick. In these acts of mercy the virtue of Saladin deserves our admiration and love: he was above the necessity of dissimulation, and his stern fanaticism would have prompted him to dissemble rather than to affect, this profane compassion for the enemies of the Koran. After Jerusalem had been delivered from the presence of the strangers, the sultan made his triumphant entry, his banners waving in the wind, and to the harmony of martial music. The great mosch of Omar, which had been converted into a church, was again consecrated to one God and his prophet Mahomet; the walls and pavement were purified with rose-water; and a pulpit, the labour of Noureddin, was erected in the sanctuary. But when the golden cross that glittered on the dome was cast down, and dragged through the streets, the christians of every sect uttered a lamentable groan, which was answered by the joyful shouts of the Moslems. In four ivory chests the patriarch had collected the crosses, the images, the vases, and the relics of the holy place: they were seized by the conqueror, who was desirous of presenting the caliph with the trophies of christian idolatry. He was persuaded, however, to intrust them to the patriarch and prince of Antioch; and the pious pledge was redeemed by Richard of England, at the expense of fifty-two thousand byzants of gold.*

The nations might fear and hope the immediate and final expulsion of the Latins from Syria; which was yet delayed above a century after the death of Saladin.¹ In the career of victory, he was first checked by the resistance of Tyre; the troops and garrisons, which had capitulated, were imprudently conducted to the same port: their numbers were adequate to the defence of the place; and the arrival of Conrad of Montferrat inspired the disorderly crowd with confidence and union. His father, a venerable pilgrim, had been made prisoner in the battle of Tiberias; but that disaster was unknown in Italy and Greece, when the son was urged by ambition and piety to visit the inheritance of his royal nephew, the infant Baldwin. The view of the Turkish banners warned him from the hostile coast of Jaffa; and Conrad was unanimously hailed as the prince and champion of Tyre, which was already besieged by the conqueror of Jerusalem. The firmness of his zeal, and perhaps his knowledge of a generous foe, enabled him to brave the threats of the sultan, and to declare, that should his aged parent be exposed before the walls, he himself would discharge the first arrow, and glory in his descent from a christian martyr.² The Egyptian fleet was allowed to enter the harbour of Tyre; but the chain was suddenly drawn, and five galleys were either sunk or taken: a thousand Turks were slain in a sally; and Saladin, after burning his engines, concluded a glorious campaign by a disgraceful retreat to Damascus. He was soon assailed by a more formidable tempest. The pathetic narratives, and even the pictures, that represented in lively colours the servitude and profanation of Jerusalem, awakened the torpid sensibility of Europe, the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and the kings of France and England, assumed the cross; and the tardy magnitude of their armaments was anticipated by the maritime states of the Mediterranean and the ocean. The skill-

ful and provident Italians first embarked in the ships of Genoa, Pisa, and Venice. They were speedily followed by the most eager pilgrims of France, Normandy, and the Western Isles. The powerful succour of Flanders, Frise, and Denmark, filled near a hundred vessels; and the northern warriors were distinguished in the field by a lofty stature and a ponderous battle-axe.³ Their increasing multitudes could no longer be confined within the walls of Tyre, or remain obedient to the voice of Conrad. They pitied the misfortunes, and revered the dignity, of Lusignan, who was released from prison, perhaps to divide the army of the Franks. He proposed the recovery of Ptolemais, or Acre, thirty miles to the south of Tyre; and the place was first invested by two thousand horse and thirty thousand foot under his nominal command. I shall not expatiate on the story of this memorable siege; which lasted near two years, and consumed, in a narrow space, the forces of Europe and Asia. Never did the flame of enthusiasm burn with fiercer A. D. 1189. and more destructive rage; nor could the July—A. D. 1190. true believers, a common appellation, who consecrated their own martyrs, refuse some applause to the mistaken zeal and courage of their adversaries. At the sound of the holy trumpet, the Moslems of Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and the oriental provinces, assembled under the servant of the prophet: his camp was pitched and removed within a few miles of Acre; and he laboured, night and day, for the relief of his brethren and the annoyance of the Franks. Nine battles, not unworthy of the name, were fought, in the neighbourhood of mount Carmel, with such vicissitude of fortune, that in one attack, the sultan forced his way into the city; that in one sally, the christians penetrated to the royal tent. By the means of divers and pigeons, a regular correspondence was maintained with the besieged: and, as often as the sea was left open, the exhausted garrison was withdrawn, and a fresh supply was poured into the place. The Latin camp was thinned by famine, the sword, and the climate; but the tents of the dead were replenished with new pilgrims, who exaggerated the strength and speed of their approaching countrymen. The vulgar were astonished by the report, that the pope himself, with an innumerable crusade, was advanced as far as Constantinople. The march of the emperor filled the east with more serious alarms; the obstacles which he encountered in Asia, and perhaps in Greece, were raised by the policy of Saladin; his joy on the death of Barbarossa was measured by his esteem; and the christians were rather dismayed than encouraged at the sight of the duke of Swabia and his way-worn remnant of five thousand Germans. At length, in the spring of the second year, the royal fleets of France and England cast anchor in the bay of Acre, and the siege was more vigorously prosecuted by the youthful emulation of the two kings, Philip Augustus and Richard Plantagenet. After every resource had been tried, and every hope was exhausted, the defenders of Acre submitted to their fate; a capitulation was granted, but their lives and liberties were taxed at the hard conditions of a ransom of two hundred thousand pieces of gold, the deliverance of one hundred nobles, and fifteen hundred inferior captives, and the restoration of the wood of the holy cross. Some doubts in the agreement, and some delay in the execution, rekindled the fury of the Franks, and three thousand Moslems, almost in the sultan's view, were beheaded by the command of the sanguinary Richard.* By the conquest of Acre, the

* For the conquest of Jerusalem, Bohadin (p. 67—75.) and Abulfeda (p. 40—43.) are our Moslem witnesses. Of the christian, Bernard Thesaurarius (c. 151—167.) is the most copious and authentic; see likewise Matthew Paris, (p. 120—121.)

† The sieges of Tyre and Acre are most copiously described by Bernard Thesaurarius, (de Acquisitione Terræ Sanctæ, c. 167—179.) the author of the Historia Hierosolymitana, (p. 1150—1172. in Bongarsius,) Abulfeda, (p. 43—50.) and Bohadin, (p. 75—179.)

‡ I have followed a moderate and probable representation of the fact; by Vertot, who adopts without reluctance a romantic tale, the old marquis is actually exposed to the darts of the besieged.

* Northmanni et Gothi, et cæteri populi insularum quæ inter occidentem et septentrionem sitæ sunt, gentes bellicose, corporis proceri, mortis intrepide, bipennibus armatæ, navibus rotundis quæ Ysnachia dicuntur advectæ.

† The historian of Jerusalem (p. 1108.) adds the nations of the east from the Tigris to India, and the swarthy tribes of Moors and Getulians, so that Asia and Africa fought against Europe.

‡ Bohadin, p. 180. and this massacre is neither denied nor blamed by the christian historians. Asacriter jussa complentes, (the English

Latin powers acquired a strong town and a convenient harbour; but the advantage was most dearly purchased. The minister and historian of Saladin computes, from the report of the enemy, that their numbers, at different periods, amounted to five or six hundred thousand; that more than one hundred thousand christians were slain; that a far greater number were lost by disease or shipwreck; and that a small portion of this mighty host could return in safety to their native countries.^a

Richard of England in Palestine, A. D. 1191, 1192. Philip Augustus, and Richard the first, are the only kings of France and England, who have fought under the same banners; but the holy service, in which they were enlisted, was incessantly disturbed by their national jealousy; and the two factions, which they protected in Palestine, were more averse to each other than to the common enemy. In the eyes of the orientals, the French monarch was superior in dignity and power; and in the emperor's absence, the Latins revered him as their temporal chief.^b His exploits were not adequate to his fame. Philip was brave, but the statesman predominated in his character; he was soon weary of sacrificing his health and interest on a barren coast; the surrender of Acre became the signal of his departure; nor could he justify this unpopular desertion, by leaving the duke of Burgundy, with five hundred knights, and ten thousand foot, for the service of the Holy Land. The king of England, though inferior in dignity, surpassed his rival in wealth and military renown;^c and if heroism be confined to brutal and ferocious valour, Richard Plantagenet will stand high among the heroes of the age. The memory of *Cœur de Lion*, of the lion-hearted prince, was long dear and glorious to his English subjects; and, at the distance of sixty years, it was celebrated in proverbial sayings by the grandsons of the Turks and Saracens, against whom he had fought: his tremendous name was employed by the Syrian mothers to silence their infants; and if a horse suddenly started from the way, his rider was wont to exclaim, "Dost thou think king Richard is in that bush?"^d His cruelty to the Mahometans was the effect of temper and zeal; but I cannot believe that a soldier, so free and fearless in the use of his lance, would have descended to whet a dagger against his valiant brother Conrad of Montferrat, who was slain at Tyre by some secret assassins.^e After the surrender of Acre, and the departure of Philip, the king of England led the crusaders to the recovery of the sea-coast; and the cities of Cæsarea and Jaffa were added to the fragments of the kingdom of Lusignan. A march of one hundred miles from Acre to Ascalon, was a great and perpetual battle of eleven days. In the disorder of his troops, Saladin remained on the field with seventeen guards, without lowering his standard, or suspending the sound of his brazen

soldiers) says Galfridus a Vinesauf, (l. 4. c. 4. p. 346.) who fixes at 2700 the number of victims; who are multiplied to 5000 by Roger Hoveden, (p. 697, 698.) The humanity or avarice of Philip Augustus was persuaded to ransom his prisoners. (Jacob. à Vitriaco, l. i. c. 98. p. 1122.)

^a Bohadin, p. 14. He quotes the judgment of Balianus, and the prince of Sidon, and adds, ex illo mundo quasi hominum paucissimi redierunt. Among the christians who died before St. John d'Acre, I find the English names of De Ferrers earl of Derby, (Dugdale, Baronage, part I. p. 260.) Mowbray, (idem, p. 124.) De Mandevill, De Fienes, St. John, Scrope, Pigot, Talbot, &c.

^b Magnus hic apud eos, interque reges eorum tum virtute, tum majestate eminens . . . summus rerum arbiter. (Bohadin, p. 159.) He does not seem to have known the names either of Philip or Richard.

^c Rex Anglie, præstrenuus . . . rege Gallorum minor apud eos consuebat ratione regni atque dignitatis: sed tum divitiis florentior, tum bellicâ virtute multo ære celebrator. (Bohadin, p. 161.) A stranger might admire those riches; the national historians will tell with what lawless and wasteful oppression they were collected.

^d Joinville, p. 17. Cuides-tu que ce soit le roi Richard?

^e Yet he was guilty in the opinion of the Moslems, who attest the confession of the assassins, that they were sent by the king of England; (Bohadin, p. 225.) and his only defence is an absurd and palpable forgery, (Hist. de l'Académie des Inscriptions, tom. xvi. p. 155—163.) a pretended letter from the prince of the assassins, the sheikh, or old man of the mountain, who justified Richard, by assuming to himself the guilt or merit of the murder.^a

kettle-drum; he again rallied and renewed the charge; and his preachers or heralds called aloud on the *unitarians*, manfully to stand up against the christian idolaters. But the progress of these idolaters was irresistible: and it was only by demolishing the walls, and buildings of Ascalon, that the sultan could prevent them from occupying an important fortress on the confines of Egypt. During a severe winter, the armies slept; but in the spring, the Franks advanced within a day's march of Jerusalem, under the leading standard of the English king, and his active spirit intercepted a convoy, or caravan, of seven thousand camels. Saladin had fixed his station in the holy city: but the city was struck with consternation and discord: he fasted; he prayed; he preached; he offered to share the dangers of the siege; but his Mamalukes, who remembered the fate of their companions at Acre, pressed the sultan with loyal or seditious clamours, to reserve his person and their courage for the future defence of their religion and empire.^a The Moslems were delivered by the sudden, or as they deemed, the miraculous, retreat of the christians;^b and the laurels of Richard were blasted by the prudence, or envy, of his companions. The hero, ascending a hill, and veiling his face, exclaimed with an indignant voice, "Those who are unwilling to rescue, are unworthy to view, the sepulchre of Christ!" After his return to Acre, on the news that Jaffa was surprised by the sultan, he sailed with some merchant vessels, and leaped foremost on the beach; the castle was relieved by his presence; and sixty thousand Turks and Saracens fled before his arms. The discovery of his weakness provoked them to return in the morning; and they found him carelessly encamped before the gates with only seventeen knights and three hundred archers. Without counting their numbers, he sustained their charge; and we learn from the evidence of his enemies, that the king of England, grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front, from the right to the left wing, without meeting an adversary who dared to encounter his career.^c Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?

During these hostilities, a languid and tedious negotiation between the Franks and Moslems was started, and continued, and broken, and again resumed, and again broken. Some acts of royal courtesy, the gift of snow and fruit, the exchange of Norway hawks and Arabian horses, softened the asperity of religious war: from the vicissitude of success, the monarchs might learn to suspect that heaven was neutral in the quarrel; nor, after the trial of each other, could either hope for a decisive victory.^d The health both of

His treaty and departure, A. D. 1192, September.

^f See the distress and pious firmness of Saladin, as they are described by Bohadin, (p. 7—9. 235—237.) who himself harangued the defenders of Jerusalem; their fears were not unknown to the enemy. (Jacob. à Vitriaco, l. i. c. 100. p. 1123. Vinesauf, l. v. c. 50. p. 399.)

^g Yet unless the sultan, or an Ayoubite prince, remained in Jerusalem, nec Curdi Turci, nec Turci essent obtemperaturi Curdis. (Bohadin, p. 236.) He draws aside a corner of the political curtain.

^h Bohadin, (p. 237.) and even Jeffrey de Vinesauf, (l. vi. c. 1—8. p. 403—409.) ascribe the retreat to Richard himself: and Jacobus à Vitriaco observes, that in his impatience to depart, in alterum virum mutatus est, (p. 1123.) Yet Joinville, a French knight, accuses the envy of Hugh duke of Burgundy, (p. 116.) without supposing, like Matthew Paris, that he was bribed by Saladin.

ⁱ The expeditions to Ascalon, Jerusalem, and Jaffa, are related by Bohadin (p. 184—249.) and Abulfeda, (p. 51, 52.) The author of the Itinerary, or the monk of St. Alban's, cannot exaggerate the cadh's account of the prowess of Richard; (Vinesauf, l. vi. c. 14—24. p. 412—421. Hist. Major, p. 137—143.) and on the whole of this war, there is a marvellous agreement between the christian and Mahometan writers, who mutually praise the virtues of their enemies.

^k See the progress of negotiation and hostility in Bohadin, (p. 207—260.) who was himself an actor in the treaty. Richard declared his intention of returning with new armies to the conquest of the Holy Land; and Saladin answered the menace with a civil compliment. (Vinesauf, l. vi. c. 28. p. 423.)

^l The most copious and original account of this holy war, is Galfrid's Vinesauf Itinerary in Regis Anglorum Richardi et aliorum in Terram Hierosolymorum, in six books, published in the second volume of Gale's Scriptores Hist. Anglicanæ, (p. 247—429.) Roger Hoveden and Matthew Paris afford likewise many valuable materials; and the former describes, with accuracy, the discipline and navigation of the English fleet.

Richard and Saladin appeared to be in a declining state; and they respectively suffered the evils of distant and domestic warfare: Plantagenet was impatient to punish a perfidious rival who had invaded Normandy in his absence; and the indefatigable sultan was subdued by the cries of the people, who were the victims, and of the soldiers, who were the instruments, of his martial zeal. The first demands of the king of England were the restitution of Jerusalem, Palestine, and the true cross; and he firmly declared, that himself and his brother pilgrims would end their lives in the pious labour, rather than return to Europe with ignominy and remorse. But the conscience of Saladin refused, without some weighty compensation, to restore the idols, or promote the idolatry, of the christians: he asserted, with equal firmness, his religious and civil claim to the sovereignty of Palestine; despatched on the importance and sanctity of Jerusalem; and rejected all terms of the establishment, or partition, of the Latins. The marriage which Richard proposed, of his sister with the sultan's brother, was defeated by the difference of faith: the princess abhorred the embraces of a Turk; and Adel, or Saphadin, would not easily renounce a plurality of wives. A personal interview was declined by Saladin, who alleged their mutual ignorance of each other's language; and the negotiation was managed with much art and delay by their interpreters and envoys. The final agreement was equally disapproved by the zealots of both parties, by the Roman pontiff and the caliph of Bagdad. It was stipulated that Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre should be open, without tribute or vexation, to the pilgrimage of the Latin christians; that, after the demolition of Ascalon, they should inclusively possess the sea-coast from Jaffa to Tyre; that the count of Tripoli and the prince of Antioch should be comprised in the truce; and that, during three years and three months, all hostilities should cease. The principal chiefs of the two armies swore to the observance of the treaty; but the monarchs were satisfied with giving their word and their right hand; and the royal majesty was excused from an oath, which always implies some suspicion of falsehood and dishonour. Richard embarked for Europe, to seek a long captivity and a premature grave; and the space of a few months concluded the life and glories of Saladin.

Death of
Saladin,
A. D. 1193.
March 4.

The orientals describe his edifying death, which happened at Damascus; but they seem ignorant of the equal distribution of his alms among the three religions,^m or of the display of a shroud, instead of a standard, to admonish the east of the instability of human greatness. The unity of empire was dissolved by his death; his sons were oppressed by the stronger arm of their uncle Saphadin; the hostile interests of the sultans of Egypt, Damascus, and Aleppo,ⁿ were again revived; and the Franks or Latins stood, and breathed, and hoped, in their fortresses along the Syrian coast.

Innocent III. The noblest monument of a conqueror A. D. 1193-1216. or's fame, and of the terror which he inspired, is the Saladine tenth, a general tax, which was imposed on the laity, and even the clergy, of the Latin church for the service of the holy war. The practice was too lucrative to expire with the occasion; and this tribute became the foundation of all the titles and tenths on ecclesiastical benefices, which have been granted by the Roman pontiffs to catholic sovereigns, or reserved for the immediate use of the apostolic see.^o This pecuniary emolument must have tended

^m Even Vertot (tom. i. p. 251.) adopts the foolish notion of the indifference of Saladin, who professed the Koran with his last breath.
ⁿ See the succession of the Ayyoubites, in Abulpharagius, (Dynast. p. 277, &c.) and the tables of M. de Guignes, l'Art de Vérifier les Dates, and the Bibliothèque Orientale.

^o Thomasin (Discipline de l'Eglise, tom. iii. p. 311-374.) has copiously treated of the origin, abuses, and restrictions of these tenths. A theory was started, but not pursued, that they were rightfully due

to increase the interest of the popes in the recovery of Palestine: after the death of Saladin they preached the crusade, by their epistles, their legates, and their missionaries; and the accomplishment of the pious work might have been expected from the zeal and talents of Innocent the third.^p Under that young and ambitious priest, the successors of St. Peter attained the full meridian of their greatness; and in a reign of eighteen years, he exercised a despotic command over the emperors and kings, whom he raised and deposed; over the nations, whom an interdict of months or years deprived, for the offence of their rulers, of the exercise of christian worship. In the council of the Lateran he acted as the ecclesiastical, almost as the temporal, sovereign of the east and west. It was at the feet of his legate that John of England surrendered his crown; and Innocent may boast of the two most signal triumphs over sense and humanity, the establishment of transubstantiation, and the origin of the inquisition. At his voice, two crusades, the fourth and the fifth, were undertaken; but, except a king of Hungary, the princes of the second order were at the head of the pilgrims: the forces were inadequate to the design; nor did the effects correspond with the hopes and wishes of the pope and the people. The fourth crusade was diverted from Syria to Constantinople; and the conquest of the Greek or Roman empire by the Latins will form the proper and important subject of the next chapter. In the fifth,^q two hundred thousand Franks were landed at the eastern mouth of the Nile. They reasonably hoped that Palestine must be subdued in Egypt; the seat and storehouse of the sultan; and, after a siege of sixteen months, the Moslems deplored the loss of Damietta. But the christian army was ruined by the pride and insolence of the legate Pelagius, who, in the pope's name, assumed the character of general: the sickly Franks were encompassed by the waters of the Nile and the oriental forces; and it was by the evacuation of Damietta that they obtained a safe retreat, some concessions for the pilgrims, and the tardy restitution of the doubtful relic of the true cross. The failure may in some measure be ascribed to the abuse and multiplication of the crusades, which were preached at the same time against the pagans of Livonia, the Moors of Spain, the Albigeois of France, and the kings of Sicily of the imperial family.^r In these meritorious services, the volunteers might acquire at home the same spiritual indulgence, and a larger measure of temporal rewards; and even the popes, in their zeal against a domestic enemy, were sometimes tempted to forget the distress of their Syrian brethren. From the last age of the crusades they derived the occasional command of an army and revenue; and some deep reasoners have suspected that the whole enterprise, from the first synod of Placentia, was contrived and executed by the policy of Rome. The suspicion is not founded either in nature or in fact. The successors of St. Peter appear to have followed, rather than guided, the impulse of manners and prejudice; without much foresight of the seasons, or cultivation of the soil, they gathered the ripe and spontaneous fruits of the superstition of the

The fourth
crusade,
A. D. 1202.

The fifth,
A. D. 1218.

to the pope, a tenth of the Levites' tenth to the high-priest. (Seiden on Tithes; see his Works, vol. iii. p. ii. p. 1033.)

^p See the Gesta Innocentii III. in Murat. Script. Rer. Ital. (tom. iii. p. i. p. 486-568.)

^q See the fifth crusade, and the siege of Damietta, in Jacobus a Vitriaco, (l. iii. p. 1125-1149. in the Gesta Dei of Bongarsius, p. 825 witness, Bernard Thesaurarius, (In Script. Murator, tom. vii. p. 825-846. c. 190-207.) a contemporary, and Sanutus, (Secreta Fidel. Crucis, l. iii. p. xl. c. 4-9.) a diligent compiler; and of the Arabians, Abulpharagius, (Dynast. p. 294.) and the Extracts at the end of Joinville, (p. 538, 539, 540, 547, &c.)

^r To those who took the cross against Mainfroy, the pope (A. D. 1255) granted plenissimum peccatorum remissionem. Fideles mirantur quod tantum eis promitteretur pro sanguine christianorum effundendo quantum pro cruce infidelium aliquando. (Matthew Paris, p. 785.) A high fight for the reason of the thirteenth century.

times. They gathered these fruits without toil or personal danger: in the council of the Lateran, Innocent the third declared an ambiguous resolution of animating the crusaders by his example: but the pilot of the sacred vessel could not abandon the helm; nor was Palestine ever blessed with the presence of a Roman pontiff.*

The persons, the families, and estates of the pilgrims, under the immediate protection of the popes; and these spiritual patrons soon claimed the prerogative of directing their operations, and enforcing, by commands and censures, the accomplishment of their vow. Frederic the second, the grandson of Barbarossa, was successively the pupil, the enemy, and the victim of the church. At the age of twenty-one years, and in obedience to his guardian Innocent the third, he assumed the cross; the same promise was repeated at his royal and imperial coronations; and his marriage with the heiress of Jerusalem for ever bound him to defend the kingdom of his son Conrad. But as Frederic advanced in age and authority, he repented of the rash engagements of his youth: his liberal sense and knowledge taught him to despise the phantoms of superstition and the crowns of Asia: he no longer entertained the same reverence for the successors of Innocent; and his ambition was occupied by the restoration of the Italian monarchy from Sicily to the Alps. But the success of this project would have reduced the popes to their primitive simplicity; and, after the delays and excuses of twelve years, they urged the emperor, with entreaties and threats, to fix the time and place of his departure for Palestine. In the harbours of Sicily and Apulia he prepared a fleet of one hundred galleys, and of one hundred vessels, that were framed to transport and land two thousand five hundred knights, with their horses and attendants; his vassals of Naples and Germany formed a powerful army; and the number of English crusaders was magnified to sixty thousand by the report of fame. But the inevitable, or affected, slowness of these mighty preparations, consumed the strength and provisions of the more indigent pilgrims; the multitude was thinned by sickness and desertion, and the sultry summer of Calabria anticipated the mischiefs of a Syrian campaign. At length the emperor hoisted sail at Brundisium, with a fleet and army of forty thousand men; but he kept the sea no more than three days; and his hasty retreat, which was ascribed by his friends to a grievous indisposition, was accused by his enemies as a voluntary and obstinate disobedience. For suspending his vow was Frederic excommunicated by Gregory the ninth; for presuming, the next year, to accomplish his vow, he was again excommunicated by the same pope.^a While he served under the banner of the cross, a crusade was preached against him in Italy; and after his return he was compelled to ask pardon for the injuries which he had suffered. The clergy and military orders of Palestine were previously instructed to renounce his communion and dispute his commands; and in his own kingdom, the emperor was forced to consent that the orders of the camp should be issued in the name of God and of the christian republic. Frederic entered Jerusalem in triumph; and with his own hands (for no priest would perform the office) he took the crown from the altar of the sepulchre. But the patriarch

cast an interdict on the church which his presence had profaned; and the knights of the hospital and temple informed the sultan how easily he might be surprised and slain in his unguarded visit to the river Jordan. In such a state of fanaticism and faction, victory was hopeless, and defence was difficult; but the conclusion of an advantageous peace may be imputed to the discord of the Mahometans, and their personal esteem for the character of Frederic. The enemy of the church is accused of maintaining with the miscreants an intercourse of hospitality and friendship, unworthy of a christian; of despising the barrenness of the land; and of indulging a profane thought, that if Jehovah had seen the kingdom of Naples, he never would have selected Palestine for the inheritance of his chosen people. Yet Frederic obtained from the sultan the restitution of Jerusalem, of Bethlem and Nazareth, of Tyre and Sidon: the Latins were allowed to inhabit and fortify the city; an equal code of civil and religious freedom was ratified for the sectaries of Jesus and those of Mahomet; and, while the former worshipped at the holy sepulchre, the latter might pray and preach in the mosque of the temple,^a from whence the prophet undertook his nocturnal journey to heaven. The clergy deplored this scandalous toleration; and the weaker Moslems were gradually expelled; but every rational object of the crusades was accomplished without bloodshed; the churches were restored, the monasteries were replenished; and, in the space of fifteen years, the Latins of Jerusalem exceeded the number of six thousand. This peace and prosperity, for which they were ungrateful to their benefactor, was terminated by the irruption of the strange and savage hordes of Carizmians.^b Flying from the arms of the Moguls, those shepherds of the Caspian rolled headlong on Syria; and the union of the Franks with the sultans of Aleppo, Hems, and Damascus, was insufficient to stem the violence of the torrent. Whatever stood against them, was cut off by the sword, or dragged into captivity: the military orders were almost exterminated in a single battle; and in the pillage of the city, in the profanation of the holy sepulchre, the Latins confess and regret the modesty and discipline of the Turks and Saracens.

Of the seven crusades, the two last were undertaken by Louis the ninth, king of France; who lost his liberty in Egypt, and his life on the coast of Africa. Twenty-eight years after his death, he was canonized at Rome; and sixty-five miracles were readily found, and solemnly attested, to justify the claim of the royal saint.^c The voice of history renders a more honourable testimony, that he united the virtues of a king, a hero, and a man; that his martial spirit was tempered by the love of private and public justice; and that Louis was the father of his people, the friend of his neighbours, and the terror of the infidels. Superstition alone, in all the extent of her baleful influence,^d corrupted his understanding and his heart; his devotion stooped to admire and imitate the begging friars of Francis and Dominic; he pursued with blind and cruel zeal the enemies of the faith; and the best of kings twice descended from his throne to seek the adventures of a spiritual knight-errant. A monkish historian would have been content to applaud the most despicable part

* This simple idea is agreeable to the good sense of Mosheim, (Institut. Hist. Eccles. p. 335.) and the fine philosophy of Hume. (Hist. of England, vol. i. p. 330.)

† The original materials for the crusade of Frederic II. may be drawn from Richard de St. Germano (in Muratori, Script. Rerum Ital. tom. vii. p. 1002—1013.) and Matthew Paris, (p. 255. 291. 300. 302. 304.) The most rational moderns are, Fleury, (Hist. Eccles. tom. xvi.) Vertot, (Chevaliers de Malthe, tom. i. l. iii.) Giannone, (istoria Civile di Napoli, tom. ii. l. xvi.) and Muratori. (Annali d'Italia, tom. x.)

^a Poor Muratori knows what to think, but knows not what to say: "Chino qui il capo," &c. p. 322.

^x The clergy artfully confounded the mosque or church of the temple with the holy sepulchre, and their wilful error has deceived both Vertot and Muratori.

^y The irruption of the Carizmians, or Corasmians, is related by Matthew Paris, (p. 546. 547.) and by Joinville, Nangis, and the Arabians, (p. 111, 112. 191, 192. 528. 530.)

^z Read, if you can, the Life and Miracles of St. Louis, by the confessor of Queen Margaret, (p. 291—523. Joinville, du Louvre.)

^a He believed all that mother church taught, (Joinville, p. 10.) but he cautioned Joinville against disputing with infidels. "L'homme lay (said he in his old language) quand il ot medire de la loy creatiennne, ne doit pas defendre la loy chrestienne ne mais que de d'espee, dequol il doit donner parmi le ventre dedans, tant comme elle y peut entrer," (p. 12.)

of his character; but the noble and gallant Joinville, who shared the friendship and captivity of Louis, has traced with the pencil of nature the free portrait of his virtues as well as of his failings. From this intimate knowledge we may learn to suspect the political views of depressing their great vassals, which are often imputed to the royal authors of the crusades. Above all the princes of the middle ages, Louis the ninth successfully laboured to restore the prerogatives of the crown; but it was at home, and not in the east, that he acquired for himself and his posterity; his vow was the result of enthusiasm and sickness; and if he were the promoter, he was likewise the victim, of this holy madness. For the invasion of Egypt, France was exhausted of her troops and treasures; he covered the sea of Cyprus with eighteen hundred sails; the most modest enumeration amounts to fifty thousand men; and, if we might trust his own confession, as it is reported by oriental vanity, he disembarked nine thousand five hundred horse, and one hundred and thirty thousand foot, who performed their pilgrimage under the shadow of his power.^a

In complete armour, the oriflamme waving before him, Louis leaped foremost on the beach; and the strong city of Damietta, which had cost his predecessors a siege of sixteen months, was abandoned on the first assault by the trembling Moslems. But Damietta was the first and the last of his conquests; and in the fifth and sixth crusades, the same causes, almost on the same ground, were productive of similar calamities.^a After a ruinous delay, which introduced into the camp the seeds of an epidemical disease, the Franks advanced from the sea-coast towards the capital of Egypt, and strove to surmount the unseasonable inundation of the Nile, which opposed their progress. Under the eye of their intrepid monarch, the barons and knights of France displayed their invincible contempt of danger and discipline: his brother, the count of Artois, stormed with inconsiderate valour the town of Massoura; and the carrier pigeons announced to the inhabitants of Cairo that all was lost. But a soldier, who afterwards usurped the sceptre, rallied the flying troops: the main body of the christians was far behind their vanguard; and Artois was overpowered and slain. A shower of Greek fire was incessantly poured on the invaders; the Nile was commanded by the Egyptian galleys, the open country by the Arabs; all provisions were intercepted; each day aggravated the sickness and famine; and about the same time a retreat was found to be necessary and impracticable. The oriental writers confess, that Louis might have escaped, if he would have deserted his subjects: he was made prisoner, with the greatest part of his nobles; all who could not redeem their lives by service or ransom, were inhumanly massacred; and the walls of Cairo were decorated

with a circle of christian heads.^a The king of France was loaded with chains; but the generous victor, a great grandson of the brother of Saladin, sent a robe of honour to his royal captive, and his deliverance, with that of his soldiers, was obtained by the restitution of Damietta¹ and the payment of four hun-

dred thousand pieces of gold. In a soft and luxurious climate, the degenerate children of the companions of Nourreddin and Saladin were incapable of resisting the flower of European chivalry; they triumphed by the arms of their slaves or Mamalukes, the hardy natives of Tartary, who at a tender age had been purchased of the Syrian merchants, and were educated in the camp and palace of the sultan. But Egypt soon afforded a new example of the danger of prætorian bands; and the rage of these ferocious animals, who had been let loose on the strangers, was provoked to devour their benefactor. In the pride of conquest Touran Shaw, the last of his race, was murdered by his Mamalukes; and the most daring of the assassins entered the chamber of the captive king, with drawn scymitars, and their hands imbrued in the blood of their sultan. The firmness of Louis commanded their respect; their avarice prevailed over cruelty and zeal; the treaty was accomplished; and the king of France, with the relics of his army, was permitted to embark for Palestine. He wasted four years within the walls of Acre, unable to visit Jerusalem, and unwilling to return without glory to his native country.

The memory of his defeat excited Louis, after sixteen years of wisdom and repose, to undertake the seventh and last of the crusades. His finances were restored, his kingdom was enlarged; a new generation of warriors had arisen, and he embarked with fresh confidence at the head of six thousand horse and thirty thousand foot. The loss of Antioch had provoked the enterprise: a wild hope of baptizing the king of Tunis, tempted him to steer for the African coast; and the report of an immense treasure reconciled his troops to the delay of their voyage to the Holy Land. Instead of a proselyte, he found a siege: His death before the French panted and died on the burning sands; St. Louis expired in his tent; and no sooner had he closed his eyes,

than his son and successor gave the signal of the retreat.^a "It is thus," says a lively writer, "that a christian king died near the ruins of Carthage, waging war against the sectaries of Mahomet, in a land to which Dido had introduced the deities of Syria."¹

A more unjust and absurd constitution cannot be devised, than that which condemns the natives of a country to perpetual servitude, under the arbitrary dominion of strangers and slaves. Yet such has been the state of Egypt above five hundred years. The most illustrious sultans of the Baharite and Borgite dynasties^a were themselves promoted from the Tartar and Circassian bands; and the four and twenty beys, or military chiefs, have ever been succeeded, not by their sons, but by their servants. They produce the great charter of their liberties, the treaty of Selim the first with the republic;¹ and the Othman emperor still accepts from

zants, which are valued by Joinville at 400,000 French livres of his own time, and expressed by Matthew Paris by 100,000 marks of silver. (Ducange, Dissertation xx. sur Joinville.)

^a The idea of the emirs to choose Louis for their sultan, is seriously attested by Joinville, (p. 77, 78,) and does not appear to me so absurd as to M. de Voltaire. (Hist. Generale, tom. ii. p. 386, 387.) The Mamalukes themselves were strangers, rebels, and equals: they had felt his valour, they hoped his conversion; and such a motion, which was not unattended, might be made, perhaps by a secret christian, in their tumultuous assembly.

^b See the expedition in the Annals of St. Louis, by William de Nangis, p. 270—287, and the Arabic Extracts, p. 545. 555. of the Louvre edition of Joinville.

ⁱ Voltaire, Hist. Generale, tom. ii. p. 391.

^k The chronology of the two dynasties of Mamalukes, the Baharites, Turks or Tartars of Kipzak, and the Borgites, Circassians, is given by Pocock (Prolegom. ad Abulpharag. p. 6—31.) and de Guignes, (tom. i. p. 264—270.) their history from Abulfeda, Macrizi, &c. to the beginning of the fifteenth century, by the same M. de Guignes, (tom. iv. p. 110—325.)

^l Savary, Lettres sur l'Egypte, tom. ii. lettre xv. p. 189—208. I much question the authenticity of this copy: yet it is true, that sultan Selim concluded a treaty with the Circassians or Mamalukes of Egypt, and left them in possession of arms, riches, and power. See a new Abrégé de l'Histoire Ottomane, composed in Egypt, and translated by M. Digeon, (tom. i. p. 55—58. Paris, 1781.) a curious, authentic, and national history.

^a I have two editions of Joinville, the one (Paris, 1668.) most valuable for the observations of Ducange; the other (Paris au Louvre, 1761.) most precious for the pure and authentic text, a MS. of which has been recently discovered. The last editor proves, that the history of St. Louis was finished A. D. 1309. without explaining, or even admiring, the age of the author, which must have exceeded ninety years. (Preface, p. xi. Observations de Ducange, p. 17.)

^c Joinville, p. 32. Arabic Extracts, p. 549.

^d The last editors have enriched their Joinville with large and curious extracts from the Arabic historians, Macrizi, Abulfeda, &c. See likewise Abulpharagius, (Dynast. p. 322—325.) who calls him by the corrupt name of *Redefrans*. Matthew Paris (p. 683, 684.) has described the rival folly of the French and English who fought and fell at Massoura.

^e Savary, in his agreeable Lettres sur l'Egypte, has given a description of Damietta, (tom. i. lettre xxiii. p. 274—290.) and a narrative of the expedition of St. Louis. (xxv. p. 306—350.)

^f For the ransom of St. Louis, a million of byzants was asked and granted; but the sultan's generosity reduced that sum to 800,000 by-

Egypt a slight acknowledgment of tribute and subjection. With some breathing intervals of peace and order, the two dynasties are marked as a period of rapine and bloodshed;^m but their throne, however shaken, reposed on the two pillars of discipline and valour; their sway extended over Egypt, Nubia, Arabia, and Syria; their Mamalukes were multiplied from eight hundred to twenty-five thousand horse; and their numbers were increased by a provincial militia of one hundred and seven thousand foot, and the occasional aid of sixty-six thousand Arabs.ⁿ Princes of such power and spirit could not long endure on their coast a hostile and independent nation; and if the ruin of the Franks was postponed about forty years, they were indebted to the cares of an unsettled reign, to the invasion of the Moguls, and to the occasional aid of some warlike pilgrims. Among these, the English reader will observe the name of our first Edward, who assumed the cross in the life-time of his father Henry. At the head of a thousand soldiers, the future conqueror of Wales and Scotland delivered Acre from a siege; marched as far as Nazareth with an army of nine thousand men; emulated the fame of his uncle Richard; extorted, by his valour, a ten years' truce; and escaped, with a dangerous wound, from the dagger

Loss of Antioch, or a fanatic assassin." Antioch,^v whose situation had been less exposed to the calamities of the holy war, was finally occupied and ruined by Bondocdar, or Bihars, sultan of Egypt and Syria; the Latin principality was extinguished; and the first seat of the christian name was dispeopled by the slaughter of seventeen, and the captivity of one hundred, thousand of her inhabitants. The maritime towns of Laodicea, Gabala, Tripoli, Berytus, Sidon, Tyre, and Jaffa, and the stronger castles of the hospitalers and templars, successively fell; and the whole existence of the Franks was confined to the city and colony of St. John of Acre, which is sometimes described by the more classic title of Ptolemais.

After the loss of Jerusalem, Acre,^q which is distant about seventy miles, became the metropolis of the Latin christians, and was adorned with strong and stately buildings, with aqueducts, an artificial port, and a double wall. The population was increased by the incessant streams of pilgrims and fugitives: in the pauses of hostility the trade of the East and West was attracted to this convenient station; and the market could offer the produce of every clime and the interpreters of every tongue. But in this conflux of nations, every vice was propagated and practised: of all the disciples of Jesus and Mahomet, the male and female inhabitants of Acre were esteemed the most corrupt; nor could the abuse of religion be corrected by the discipline of law. The city had many sovereigns, and no government. The kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, of the house of Lusignan, the princes of Antioch, the counts of Tripoli and Sidon, the great masters of the hospital, the temple, and the Teutonic order, the republics of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, the pope's legate, the kings of France and England, assumed an independent command; seventeen tribunals exercised the power of life and death; every criminal

was protected in the adjacent quarter; and the perpetual jealousy of the nations often burst forth in acts of violence and blood. Some adventurers, who disgraced the ensign of the cross, compensated their want of pay by the plunder of the Mahometan villages: nineteen Syrian merchants, who traded under the public faith, were despoiled and hanged by the christians; and the denial of satisfaction justified the arms of the sultan Khalil. He marched against Acre at the head of sixty thousand horse and one hundred and forty thousand foot: his train of artillery (if I may use the word) was numerous and weighty; the separate timbers of a single engine were transported in one hundred waggons: and the royal historian Abulfeda, who served with the troops of Hamah, was himself a spectator of the holy war. Whatever might be the vices of the Franks, their courage was rekindled by enthusiasm and despair; but they were torn by the discord of seventeen chiefs, and overwhelmed on all sides by the powers of the sultan. After a siege The loss of Acre and the Holy Land, A. D. 1295, May 13. of thirty-three days, the double wall was forced by the Moslems; the principal tower yielded to their engines; the Mamalukes made a general assault; the city was stormed; and death or slavery was the lot of sixty thousand christians. The convent, or rather fortress, of the templars resisted three days longer; but the great master was pierced with an arrow; and, of five hundred knights, only ten were left alive, less happy than the victims of the sword, if they lived to suffer on a scaffold in the unjust and cruel proscription of the whole order. The king of Jerusalem, the patriarch, and the great master of the hospital, effected their retreat to the shore; but the sea was rough, the vessels were insufficient; and great numbers of the fugitives were drowned before they could reach the isle of Cyprus, which might comfort Lusignan for the loss of Palestine. By the command of the sultan, the churches and fortifications of the Latin cities were demolished; a motive of avarice or fear still opened the holy sepulchre to some devout and defenceless pilgrims; and a mournful and solitary silence prevailed along the coast which had so long resounded with the WORLD'S DEBATE.^r

^m Si totum quo regnum occuparunt tempus respicias, præsertim quod fini proprius, reperies illud bellis, pugnâ, injuriis, ac rapinis refectum. (Al Jannabi, apud Pocock, p. 31.) The reign of Mohammed, (A. D. 1311—1341.) affords a happy exception. (De Guignes, tom. iv. p. 205—210.)

ⁿ They are now reduced to 8500: but the expense of each Mamaluke may be rated at 100 louis: and Egypt groans under the avarice and insolence of these strangers. (Voyages de Volney, tom. i. p. 89—187.)

^o See Carte's History of England, vol. ii. p. 165—175. and his original authors, Thomas Wikes and Walter Hemingford, (l. iii. c. 34, 35.) in Gale's Collection, (tom. ii. p. 97. 589—592.) They are both ignorant of the princess Eleanor's piety in sucking the poisoned wound, and saving her husband at the risk of her own life.

^p Sanutus, Secret. Fidelium Crucis, l. iii. p. xli. c. 9. and De Guignes, Hist. des Huns, tom. iv. p. 143. from the Arabic historians.

^q The state of Acre is represented in all the Chronicles of the times, and most accurately in John Villani, l. vii. c. 144. in Muratori, Scriptores Rerum Italicarum, tom. xiii. p. 337, 338.

^r See the final expulsion of the Franks, in Sanutus, l. iii. p. xli. c. 11—22. Abulfeda, Macrizi, &c. in De Guignes, tom. iv. p. 162. 164. and Vertot, tom. i. l. iii. p. 407—438.

Prospects of Greece.

From the New-York Commercial Advertiser.

GREECE.

We give below an interesting letter from our countryman, Jonathan P. Miller, who was sent out to Greece by the Committee of Boston, nearly two years ago. It is not so late, by upwards of nearly two months, as our other advices, and therefore is of no value to the simple news-monger. We attach great importance to it, however, in another point of view, which is the information it contains touching the state of society and morals of Greece—the means of improvement which they possess—their desire to improve—the sincerity with which they espoused the cause of freedom—the claims they have upon the sympathies and support of the Christian world—and the prospect they have of ultimate success, and in that success, the sure and inevitable overthrow of the Moslem power in Europe, if not in the whole world.

Since our last publication, we have taken some pains to read and compare several articles respecting the recent military operations in the Morea; and the result is, a more favourable opinion than the first glance enabled us to form. A private letter from Zante, which wears a more candid and authentic complexion than most of the flying rumours, furnishes some very flattering advices, and confirms what had been previously stated, that the Colocotroni, by a military stratagem, succeeded in driving Ibrahim Pacha, with most of his Arabs, into a position called Lacka, near the forest *O Kouta tou honkot*, where he surrounded them, and thus placed them in a predicament, from which, it is said, they will not

be able to extricate themselves. If this be true, and it is positively asserted, it will be a fatal blow to Turkey, Egypt being now the only power that Greece has to dread. The letter adds, that Goura had surrounded a body of 7000 Turks, who surrendered for want of provisions. The troops besieging Missolonghi are also in want of provisions, and Patras is blockaded by the Greeks; who succeeded in taking thirty Austrian ships, with the provisions and munitions of war designed for that fortress. "I conclude," adds the writer, "with giving you the positive intelligence, that reached Zante last night, of the total defeat of the Turkish fleet from Constantinople. This very important victory destroys, completely, the prospects of the enemy, since the army in Romelia and Patras relied upon the same for succour. Its destruction gives to the Grecian navy the power of acting against the rest of the Egyptian fleet, as well as against Patras and Prevesa; so that this campaign, which it was thought would have proved fatal to the Greeks, is considered, generally, as the epoch of their superior glory, and that which guarantees her permanent independence."

"NAUPOLI DE ROMANIA. }
March, 17, 1825. }

"*Rev. and Dear Sir:* It is I hope, with gratitude to God, that I avail myself of an opportunity of writing to you from this place, where I have been providentially detained for several weeks, waiting for the payment of the troops. Gen. Jarvis, an American, a young man of 28, who has been in Greece over three years, is the General whom I am with, in the capacity of Aid-de-Camp. Jarvis is a man of principle, and as brave as a lion. We have been under marching orders for attacking the Castle of the Lepant, nearly three weeks; but the delay of the payment of the troops has detained us, till I have the satisfaction to see an American ship anchor in the harbour, the Romp, of Boston, Capt. Smith.

"To you, of whose friendship I have had the most ample proof, I am bound in duty to give some account of the state of Greece, and the prospect there is of doing good in this country. I arrived in Greece the 8th of December, and the same day fell in with Col. (now Gen.) Jarvis. Thus did the Lord direct my steps; for such was my ignorance of the Greek character, together with their language, that to all human appearance I must have been a lost man, if I had not found in Jarvis a countryman and friend. He speaks French, Italian, German, and Greek, and has witnessed all the transactions of foreigners in Greece for three years. He left New-York at ten years of age, and his father now resides in Germany. I entered the army immediately as a volunteer under his command, and have now served in it more than three months. I have travelled over 300 miles in Romelia and the Morea, and by the help of Jarvis, and an English missionary, whom I escorted through the Morea, have been able to converse with many people in regard to the religious and political concerns of the country. They are all eager for instruction, and are transported at the sight of a tract, or a Bible. The peasantry are virtuous and modest; the merchants cunning, deceitful, and intriguing; the soldiers brave, patient, and strongly attached to liberty. I have given away several thousands of tracts, which I received of Mr. Temple, at Malta to citizens, officers, and soldiers. They are much pleased with reading these *feathers* as they call them, and I have frequently passed through the camp, and seen one of the soldiers reading a tract, with ten or twelve others listening to hear him.

"Superstition is losing ground in Greece—Many of the priests are beginning to preach on the Sabbath, and many of the people to eat meat in Lent. The priests, as far as I have been able to learn, are generally moral, but devoted to the dogmas of their Church.

"The Greek women are exhibiting examples exhibited here of morals by those Franks, who have come from France, Italy, and Germany, have led the Greek females to shun a foreigner, while in his Frank costume, almost as much as a Turk. Schools are beginning to be established in all the principal towns and villages. A Mr. Edward Masson, a gentleman from Scotland, whose classical and religious character is of the highest cast, has devoted himself to the service of Greece. He is accompanied by a Greek, who has been two years in England learning the Lancasterian system of education, and who, by the grace of God, has become experimentally acquainted with the truths of the Gospel. Masson does wonders; he already talks with the priests, and will soon, if Providence permit, establish a school for the study of ancient Greek and Philosophy at Tripolizza. Dr. Howe, from Boston, does honour to his country, family, and friends. His standard of morality is high. We all love him dearly. He has done much to relieve the sufferings of the wounded already.

"The civil dissensions have all been put down in the Morea. Ulysses is the only chief who is now with the Turks, and he, I think, will soon be subdued. The misery of the country is beyond all description. Women and children are flying, almost naked and starved, from the fury of the merciless savages—the men with their noses and ears cut off. If there was ever a country, which demanded the charities of the Christian world, that country is Greece. Yet it is my real opinion that she will again take her place among the nations of the earth as a free and enlightened republic. My reasons for thus thinking may be seen in my letters to the Greek Committee.

"As to my own fare, you may call it what you please. I have taken the Albanian dress. I have travelled three hundred miles on foot, and carried my gun, dirk, and pistols. Five nights I have slept on the ground, without any covering but my carpet, and during three of them it rained incessantly. In short, I have waded through rivers, climbed mountains amid the snows, with my feet to the ground, been exposed to the Turks, and was once very nigh being cut up by those monsters, whose tender mercies are cruelty. I have fared like a Greek, and with the Greeks I am willing to suffer for the cause of religion and freedom. Call me in America a Crusader, or what you like, my life is devoted to the overturning of the Turkish empire: and, if it be the will of God, I hope to see the downfall of the false prophet. God is on the side of the Greeks. 200,000 Turks have already lost their lives in this sanguinary contest. Let the Greeks

and your unworthy friend, have an interest in your prayers. I hope to see you again; but the will of the Lord be done. Farewell.

"Yours, affectionately,
"J. P. MILLER."

"P. S. I have been over the Olympic game ground, waded through the Alpheus, been quartered in Argos, seen the tombs of Agamemnon, and famous Corintho; but, without bread or accommodations, the classic fame of these places, is not exactly so exhilarating as in the College Halls of America. But, should I live, I will hereafter give you an account of them all."

Travels

IN
GREECE, TURKEY, AND THE HOLY LAND IN 1818.

BY COUNT FORBIN.

I HAD formed, in my early youth, a resolution to visit the remote countries of the East. To effect this, I had to contend against a variety of obstacles; but an opportunity was at length afforded me of realizing the most ardent of my wishes, and my departure was decided on. The plan I had conceived was so hazardous and difficult of execution that I did not dare to communicate my ideas to those in whose judgment I might have confided. The suggestions of prudence—the arguments of reason and friendship—would have deprived me of the courage requisite to defend the reveries of my boyish days.

As it would have been imprudent to embark in so arduous an enterprize at a later season, I hastened my departure by all the means in my power. When, as the time drew near, the inconveniences I should have to encounter presented themselves to my imagination still more forcibly, and with a greater semblance of truth, I resolved, notwithstanding, to confide my destiny to chance, without varying my plan. Amid my distracted thoughts, however, such was the ascendancy of the vow I had made, I often lamented inwardly my own determination, in the same way as one would complain of an unjust and peremptory command.

I crossed France with all rapidity, but was detained for some days at Marseilles on account of the *Cleopatra* frigate not being fully equipped. The King, by whose permission I had engaged in my travels, and who patronized their execution, vouchsafed to allow me a passage in this frigate, one of the Levant squadron.

Mr. Huyot, a skilful architect, whose talents and amiable qualities have acquired to him a general esteem, fell in to my views, and became my associate. M. Prevost, whose beautiful panoramas are so celebrated, and his nephew M. Cochereau, a very promising young artist, who had exhibited in the Saloon

of the Fine Arts a painting which has been greatly admired, were to embark with us. It was agreed that we should rendezvous at Marseilles, where the Abbe Forbin—Janson, my cousin, was to join. It was there that, after having taken the best advice, I came to the painful determination to sell my paternal estate, the spot where I was born, and which holds the tombs of my ancestors. It is a large château on the banks of the Durance, surrounded by aged trees. There once dwelt those who were so dear to me; and there the remembrance of my mother's virtues was engraven in every breast. Dire necessity led me to make this sacrifice, with which I cannot help reproaching myself as a fault.

[On the 21st of August 1817, Count Forbin, set sail from France, and arrived at the Piræus, the port of Athens, on the 6th September. Having taken up his residence with the French consul, he examined the Ruins, and noted the most remarkable of the manners and customs of the modern Greeks.]

We were present at the dance of the derviches in the tower of the winds. It is probable that this solar monument was likewise an hydraulic clock; and an opinion is entertained that its erection was superintended by Andronicus Cyrrhestes. The derviches have taken possession of it. We found them whirling about in a paroxysm of religious fervour, but few examples of which occur. The arrival of a holy Mussulman, who was just returned from Mecca, and had brought with him a few drops of holy water from the well of Zemzem, wrought their devotion to the highest pitch of phrenzy. At the commencement the performance of their songs and dances was slow and solemn: this was to be considered as a kind of prelude; but they soon became animated to such a degree, as to utter the most horrible shrieks. Old men, presenting the finest forms, were to be seen rolling on

the ground, and tearing their garments : they were carried out of the temple in a state of intoxication and degradation difficult to describe.

I met with several well informed Greeks who support with painful indignation the yoke imposed on them. On this head I had an opportunity to be fully satisfied on the day when the Bey of Caristo, in the Negropont, made his entry into Athens. Several guns fired from the Acropolis announced his approach. Having taken our station beneath the peristyle of the temple of Theseus, we enjoyed, with a great part of the population of Athens, a spectacle which, to us at least, had the charm of novelty. The motley group forming the retinue of the Bey, consisted of Albanians on foot, janissaries, and spahis on horseback. The Turks of distinction, followed by their domestics, pranced around him, while the rabble of a mussulman militia, shouted, waved their flags, and discharged their muskets. The Bey, mounted on an African charger, and disguised by an immense turban, surveyed, with looks of insolent disdain, the city on which he was come to levy tribute.

The Greeks who surrounded me were pensive and sullen. In their physiognomy, which never wants expression, embarrassment was depicted; and generous tears bedewed the marble monuments, the ancient trophies of the power of Athens.

In the same way as the Jews expect the Messiah, so do the Greeks look forward to independence; liberty would, however, alight in vain on these shores, once her noblest domain. This nation would no longer comprehend her divine language, which would be confided exclusively to ignorant caloyers.

Athens has still her twelve archons, and Rome still elects a senator. This mockery of the past is most afflicting to the Greeks, because they have to bend the neck to the cimeter, which marks the lowest degree of humiliation.

The twelve archons, however, assemble occasionally : they present their very humble remonstrances to the vavode who heaps injuries on them, to the mufti who vents on them his maledic-

tions, and to the cadi whose protection they have often to purchase at a dear rate. Sixty Albanians, commanded by a boulouk bâchy, make all Attica tremble.

The climate of Athens is delightful; but the pure air, the resplendent light, and the vivifying heat it enjoys, have ceased to shed their benign influence on the Greeks. They no longer inspire them with sublime ideas and beautiful imagery; nor do the chefs-d'œuvre of art spring up, as heretofore, in this fostering soil. Languor prevails throughout; and those who were erst born to glory, are now, alas! the children of suffering and sorrow.

I was present at an Athenian wedding. The parties were of an ordinary condition: Spiro, the son of Kthina, espoused the daughter of Georgi, belonging to the parish of Panagia Ulassaro. The young bride was agreeable, but disfigured by a profusion of gilt patches, and by the deep red and blue with which her cheeks were bedaubed. She was so encumbered with a load of garments that she could scarcely walk, and required the help of several young women, when she made her circuits round the large tapers placed in the centre of the apartments. The three Papas (Greek Priests) sung with a nasal twang; and every quarter of an hour the bride and bridegroom were led to an alcove, where they were seated, surrounded by their nearest relatives. Among the more opulent Greeks this ceremony usually lasts for a considerable time.

Having again embarked on board the brig le Léopard, we sailed on the 23d of September, at eight o'clock in the evening. We were detained for a considerable time, by calms and contrary winds, in front of the temple of Sunium: this spot, the residence of Plato when he demonstrated the immortality of the soul, was gilt by the rays of the rising sun. On the promontory, incessantly beaten by the waves, these noble ruins are still standing, like a religious pharos, or the eternal monument of a divine inspiration.

We afterwards steered for Psyra and Tenedos, following the line of the coast

of Troy : a strong breeze from the south-west afforded us a rapid passage through the strait of the Dardanelles, and the sea of Marmora. The banks of the strait are covered with villages and country seats of so cheering an aspect, that one would scarcely suspect despotism to have taken up her abode in these rich valleys. This was, however, brought to my full conviction, as soon as the vessel approached sufficiently near to the coast, to enable me to distinguish the traits of the inhabitants : I then found, on looking around me, either the expression of power, or that of servitude.

On the morning of the 28th of September we anchored off the point of Concap, beneath the walls of the Seraglio. It was a fine day, and I was dazzled by the view of Constantinople. The sea was covered with caïques skimming on the surface of the water : the sun illumined the domes of the mosques, and the sharp gilt pillars of the minarets : the burnt column rose majestically amid the groups of trees which enveloped these light and sumptuous edifices. Behind this line, on the opposite bank, we could descry a city, half concealed by the cypresses of the gardens of the Seraglio.

Constantinople appears to me to have been originally built with no other view than to gratify the sight : fearing that the illusion should pass off too soon, much anxiety is displayed by the moderns to imprint on the memory the fantastic shew of new ornaments.

The sea was almost entirely hidden by vessels : the boisterous sailor, come from afar, while he handled the cordage, made diligent enquiries about the plague, the chief object of his solicitude ; and not far from him a party of grave mussulmans, seated in a kiosque projecting into the sea, smoked with complacency the pipe filled with perfumes, and seemed to regret that the pleasure they received from their coffee cost them the trouble of drinking it.

We landed at the port, and proceeded thence to the palace of the French Ambassador at Pera, not a little terrified at what we heard of the ravages of the plague. Notwithstanding they had diminished latterly, they were still very

formidable. You are cautioned not to touch any one ; but it is impossible to walk in the narrow and slippery streets of Constantinople, without coming in contact with the end of a shawl, or with a loose robe or caftan.

The Marquis de Riviere, Ambassador of France at the Sublime Port, was at this time at Tharapia, on the Bosphorus, the summer residence of the French Embassy : it required several hours to reach this delightful spot ; but time never appeared to me so short. My curiosity was excited by all that I saw : the banks were lined with charming palaces, which seemed to me to be merely temporary, and to be erected with a view to a festival. I witnessed the departure of the gilt, long, and narrow barks, the traces of which the eye could scarcely follow, as they moved swiftly along the stream. A mussulman, sitting crossed-legged on a carpet of Iran, at the extremity of the caïque, smiled at the vigorous efforts of the rowers, gently stroking his beard : his oblique and disdainful looks were cast occasionally on other boats which dared to contend in swiftness with his own.

On leaving Constantinople the strait narrows : meadows and gardens follow in succession, until they reach the sea, into which the brooks that water them flow, after a flexuous course beneath lovely trees. Such are the limpid waters of Asia, of the vale of Caracoula, and of the groves of Buyucderé !

I met with a very friendly reception from the Marquis, as well as from his lady. I was no stranger to his noble qualities : but I discovered in him daily the most exalted virtues, combined with a truly captivating frankness of manners.—Another Ambassador, the Russian, M. de Stroganoff, maintains all the dignity of his state at Buyucderé, which he inhabits throughout the year.

The plague had a little time before found its way into the corps diplomatique, and had been fatal to the son of the Austrian Internuncio. The family, in despair, withdrew to the distance of two leagues from Constantinople. Having been abandoned by their domestics, they had there to encounter every privation ; but such was their dread of the formidable scourge which

had brought this affliction on them, that not any persuasive could prevail on them to return, until after the lapse of two months, during which they were condemned to a lonely solitude, without one companion to distract their grief.

On the smallest symptom being manifested, on the slightest complaint, every one flees the object of the attack. He falls: his heart receives a deadly blow from the cruelly insulated state in which he finds himself, before the delirium of the fever makes him insensible to the horror of his position. His parched lips are tremblingly glued to the jug of water which affrighted pity had placed at a distance from him; but the thirst which consumes him is not to be quenched. It often happens that the convulsive dreams of the individual attacked by the plague are realized: the quarter he inhabits is consumed by fire. The destructive scourge reaches the house which the other inmates have deserted. The flames spread to the bed of sickness; and the poor helpless wretch finds an end of his terrible agonies in a gulf of fire.

A conflagration is the only right of petition the Turks enjoy: it makes known to the government the prevailing discontents of the people of Constantinople; and has of late years been employed by the janissaries in the most frequent and deplorable manner.

In this extraordinary city I saw palaces of a most elegant structure, magic fountains, dirty and narrow streets, hideous hovels, and fine trees. I visited the Sandal-bezestan, and the Culchilar-bezestan, where the furs are sold. Wherever I passed, the Turk elbowed me, the Jew made me an obsequious bow, the Greek smiled on me, the Armenian tried to cheat me, the dogs followed me, and the pigeons alighted confidently on my shoulder: lastly, while some were in the agonies of death, others were dancing around me. I had a glimpse of the most celebrated mosques, with their courts and their marble porticoes supported by a forest of columns, and refreshed by jets of water. A few mysterious monuments, the remains of the city of Constantine, either blackened, or reddened by fires, are concealed in painted houses, barri-

cadoed, and frequently half burnt. The figures, the costumes, the usages, present throughout the most picturesque and most varied spectacle. It is Tyre, it is Bagdad, it is the great market of the East.

Sultan Mahmoud, followed by an immense retinue, has to pass through this motley assemblage on his way to prayers on Fridays: I saw him, mounted on a white horse, with trappings of a tissue of gold and pearls, and the harness richly ornamented with diamonds. He appeared to be under thirty years of age. His complexion is pale, but his features are noble and regular: his large black eyes were busily engaged in surveying his subjects, who received this expression of his regard with the profoundest silence. He proceeded on, until shouts of joy announced at length his entrance into the mosque of Ayoub, and the forehead of each faithful Osmanli still touched the dust. Such, in a few words, is the habitual scene presented by Stamboul, the well protected, and well-beloved of the Prophet.

During the autumnal season I met the greater part of this population in the plains, constituting the most charming spot on the Asiatic shore: they were come out to breathe a pure air, in full freedom, and seemed to have a high relish for the charms of elysian promenades. Whole families, the men on horseback, and the women shut up in a vehicle named arabat, were to be seen climbing to the summits of the Tocat, above the valley of the Grand-Seignor.

These heights were gaily decked in pelisses; while the ruins of the Genoese château were concealed by lofty trees: from the roofs, overspread with ivy, bubbling springs gushed, to refresh the parties seated around. Groups of young and beautiful Armenian girls formed graceful dances; and the tranquillity of the scene was only interrupted by the hollow sound of the waves of the sea of Marmora, which broke in rude foam against the shoals of the Cyanean isles, and the rocks of Fanariki.

I was often struck, during my residence in the Levant, with the contrast between the noble physiognomy and apparent dignity of the men, and the

degradation of their character. We are disposed to feel a certain respect for individuals of a tranquil, and sometimes majestic figure, until we have suffered from their cupidity and perfidy. To this remark, there are, it is true, many exceptions ; but, beguiled by a stature above the ordinary proportions, a solemn demeanour, and a venerable beard, where I expected to find the patriarchal virtues, I had oftentimes to experience the depravity of the vilest servitude.

It is difficult to explain the duration of the Ottoman empire, and more especially the existence of the Turks in Europe, on a close inspection of the want of discipline of the subsidiary troops, the deranged state of the finances, the ruinous condition of the fortresses, and, lastly, the independence of the Pachas of Albania, the Morea, Egypt, and Damascus. The title alone of Calif still supports the Sultan on the most tottering throne of Europe.

The most formidable neighbour of the Turkish Empire, by allowing it to subsist in Europe, is freed from the embarrassment of forming establishments elsewhere, amid the perplexities it experiences in founding institutions at home. Hallowed predictions, and the results of the late European war, place beyond every doubt the credit Russia enjoys at Constantinople. She there possesses the advantages of power, without having to dread the effect of a jealousy which such a conquest as European Turkey would necessarily inspire.

Almost the whole of the Greek merchants, more especially those belonging to the most flourishing islands, such as Idra, Spezzia, and Ysara, navigate under the Russian flag. Its influence is established throughout, and its protection as much sought after, and as anxiously desired, by the Christians of the respective rites at Saint-Jean-d'Acre, Jerusalem, and Cairo, as it is at Constantinople.

During my stay at Constantinople the kiosques of the Seraglio were fresh gilt, and additions made to the buildings. It was never before, I was told, occupied by more captivating beauties, nor were they ever more numerous. The Sultan has two sons : his mother,

whom he had recently lost, had in her life time a great ascendancy over him. The city of Athens formed a part of her numerous domains ; and her protection served, in a certain degree, as a substitute for that of Minerva over the city of Cecrops.

I quitted Constantinople on the 15th of October, and embarked for Smyrna on board the brig *le Lezard*. A few hours after our departure, a sudden and violent gust of wind came on : the topsails were reefed—and, after lying-to for some time, the brig at length was brought to anchor on the coast of Asia, at Rodosto. The dread of the plague prevented any one from landing, a circumstance by which I was not a little mortified. A fresh breeze enabled us afterwards to reach Nagara, where an officer landed to present the Firman at the castle of the Dardanelles.

Notwithstanding a severe squall, which had like to have driven the brig on the rocks of Carabournou, we succeeded in entering the port of Smyrna on the morning of Sunday, the 20th of October.

I found my old companion, Mr. Huyot, in a very enfeebled state, but recovering from the effects of an accident. He had resided two months at the convent of the missions, where the reverend fathers had watched over him with the most tender solicitude. The tranquillity which the monks enjoy, is a proof among many others which might be adduced of the toleration of the Turks of Smyrna. The Catholic church is very capacious and richly ornamented ; the doors are constantly open ; and the true believers, resident in the bazars, hear without indignation the psalmodes of the Christians. Interments, preceded by a cross, oftentimes fall in with the obsequies of a Mussulman ; the baptisms and marriages of the Greeks and Latins have to encounter the train of a circumcision ; and the gilt cope of the priest comes in peaceable contact, in the street, with the beniche of an Osmanli, or the veil of a Turkish lady.

The spirit of commerce which prevails in the city of Smyrna, thus softens down asperities, and brings together men of every sect and persuasion. This

great factory presents unceasingly a mixture of European manners and oriental customs : lovely females, tastefully dressed in the French style, are to be seen, passing with nimble steps, through a long file of camels belonging to a caravan of Seyde, or Damascus.

Greek ladies, seated at their windows, engage in a lively conversation with the passengers beneath, while others amuse themselves with dancing in groups in returning from the baths, or repair in parties to the delightful plains of Bournabat—all feel the influence of a fine climate, that of smiling and voluptuous Ionia.

I should have devoted a much greater portion of my time to the study of this celebrated part of Asia, if I had not been constrained to seize the opportunity the departure of *le Léopard* for Syria afforded me : I should have ascended the course of the Meander, and have visited Magnesia, Sardes, and Samos. The season was, however, too far advanced to enable me to undertake this ; and I embarked for Palestine on the 29th of October.

After having got under way at four in the morning, with a gentle breeze from the north-east, the brig had to work to windward the whole of the day, and found considerable difficulty in doubling cape Carbournou. On the 31st, at seven in the morning, we were abreast of the island of Scio : the city, which appeared to me to be of considerable extent, is surrounded by country-houses. Pleasant villages are interspersed in the valleys, which are in a high state of cultivation : the rocks which encompass them resemble, in colour and form, the mountains in the environs of Toulon. The inhabitants of Scio are remarkable for the amenity of their manners. They owe to the cultivation of the *Lentiscus*, the shrub which yields the gum mastich, several privileges which make them not a little proud ; and, among these, that of wearing, like the Osmanlis, the white turban, is not the least in their estimation. I made a drawing of the islands of Spalmadori, and opposite to Scio, of the city of Tchesma in Asia Minor. This strand, which witnessed the defeat of the galleys of Antiochus, one hun-

dred and ninety one years before the Christian era, saw likewise, in 1770, the entire destruction of the Turkish fleet by the Russians : several of the Ottoman ships were burned ; and the flames which lighted the massacre of a great part of the crews, favoured the escape of the remainder. From this dreadful blow—from this terrible catastrophe, the Turkish marine has never recovered.

The winter evenings are very dreary on shipboard, and in boisterous weather inspire an invincible sadness. I vainly interrogated myself why I had quitted my country, my friends, and calm repose, when the waves covered the vessel's deck, when the moon was concealed by black clouds, across which the lightnings gleamed, and when the fatigued and disheartened crew ceased to hear the captain's voice. The best reasons then appear either frivolous or absurd. Constant sufferings and dangers to which we appear to be fruitlessly exposed, are not, however, entirely lost on us : great and profound impressions give a new stimulus to the mind, and exalt it to the pitch of the noblest meditations. It is perhaps on the deck of a vessel beaten by the storm that the world is best judged, and its grandeurs and miseries most truly appreciated. What a destiny is that of the navigator ! He sets out on his voyage full of life and hope : suddenly exposed to the horrors of shipwreck, he has still to struggle against his destiny, to form an estimate of the danger, to calculate the duration of his own agonies, and, lastly, to have recourse to expedients which may lead to his inevitable destruction.

On the morning of the sixth of November land was seen from the mast-head. A general anxiety was displayed, to catch, through a thick haze, the glimpse of a mountain, the form of which each drew, according to his own fancy, in a different way. Mount Carmel was at length descried, having for its base an uneven strand : this was the bay of Caïfa.

The brig came to anchor opposite the small village of Caïfa, at the foot of Mount Carmel. We had to cross the bay, in a boat, to land at Saint-Jeand'Acre. The sea was still rough, with

high surges, so that we had great difficulty in reaching the small port.*

The high walls of the pier have fallen down in an irregular manner; but a part of the breastworks, surmounted by battlements, are still standing. We entered by a breach to avoid the surf which covered the mole, the work of the crusaders, with its foam.

Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais, is surrounded by high walls and deep moats: the new fortifications now form a double enclosure, terraced and flanked by bastions. It is also defended by the old ramparts thrown up by the Christians, and by the recent works of European engineers: its form is that of a semi-circle, having the sea in front. The waves break on the towers with which the sea is lined.

In this city, a mixture of gothic ruins and modern constructions is every where to be seen: here, a church in an entirely ruinous state meets the view; there monasteries, a palace, and hospital, alike abandoned; still further, a new, rich, and elegant mosque; minarets, the bases of which rise from amid heaps of rubbish; and, lastly, the seraglio, the gardens of which, laid out in terraces, separate the ramparts. Sycamores, orange-trees, and the finest palms, nod their heads gracefully over this motley assemblage; and this view alone softens the sadness and disgust which a residence at Saint-Jean-d'Acre inspires.

The streets are narrow and filthy; the houses built of free-stone, low, huddled, with flat roofs, and small doors, resemble prisons. The terraces of the different habitations communicate with each other by clumsy arcades.

The European consuls reside in the *kans*,[†] which are large square buildings, having in the centre a court, and

which, in times of difficulty, become fortresses. In the interior, the ascent to the upper apartments is by steep and narrow staircases, which scarcely afford a passage to a single person; three flights of wide corridors, opened in arcades, face the court, in the centre of which is a fountain. There it was that I was greeted by the hospitality of M. Pillavoine, the consul of France in Syria: he found some difficulty in providing me with a corner in which I could be lodged with any degree of comfort.

Eight or ten thousand Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians, are to be seen parading the streets of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and the infected bazars, with an aspect at once savage and sombre. The senses each in its turn, are disagreeably affected by the most hideous deformities: beings, who seem to have risen from their graves, crawl about half naked, wrapped up in large blankets of a dirty white, striped with black, and the head muffled in rags which serve as a turban. At each step, at the side of the victims of ophthalmia, are to be seen the victims of Gezzar Pacha,[‡] either blind, or wretches without a nose, and without ears. This assemblage of men, sluggish, miserable, and disgusting, may be constantly seen lying in the sun beneath the walls of the gardens of the seraglio. Soliman Pacha, who inhabits this palace, seldom stirs abroad to show himself to the public: this successor of Gezzar, deaf to the cries of an unfortunate population, spends his life in myrtle groves, beneath the shade of plantains, watered by deep and limpid brooks.

The conduct of affairs is entirely abandoned by him to a Jew, named Haïm Farhi. This man, who was the intendant of Gezzar Pacha, preserved

* The name of Syria bestowed by the Greeks on the country where I landed, is probably derived from that of Assyria, a celebrated empire of Asia, the limits of which were extended to this coast at the time the Assyrians of Nineveh made this part of Syria a province of their empire.

Syria, at that epoch, did not comprehend either Phenicia or Palestine. It is named by the Arabs *Barr-el-Châm*, or the country to the left; for it is in this way they distinguish all the space comprehended in the area from Alexandretta to the Euphrates, and from Gaza to the Desert, taking the Mediterranean as the base of this area.

Damascus, the reputed capital of Syria, is by them called *el-Châm*. Mecca therefore becomes the centre between the *Yémen*, or the country to the right, and *Barr-el-Châm*, or the country to the left.

† Likewise known by the name of *okels*.

‡ *El-Gezzar*, the butcher.

the confidence of his master by submitting implicitly to his whimsical caprices. The tyrant doubled his wages, and heaped benefits on him, on the very day when he had his nose mutilated in so cruel a manner, that this sarraf has ever since been horribly disfigured. Haïm, who is supple and adroit, has hoarded together incalculable treasures. The present pacha of Saint-Jean-d'Acre owes to the intrigues of this Jew the advantage of having been chosen the successor of Gezzar : when the latter was on his death bed, this puppet was brought forward, and placed foremost in the rank of those who paid to him their dissembled homages and respects. Soliman and Haïm Farhi are engaged in an exclusive and despotic commerce : they are the sole proprietors of the immense grounds which surround Saint-Jean-d'Acre and Nazareth. The extortions, the oppressions, and the tyranny of the details of this odious government, inspire the most profound contempt for those who submit to it.

Haïm Farhi is the chief of the Hebrews of Syria. He has a sumptuous palace at Damascus, but received me in a small house, where he was surrounded by his family, and a great number of slaves. I was admitted on the following day to the Pacha's audience. Soliman is about sixty years of age : he was born in Georgia ; and his fine figure recommended him to Gezzar, whose slave he was. By that depraved character Soliman was appointed Pacha of Seyde, the ancient Sidon ; but the ungrateful favourite conspired against his patron, was detected and exiled. He wandered for a long time among the Bedouin Arabs ; but, being at length wearied of this life of independence, threw himself at the feet of his master. For some minutes, with the cimeter drawn to sever the head from the body of the proscribed fugitive, Gezzar hesitated ; but at length pardoned him, and gave him back his pachalik.

I found Soliman squatted at one extremity of a sofa embroidered with gold, his officers and mamelouks being all assembled on the occasion : they

were silent and attentive, with their hands laid across their breast, and scarcely dared to smile at the jests of a buffoon who was, it would seem, a great court favourite. The Pacha seated me at his side, and smoked while he paid a particular attention to my side-arm, and every part of my uniform. He politely granted what I asked of him through the medium of the drogoman. Coffee was served up in gold cups set round with diamonds, with which the pipe and poignard of Soliman were covered. He put but few questions to me ; but insisted that I should inspect the new fortifications of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, and his Arabian breed of horses, which seemed to interest him most particularly. To his kindness, and to the terror he inspires, I was indebted for the perfect tranquillity and facility with which I was enabled to delineate the most remarkable spots. The curiosity we excited in passing through the bezestans, was not productive of the slightest affront, or the smallest menace. Wherever my curiosity led me, I stopped to make sketches, and, among them, that of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, at the very spot where this city was unsuccessfully cannonaded by the French troops under General Buonaparte. With the help of the English, Gezzar Pacha sustained a vigorous and well directed fire, and the most desperate assaults : the capture of Saint-Jean-d'Acre was to be the signal to sixty thousand Druses to join the French troops ; and it is probable that this would have decided the fate of the Turkish empire.

The foreign consuls feel the necessity of affording each other a mutual aid against such a government, and live together accordingly on the most amicable terms. M. Catafago, a rich Greek merchant, the consul of Russia, received me in a saloon furnished in the Turkish style : his wife and children seated on a very low and wide divan, or ottoman, were dressed in the turkish costume, with fillets, ornamented with sequins, bound round the head. They wore velvet robes embroidered with gold : and their hair, in tresses, and perfumed, hung on the shoulders.

§ Confidential Secretary.

Two of the young ladies were pretty, but listless, and motionless as statues, insomuch that at first sight one would scarcely have suspected them to be animated beings.

M. Malagamba, the English consul, resides in the same kan with M. Pilla-voine and the missionaries, who have a small church in this vast edifice, gradually falling into decay.

The officers of the Dalmatian and Bosniac militia gave me pressing invitations to take coffee with them at their quarters, when I made my sketches on the ramparts : several of them accompanied me in my rural excursions, and offered me their horses. The Pacha's first black eunuch, a young Ethiopian admirably skilled in all the military exercises, afforded me the spectacle of the djeryd, in the vast plain which surrounds the remains of the French redoubt. His Arabian horses, of the breed of Guelfé, were selected from the haras of Solyman, whose confident and particular favourite he was.

His admiration, his astonishment, on seeing a sketch, set all comparison at defiance. He enquired of me, through an interpreter, whether the secrets of my art did not go the length of enabling me to divine what was passing in the interior of the edifices, the external form of which he could trace on the paper. It was not without some difficulty that I quieted his apprehensions on this head ; but still cannot help fancying that he was not fully convinced of my innocence.

On the 12th of November I quitted Saint-Jean-d'Acre with a pretty numerous caravan, which was joined by several officers belonging to the brig. At this time the Abbe Janson left us, to visit Mount Libanon, and the religious establishments of Sidon and Damascus. After having traversed Caïfa, and passed beneath Mount Carmel, we came to a sandy beach, and to a range of barren hills stretching along the sea shore, from which they are distant about a league. The ruins of an extensive city, and those of the last fortress built by the crusaders, rise above tufts of mastics and carob trees. Athmatha displays her long deserted towers ; her port choked with sand ; her ramparts,

once the noble refuge of the Christians of Palestine ; and her gardens, now become impassable morasses which breathe an infected air.

We were overtaken by the night near the most wretched hamlet in Syria : the kan of Tantoura was occupied by a caravan which had arrived before ours, and we were forced to take up our lodgings in small huts, the habitual residence of toads, and of hungry insects, whose bites molested us to such a degree, that we sallied forth and kindled a large fire. Around it the Arabs danced and sung during the remainder of the night ; but their festivity did not dispel the gloomy recollections of Tantoura, which I still retain.

As I was particularly anxious to visit Cesarea, we set out before day-light. This city, the position of which is similar to that of Athmatha, is entirely deserted ; but its ramparts, port, and monuments, are so well preserved as to excite an inexpressible surprise. The streets and squares still remain ; and if the gates which belonged to its lofty and formidable walls, were to be re-built, Cesarea might still be inhabited and defended. A calamitous event appears to have been fatal to, or to have put to flight, its numerous population within these few years, perhaps even within a few months. The walls of the church are blackened with the smoke of the incense of the Christians ; and the pulpit, which resounded with the eloquent discourses of the courageous and enlightened bishops, is still entire. The tombs are open, and the bones heaped around them are sole testimonies of the past residence of man in this appalling solitude. The silence which prevails at Cesarea, is alone interrupted by the regular and monotonous noise of the sea : the waves seem indignant at having to encounter useless obstacles, and to obey those who are now no more ; they break furiously, and cover with foam the jetty and quays of the port. Their reiterated efforts have shaken the enormous masses of granite ; the tower of the pharos is dilapidated ; and the stair-case and partitions of the château thrown open to the birds of prey who there take up their abode.

To be continued.